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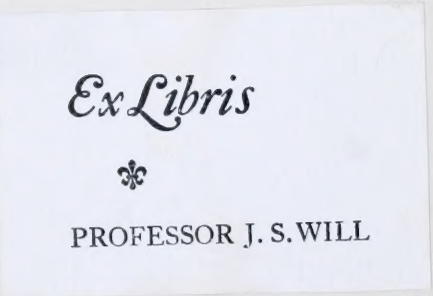
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# MEMOIRS OF
# COUNT GRAMMONT

Walker & Cole Ph. & Sc.

Counteſs de Grammont.

# MEMOIRS

OF

# COUNT GRAMMONT

By COUNT ANTHONY HAMILTON

EDITED BY GORDON GOODWIN

WITH PORTRAITS

VOLUME I

Edinburgh

JOHN GRANT

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# INTRODUCTION

THE *Mémoires du Comte de Grammont*, by Count Anthony Hamilton (of which the present translation is that edited by Sir Walter Scott in 1811), occupy a unique position in literature. There never has been anything quite like this book in any language. "For drollery, knowledge of the world, various satire, general utility, united with great vivacity of composition, Gil Blas is unrivalled," says Scott: "but, as a merely agreeable book, the Memoirs of Grammont perhaps deserve that character more than any which was ever written; it is pleasantry throughout, and pleasantry of the best sort, unforced, graceful, and engaging." Gibbon extolled the "ease and purity of Hamilton's inimitable style"; while Voltaire declared that Hamilton (an Englishman) was the first to discover the essential genius of the French language—a unique phenomenon in the history of literature. Macaulay echoed Voltaire when he said of Hamilton that though not a Frenchman, he wrote the book which is of all books most exquisitely French, both in spirit and in manner.

The estimate of the intrinsic interest of the

Memoirs is likely to vary much, according to the peculiar bent, the culture, and the other qualities of the reader ; as to their literary interest there is no question whatever. Madame de Staël used to say that Grammont was a book containing, with less matter, more interest than any she knew. To again cite Gibbon : "It is a favourite work with all persons who have any pretensions to taste" ; who, in other words, can appreciate that "exquisite literary flavour which is its distinction among all similar chronicles, though they may have no very profound interest in Grammont or his biographer."

Everybody knows that the book is not famous as a school of morals, although one Frenchman (Chamfort) called it "le bréviaire de la jeune noblesse," and another (the Abbé de Voisenon) thought it a book to be regularly re-read every year. Hamilton, although he may have been quite out of sympathy with the events which he describes so brilliantly, is ever careful not to say so. He never preaches, but prefers by a delicate ironical suggestion to convey what his own moral judgment might have been. So careful is he to suppress his disapproval, that of no writer is it so difficult to say when he is thoroughly in earnest or when not. It has always been an abiding puzzle to us whether Hamilton's apparent admiration for Grammont was sincere or not : yet in his book how engaging the reprobate count becomes, even at his worst ! He swindles his host by a trick which disgusted even his boon-companion ; but the story is told with such an easy and irresponsible air that we are

bound to laugh at it. We are, of course, referring to the famous scene in which Grammont, with the assistance, or rather without the assistance, of his friend Matta, cheats the Piedmontese Comte de Caméran of fifteen hundred pistoles at cards, a scene which, as has been well said, has the secret of Esmond and of Barry Lyndon in it. But Hamilton's history is by no means merely devoted to the glorification of Grammont; it is a matchless portrayal of a society rather than of an individual, and from the very best things in the book Grammont is absent. Take, for instance, the admirable pen-portrait of Lord Arlington, one of the Cabal, in Chapter VII. (vol. i. p. 137). Then again the immortal historiette, told with exquisite irony, how Lord Falmouth, with Dick Talbot (that "great Irish patriot"), Arran, Jermyn, and Killigrew—"all men of honour; but who infinitely preferred the Duke of York's interest to Miss Hyde's reputation"—pledged their words to what was a shameful lie in fact, and would have been a more shameful truth to tell if it had been true, in the case of poor Anne Hyde; the famous orange-selling escapade of Miss Price and Frances Jennings; the delightful disappointment of James Hamilton in his chase after Lady Chesterfield, and many other things, are unsurpassable in their kind.

The Memoirs embrace the years 1662–64. Such occurrences as the great plague and the fire of London find no place in a narrative which tells of the Olympians only.

The life of Anthony Hamilton, the author of the

Memoirs, was uneventful compared with that of his hero, and little is known concerning him. By birthplace he was an Irishman ; by blood half Irish and half Scotch. His father was Sir George Hamilton, younger son of the first Earl of Abercorn. His mother was Mary, third daughter of Walter, Viscount Thurles, eldest son of Walter, eleventh Earl of Ormonde ; she was therefore sister to the first (and great) Duke of Ormonde. Anthony was the third son. The date of his birth is uncertainly referred to the year 1646 ; we should prefer to say that in 1651, when Sir George Hamilton was obliged to leave Roscrea, the family residence in Tipperary, for France, he was somewhere between five and ten years old. Like his father, Anthony was a Roman Catholic. At the Restoration the Hamiltons returned with the King ; but as Romanists were prohibited from serving in either army or navy, Anthony for some time was forced to lead an inactive life at Court. It is probable, however, that he accompanied his second brother, Sir George Hamilton, to France in 1667, and with him served in the army of Louis XIV. He was again in Ireland in 1671, apparently to assist his brother, who had obtained permission from the King to levy secretly a regiment of 1500 men in that country for the French service A news-letter of the day (printed in the State Papers) records a gallant deed performed by him on the night of May 19, when a destructive fire broke out in the store-house in Dublin Castle. To keep the flames from spreading it was necessary to blow up some build-

LE COMTE
ANTOINE HAMILTON

ings adjoining, and the only powder available was in two or three barrels in the blazing storehouse. In the words of the narrative : "Lord John Butler [youngest son of the Duke of Ormonde and Anthony's cousin] made himself useful, for, with Mr. Anthony Hamilton, he rashly rushed in, brought out one of the barrels, notwithstanding the fire, and put it under the other building that was to be blown up." We next hear of him in Limerick in 1673, holding a captain's commission in the French army, and again recruiting for his brother's corps. In 1681 he found time to vary his military duties by appearing as a zephyr in a performance of Quinault's ballet, the *Triomphe de l'Amour*, at St. Germain-en-Laye. When in 1685 James succeeded to the throne, and the door of preferment was open to Roman Catholics, Anthony took service in the Irish army, and obtained the lieutenant-colonelcy of Sir Thomas Newcomen's regiment. In June of the same year he was presented with a bounty of £200, and was subsequently promoted to be governor of Limerick. Soon after his arrival there (Aug. 1) he went publicly to mass, which no governor had done for thirty-five years. On Lord Clarendon's strong recommendation he was advanced to the command of a regiment of dragoons and sworn of the privy council in 1686; he was also granted a yearly pension of £200 charged on the Irish establishment. "He is a very worthy man," wrote Lord Clarendon to his brother Lord Rochester, "and of great honour, and will retain a just sense of any kindness you may do him."

When the war broke out his bad luck began. With the rank of major-general he commanded the dragoons, under Lord Mountcashell, at the siege of Enniskillen, and shared in the rout at Newtown Butler on July 31, 1689, when he was severely wounded in the leg. He contrived, however, to escape, and is said, on doubtful authority, to have fought at the battle of the Boyne, July 1, 1690. It is not known whether he was present at the battle of Aughrim (1691), in which his brother John was killed.

Hamilton followed his defeated sovereign to St. Germain-en-Laye, where the rest of his life seems chiefly to have been passed. He occupied his very considerable leisure with literary pursuits—or rather literary trifling—being then over forty years old. He wrote verses without stint—usually graceful, but hardly poetical trifles—and letters of mingled prose and rhyme couched in terms of mythological compliment, as the tiresome fashion of the day demanded, yet always easy and often brilliant. Of these letters the celebrated Epistle to the Count de Grammont, dated about 1704, announcing his intention of writing the life of the count, which is prefixed to the present translation of the Memoirs, is perhaps the most remarkable example. Hamilton sent the letter to Boileau, from whom he received a very complimentary reply on February 8, 1705. At times he found the atmosphere of St. Germain too depressing for the successful wooing of his light and airy muse. "Hymns," he protests, "are only in fashion here on high days and holy days with the

other ecclesiastical music." There were no Grammonts to give gay water-parties ; while freakish maids of honour in the guise of orange girls were things undreamt of in the gloomy religiosity that pervaded the mimic court of the now ascetic James.

At St. Germain Hamilton lived on terms of the closest intimacy with the family circle of the Duke of Berwick (son of James II.). Three Misses Bulkeley—Charlotte, Henrietta, and Laura—lived with their sister the duchess ; many of Hamilton's most charming letters and verses are addressed to them, especially to Henrietta, for whom he cherished a feeling warmer than friendship. To the duke himself he addressed much gay nonsense during his campaigns in Spain and Flanders (1706–8), and the duke, strange to say, answered in a similar strain of badinage, even with verses.

In 1704 the publication of Galland's translation of *The Arabian Nights* inspired everybody in France with a passion for stories of the marvellous. Henrietta Bulkeley laughed at the fashionable craze, and Hamilton, in compliance with her taste and his own, ridiculed it in four prose tales ('Contes'), which had great success at the time. They are :—1. The Ram ('Le Bélier'), written in commemoration of his sister, the Comtesse de Grammont, having changed the name of an estate presented to her by Louis XIV. from the commonplace name of Le Moulineau into that of Pontalie ; in it he has introduced a contest between a prince and a giant for the daughter of a druid.

2. Mayblossom ('Histoire de Fleur d'Epine'), ridiculing the extravagant imitations of *The Arabian Nights*, which were written, as Hamilton says, in a style "plus Arabe qu'en Arabie."

3. The Four Facardins ('Les Quatre Facardins'), a fragment, in similar style.

4. Zénéyde, in which the nymph of the Seine recites her history; also a fragment. Hamilton also wrote a fifth 'Conte,' called 'L'Enchanteur Faustus,' in which a train of beauties from Helen to Fair Rosamond is passed under review by Queen Elizabeth; another piece, entitled 'La Volupté'; and two fragments called 'Relations de différents endroits d'Europe,' and 'Relation d'un Voyage en Mauritanie.' Despite their popularity the 'Contes' were not published during Hamilton's lifetime.

Hamilton also turned into free French alexandrines Pope's Essay on Criticism, a copy of which Pope acknowledged in a very polite letter of thanks on October 10, 1713. With the exception of a brief extract appended to Renouard's edition of Hamilton's works (1812), it still remains in manuscript. He frequently wrote verses and letters on behalf of his lady friends or less gifted courtiers. In this way he carried on a lively correspondence with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in the name of his niece the Countess of Stafford.

Hamilton died unmarried at St. Germain-en-Laye on April 21, 1720. It is thought that he wished to marry Henrietta Bulkeley (his "belle Henriette,") but, as Scott says, "their union would

have been that of hunger and thirst, for both were very poor and very illustrious." He has been represented as grave, and even dull in society, with little readiness of wit in conversation. In some of his letters he complains bitterly of his want of that facility at impromptu which gave such brilliancy to the conversation of some of his brother wits. When or how he obtained his title of count is not known.

The following are the collected editions of Hamilton's works :—

1. Œuvres du Comte Antoine Hamilton, Paris and London, 1749–1776, 7 vols., 12mo.

2. Œuvres Complètes du Comte Antoine Hamilton (with historical and literary notices and additional pieces by L. S. Auger), Paris, 1804, 3 vols., 8vo.

3. Œuvres, with 'Notice sur la Vie et les Ouvrages d'Hamilton' (unsigned), 1812, 3 vols., 8vo ; 1813, 5 vols., 18mo ; 1825, with biographical notice signed D. (Depping), 1 vol., 8vo ; 1825, with biographical notice by J. B. J. Champagnac, 2 vols., 8vo.

One cannot speak with much enthusiasm of the hero of the Memoirs. He cheated at cards, and he was a braggart and something of a coward. Yet Hamilton handles the count's shortcomings with such skill that one cannot take them at all seriously. Through his brother-in-law's inimitable felicity of expression Grammont, it has been aptly said, "has come down through the generations with his grand air unaltered, his impudence un-

abashed, and his wit in all probability considerably embellished."

Philibert, Comte de Grammont, was born in France in 1621. His birthplace was probably the family seat of Bidache in Gascony. He was the second son of the second marriage of his father, Antoine, the first Duc de Grammont, with Claude, eldest daughter of Louis de Montmorency, Baron de Boutteville. He was sent to the college at Pau in Béarn, the nearest university to the ancestral residence. His studies here did not much benefit him; and though intended for the Church, we find him in his gay old age highly commending the Lord's Prayer, and seriously inquiring by whom it was written. On his declining a clerical life he was sent to join the French army under Prince Thomas of Savoy, then besieging Trino in Piedmont, which was taken on September 24, 1643. He next served under his elder half-brother, the famous Marshal de Grammont and the Prince of Condé; and was present at the three battles of Fribourg on August 3, 5, 9, 1644, and that of Nordlinguen on August 3, 1645. It was at the battle of Fribourg that Condé, having failed in his first attack on the enemy, dismounted, and placed himself at the head of the regiment of Conti, whilst all the officers and volunteers alighted also, among whom is mentioned the Chevalier de Grammont; and this reassuring the soldiers, they charged the enemy, who fled into a wood under favour of the approaching night.

In 1647 Grammont served again under his brother and Condé in Spain: and in 1648 he was

present with them at the battle of Lens on August 20, where the Archduke Leopold and General Beck were totally defeated in Flanders.

The troubles of the Fronde now commenced; and in the first instance Grammont zealously attached himself to the Prince of Condé, probably from their mutual connection with the Montmorency family. In December 1649 he tested the accuracy of the report that it was intended to assassinate the prince by sending his own coach with the prince's liveries over the Pont Neuf to see what would occur. The coach was fired at, but as it was empty, the would-be assassin did no harm.

During the imprisonment of the princes, Grammont, with others, joined the Spanish army, which had advanced into Picardy, in consequence of the treaty which the Duchesse de Longueville and Turenne had made with the King of Spain.

We do not find when Grammont left the prince's party; the prince himself admitted that it was with honour. He seems to have connected himself with Gaston, Duke of Orleans; and is styled about this time by la Grande Mademoiselle as one of her father's gentlemen. She also relates that when the royal forces threatened Orleans, the inhabitants sent to the duke for succour, and he sent the Count de Fiesque and M. de Grammont, who appeased their fears. The duke also advised his daughter to take the opinion of Fiesque and Grammont in all matters, as they had been in Orleans long enough to know what ought to be done. When Mademoiselle was trying to effect an entrance into

the city, Grammont incited the inhabitants to assist in breaking open a gate, which the authorities, under fear of the royal displeasure, were afraid to direct, and she was borne in triumph along the streets.

In 1654 Grammont accompanied the Court to Peronne, where they anxiously awaited Turenne's attempt to force the Prince of Condé's lines at Arras, as related in the Memoirs. Grammont was at the siege of Montmedi, which surrendered on August 6, 1657. In 1660 he accompanied his brother, the Marshal, to Madrid, to demand the hand of the Infanta for Louis XIV.

In 1662 Grammont was banished from France for making advances to one of the French king's mistresses, Mademoiselle de la Motte Houdancourt. He came to London in December, and was well received by Charles II., who appreciated his ready wit, easy morality, and desire to please. Apparently in the year after his banishment, Grammont's sister, the Marquise de St. Chaumont, wrote informing him that Louis XIV. had forgiven him; he thereupon hurried to Paris only to find the information untrue, and to be ordered in a few days to quit France again. At the English Court, to which he forthwith returned, Grammont soon became a leading spirit in all its frivolous amusements. "La belle Hamilton's" younger brother, Anthony, became attached to him, and Anthony describes the course of Grammont's courtship of his sister in the Memoirs, but he significantly omits one famous episode of December 1663, in which he was a

principal actor. The story is told in a letter from Lord Melfort to Richard Hamilton, dated in 1689 or 1690, that Grammont, having at last obtained from Louis XIV. the recall which he had so long desired, was on the point of returning to France without the lady, and had actually got as far as Dover, when he was overtaken by Anthony and his elder brother, George, who, after assuring him of their respect, explained that they had taken the journey to inquire if he had forgotten nothing. "Ah," said the Count, "true; I have forgotten to marry your sister"; back accordingly he went with them, was duly married to Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, and in the following year became the father of a son as "beautiful as the mother." The French ambassador, the Comte de Cominges, also alludes to the affair as follows: "I think that at first the chevalier did not mean to go so far in this business, but, be it that conversation has completed what beauty began, or that the noise made by two rather troublesome brothers may have had something to do with it, certain it is that he has now declared himself publicly." The incident is said on dubious grounds to have furnished Molière with the idea of 'Le Mariage Forcé,' which was performed before the Court at Versailles in 1664. The count and countess left London for France on November 3, 1664, where they thenceforth principally resided. The subsequent history of the marriage was not in any way unfortunate. The countess had more beauty than any of her competitors at the French Court, a better character, and a wit of the "disquieting

English-Irish sort, which Frenchwomen could hardly sneer at, and felt to be too potent for them." They paid frequent visits to the English Court, on their return from one of which in 1669, Charles II. wrote to his sister, Henrietta Duchess of Orleans, commending the countess to her for "as good a creature as ever lived." On the occasion of one of these visits outspoken de Cominges wrote of our hero in the following terms: "M. le Chevalier de Grammont has come back two months ago. He has not altered since he married, except in his having become such a downright liar as to stand matchless in the world."

Grammont was present with Louis XIV. at the conquest of Franche Comte, and in particular at the siege of Dôle in February 1668.

In June 1670 he was again at the English Court on an errand connected with the Dunkirk purchase, the balance of which was still due. Charles II., in consideration of the "kindness and partiality" that he felt for him, wished to present him with a jewel, but the count, with an adroitness which one cannot sufficiently admire, begged instead for its equivalent (£1000) in ready money, and returned gaily to Paris with a bill of exchange for that amount in his pocket. When Lord Bellasis returned from the French Court in May 1671, Grammont accompanied him to London as envoy from Louis with "further compliments" to Charles, and was sent home on the 25th, along with the Duc de Guise, in one of the royal yachts.

The count was present at the siege of Maestricht,

which surrendered to Louis XIV. in person on June 29, 1673. By 1676 he was again at the English Court. It so happened that in the January of that year the still beautiful Duchess Mazarin, being short of cash, came to London with the not altogether hopeless design of captivating Charles. Grammont, who from the first set up to be her social pilot, was enraptured with her. He had not seen her since she was a bride, and found her altered, but he thought for the better; and told the French ambassador that "all the mistresses were eclipsed by her." The Duchess of Cleveland, in a fury, announced her intention, in March, of visiting France, and demanded that her very extensive equipment should be freed from all obnoxious tolls and dues, a demand which, greatly to her wrath, was not immediately complied with. Charles thereupon asked Grammont to be her escort. Under the count's tactful guidance, the fair but irascible lady accomplished the journey to Paris without just cause for further ebullitions of rage. "He took care," we are told, "to warn the custom-house officers to ask no money and overwhelm her with their civilities, for that such was the king's good pleasure."

Grammont assisted at the sieges of Cambray and Namur in April 1677, and February 1678. In 1688 he was sent by Louis XIV. to congratulate James II. on the birth of a son, and received a gratuity of £1083 6*s*. 8*d*. In August 1690 the count and countess wrote to Lord Stuart, begging that their brother, Colonel Richard Hamilton,

who was captured at the battle of the Boyne, might be exchanged for Lord Mountjoy, then a prisoner in France.

To the last Grammont was always a popular figure at the Court. Indeed, Ninon de Lenclos said of him, that he "was the only old man who could remain at Court without becoming ridiculous." When at the age of seventy-five he was believed to be lying at the very point of death, Louis sent him his own confessor. Grammont, guessing his errand, turned to his wife (who is officially credited with having saved her husband's soul), and with unabated jocularity said: "Countess, if you don't look to it, Dangeau will certainly cheat you out of my conversion." In 1701, at the age of eighty, he dictated his Memoirs to Anthony Hamilton. He frequently declared that he had formed a resolution never to die, which led St. Evremond, his only philosopher, to say that he must assuredly have discovered "a ford across the Styx." He did, however, make an edifying end at the age of eighty-six on January 10, 1707. On hearing of his death the caustic Saint-Simon wrote in his Memoirs the following rather too malicious description of him (we cite from Mr. Gwynn's translation):

"He was a great wit, but one of those wits whose genius is all for mockery and repartee; whose energy and penetration direct themselves to finding the bad spot, the ridiculous side, or the weakness of each person, and then to painting it in a couple of irreparable and ineffaceable strokes of the tongue; and who have the hardihood to do this in

*St. Evremond.*

public, in the royal presence, and indeed rather before the king than elsewhere, without allowing merit, grandeur, favour, or rank to protect man or woman against it. By this performance he kept the king amused, and instructed him in a thousand cruel facts, having acquired the liberty to say anything to him, even of his ministers. He was a mad dog whom nothing escaped. His known poltroonery set him below the reach of any consequences of his bites; he was into the bargain an impudent swindler, and cheated barefacedly at cards. With all these vices, and no sort of admixture of virtue, he had terrorized the Court and kept it in respect and dread. Accordingly at his death it felt itself delivered from a scourge whom the king favoured and distinguished during his whole lifetime."

On one occasion his own familiar friend, St. Evremond, did not hesitate to address him as follows:

"Insolent en prospérité,
Fort courtois en nécessité,
L'âme en fortune libérale,
Aux créanciers pas trop loyale."

But he made amends for thus speaking the truth in the flamboyant epitaph which he composed for Grammont:

"Passant, tu vois ici le comte de Grammont,
Le *héros éternel* du vieux Saint-Evremond . . ."

and in this strain for twenty-two lines.

The countess survived her husband only until January 3, 1708, when she died at the age of

sixty-seven. Dangeau thus refers to her in his *Journal* (vol. i., p. 241):

"His [the count's] face was that of an old ape. His wife taught him during his illness the first principles of religion, and as she was reading the Paternoster, 'Countess,' said her husband, 'repeat that prayer, it is very fine; who made it?'. . . They had only two daughters, who, though ugly, were greater intriguers and better known in the fashionable world than many belles. His wife had the most lively wit, the most extensive information, the greatest dignity, the utmost ease in her parties, the most refined elegance at court. Her native haughtiness was tempered by a refined and elevated piety, which had converted her into a true penitent. The king had a liking for her, which neither the jealousy of Madame de Maintenon nor the trencher-caps of the Jesuits, whom she little feared, could conquer. Her good sense was so great that she imparted it to others, and made the duties of a wife compatible with the follies and irregularities of her husband."

They had issue a son, born September 7, 1664, who apparently did not live long; and two daughters, (1) Claude Charlotte, who married at St. Germain-en-Laye, April 3, 1694, Henry Howard, Earl of Stafford; and (2) Marie Elisabeth, born December 27, 1667, who became the abbess of Ste. Marie de Poussey in Lorraine, and died before her parents in 1706. Maurepas says that Grammont's eldest daughter was maid of honour to the second Duchess of Orleans, who suspected

her of intriguing with her son, afterwards the celebrated Regent. The duchess, he adds, persuaded Lord Stafford to marry her. That the match was a failure is evident from the following forcible passage in his lordship's will, dated February 2, 1699–1700: "I give to the worst of women, except being a whore, who is guilty of all ills, the daughter of Mr. Grammont, a Frenchman, who I have unfortunately married, five and forty brass half-pence, which will by her a pullett to her supper, a greater sume than her father can often make her, for I have known when he had neither money nor credit for such a purchase, being the worst of men, and his wife the worst of women, in all debaucheries: had I known their character, I had never married their daughter, nor made myself unhappy." The earl died without issue April 27, 1719, in his 72nd year, and was buried May 12 in Westminster Abbey. Le Neve, in one of his manuscripts, says that his wife died the same night at Paris; but her will, dated in London May 13, 1739, was proved three days later, by Charles, Earl of Arran, to whom she left all her possessions.

Grammont is said to have sold the manuscript of the Memoirs for fifteen hundred livres; and it is added that when the manuscript was brought to Fontenelle, then censor of the press, he refused to license it on account of the scandalous conduct imputed to the count in a party at quinze described in the third chapter. 'In fact," says Scott, "Grammont, like many an old gentleman, seems to have recollected the gaieties of his youth with

more complaisance than was necessary, and has drawn them in pretty strong colours, in that part of the work which is more particularly his own. He laughed at poor Fontenelle's scruples, and complained to the chancellor, who forced the censor to acquiesce : the licence was granted, and the count put the whole of the money, or the best part of it, in his pocket, though he acknowledged the work to be Hamilton's. This is exactly correspondent to his general character : when money was his object, he had little, or rather no delicacy." If the book was printed in Grammont's lifetime, which the story of the licence granted by Fontenelle to the count himself certainly supposes, there must have been an edition before 1708, the year in which the count died ; whereas the earliest edition known is that printed at Cologne in 1713 with the title, *Mémoires de la Vie du Comte de Grammont ; contenant particulièrement l'histoire amoureuse de la Cour d'Angleterre, sous le règne de Charles II.* (12mo). We are inclined to think that there is no edition of a prior date, for had the book been published in the count's lifetime, we should surely have had an English translation of it before the bald version by Abel Boyer in 1714 (8vo), unquestionably the earliest. It will be remembered that the Memoirs end somewhat abruptly with an epidemic of marriages. Boyer's volume concludes with a promise that "how love affairs were manag'd in the English Court, after these Matches, shall be faithfully related in the Second Volume of these Memoirs" ; an allusion, we can only suppose, to

some spurious continuation of Hamilton's masterpiece. Fortunately, this Grub-street imagining never appeared, but the sale of the Memoirs was strictly prohibited, and all copies of the work known to be in existence were condemned to destruction. Not unnaturally the publication of the Memoirs was keenly resented by those who, unlike the principal actor therein, found little delight in renewing the recollections of their hot and foolish youth. For,

> "at sixteen the conscience rarely gnaws
> So much as when we call our old debts in
> At sixty years, and draw the accompts of evil,
> And find a deuced balance with the devil."

The Earl of Chesterfield, who figures so unpleasantly in the book, and the gay Progers, another person not very delicately referred to in one of the chapters, had indeed passed to "where beyond these voices there is peace," having been both removed by death in 1713, the year in which the original edition appeared. But when the first English translation came out, no fewer than seven different persons more or less prominently mentioned in the work were still alive: Sir Stephen Fox and Sir Charles Lyttelton, both of whom died in 1716; Lady Lyttelton (Anne Temple), who died in 1718; the great Duke of Marlborough, who died in 1722; Mrs. Godfrey (Arabella Churchill), who died in 1730; the Duchess of Tyrconnel (Frances Jennings), who died in 1731; and the Duchess of Buccleuch (the widow of the ill-fated

Monmouth and of the Earl of Cornwallis), the last known survivor of Hamilton's heroes and heroines, who died on February 6, 1731–2, in the eighty-first year of her age. The second Lady de Sylviis, who survived until 1730, would find much to interest her in the delineation of her husband and of his first matrimonial choice, Mlle. de la Garde. To the three ladies who figure in the Memoirs as Miss Jennings, Miss Temple, and Miss Churchill, the naïve recital of the follies and frailties of their girlhood must have been especially distasteful. Despite the efforts made to suppress the work a tract (price twopence) was published in 1715, called *A Key to Count Grammont's Memoirs*, and Boyer's slovenly translation was re-issued in 1719, this time with many of the names conspicuously displayed on the title-page—and again in 1760.

Other editions of the French original appeared at Cologne in 1715 (12mo); at Rotterdam in 1716 (12mo; called "troisième édition"); at the Hague (with "Discours Préliminaire") in 1731 and 1741; at Utrecht in 1732 (with Hamilton's name on the title-page, his "Epître à Monsieur le Comte de Grammont," printed apparently for the first time, and an "Avertissement" giving some account of him); and at Paris in 1746 (all in 12mo). Another edition forms vol. vi. of the "Bibliothèque de Campagne," printed at the Hague and Geneva in 1749 (12mo) under the editorship of E. A. Philippe de Prétot; while the edition issued in 1760, apparently at Amsterdam or Paris (2 pts. 12mo), is remarkable only for its ludicrous misprints.

In 1772 appeared the first edition with notes of any importance; it was entitled *Mémoires du Comte de Grammont. Nouvelle édition. Augmentée de Notes et Eclaircissements nécessaires. Par M. Horace Walpole* (Strawberry Hill, 4to). The impression was limited to one hundred copies, of which thirty were sent to Paris, and it was dedicated to Madame du Deffand. The peculiar turn and character of Walpole's researches would appear to eminently qualify him for the task of editing a book that he frequently declared to be one of his favourites. But the result was disappointing; both text and notes are inaccurate; while the three portraits are of the poorest. The proper names are, however, given for the first time correctly. A reimpression issued by Dodsley in 1783, with Walpole's consent, is considerably the worse book of the two.

There is little to recommend the edition printed at London in 1776 (2 vols. 12mo); or that belonging to the "collection Cazin," with a London imprint, but really printed at Paris in 1781 (2 vols. 18mo). The three pretty 18mo volumes, dated 1780, forming part of the collection printed at Paris by order of the Comte d'Artois, are very choicely printed, but several unfortunate emendations have been introduced into the text; one of the three copies printed on vellum is in the British Museum.

A London bookseller, Edwards by name, adopted a suggestion thrown out by Walpole by illustrating in 1793 the Memoirs with portraits engraved after the originals in the royal collection

at Windsor and elsewhere. The result was a handsome quarto containing seventy-eight portraits and seventy-seven pages of "notes et éclaircissements" of far greater value than Walpole's. Of this edition there are copies on large paper. The edition published at London in 1811 (2 vols. 8vo; large paper copies in 4to) by J. Carpenter and W. Miller is not so elegant as Edwards's, but on some accounts is to be preferred. The text was thoroughly revised by A. F. Bertrand de Moleville, a former minister of Louis XIV., with the addition of notes drawn in part from Sir Walter Scott's edition of the English translation which appeared during the same year. It also contains a biographical notice, and sixty-four portraits engraved by E. Scriven.

It should be here mentioned that in 1793 Edwards published at the same time as his French edition, an English translation by W. Maddison, embellished with the same portraits. This translation was reprinted in 1809 (3 vols. 8vo).

The Memoirs form part of the works of Hamilton, published at Paris in 1749 (6 vols. 12mo), and again in 1776 (7 vols. 12mo).

The edition published by M. Renouard in 1812 (2 vols. 8vo), with eight portraits, forms part of the collective works of Hamilton in 4 vols. 8vo, or 5 vols. 18mo. Like all the publications of this eminent bibliopole, who was also a bibliographer of the first rank, this edition is printed with scrupulous care.

We may also mention the editions of Paris, 1815 (2 vols. 12mo); 1819 (2 vols. 18mo, with eight

engravings); 1820 (2 vols. 12mo); 1823 (2 vols. 32mo); 1825 (2 vols. 8vo, with a portrait; an edition limited to a hundred copies struck off separately from the works of Hamilton published by J. B. J. Champagnac); 1826 (2 vols. 32mo); 1828 (8vo; with L. S. Auger's introduction contributed to the 1804 edition (3 vols. 8vo) of Hamilton's works). Another edition is included in Hamilton's works (8vo, 1818) forming part of the "Collection des Prosateurs français," published by Belin the bookseller; it has an essay signed "D." (Depping) upon the life and writings of Hamilton. The edition of the Memoirs comprised in the collection published by M. F. Barrière from the house of Didot (12mo, 1850) does not differ from that printed in 1811.

But the best Paris edition, and one which we have frequently laid under contribution, is that published in the Bibliothèque Charpentier under the editorship of M. Gustave Brunet (12mo, 1859). Though the notes on the English celebrities are mostly an abridgment of Scott's, those illustrating the careers of Louis XIV.'s scapegrace courtiers are original and excellent.

Among other Paris editions may be cited that of 1876 (12mo), "avec une introduction et des notes par M. de Lescure," in the "Nouvelle Bibliothèque Classique"; and another, limited to fifty-one copies, published also in 1876 (8vo), "réimpression conforme à l'Edition Princeps, 1713. Préface et notes par Benjamin Pifteau. Frontispiece, six eaux-fortes par J. Chauvet; lettres, fleurons, et culs-de-lampe par L. Lemaire" (both these editions are remarkable

for the grotesque misspellings of English names). There was also a pretty edition published in 1888 (8vo), with portrait and thirty-three etchings by L. Boisson, from compositions by C. Delort, and a preface by H. Gausseron.

Abel Boyer's translation, already referred to, was revised and edited anonymously, with notes and illustrations by Sir Walter Scott, 1811, 8vo; reprinted, London, 1818, 2 vols. 12mo; again in Bohn's extra volume, London, 1846, 8vo, and several times subsequently; new and revised edition, illustrated with etchings by L. Boisson after C. Delort, London, 1889, 8vo (and again in 1896). An edition published in 1889 (2 vols. 8vo) under the editorship of Henry Vizetelly has valuable notes and appendices.

A German translation appeared at Leipzig in 1780 (2 vols. 8vo), "mit einer Vorrede herausgegeben von Herrn Bibliothekar . . . Reichard."

In the British Museum are copies of the Memoirs, with manuscript notes by Sir William Musgrave, Isaac Reed, and the Rev. John Mitford. These notes have been mentioned by Beloe (*Anecdotes*, vol. i., p. 166) and by writers in *Notes and Queries* as containing much valuable material for the editor of Grammont. They are of no value whatever.

We cannot permit these volumes to go forth without an apology for the absence of formal quotation, or at the least of more precise acknowledgment than appears in the notes and illustrations, of the sources whence we have derived our information, and even, in some instances, the actual words in

which it is conveyed. To M. Gustave Brunet's excellent edition of the Memoirs (1859), the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the *Complete Peerage* (edited by G. E. C[okayne]), the *Registers of Westminster Abbey* (so admirably annotated by the late Col. Chester), Peter Cunningham's review of the Memoirs in Fraser's Magazine (November 1846), and Mr. Stephen Gwynn's article on Anthony Hamilton (which contains some delightful criticism) in Macmillan's Magazine for May 1898, we have been largely indebted; while those attractively written volumes—M. Forneron's *Louise de Kéroualle, Duchesse de Portsmouth* (1886), and M. Jusserand's *A French Ambassador at the Court of Charles the Second* (1892)—have always been consulted with advantage.

# EPISTLE TO THE COUNT DE GRAMMONT,[1]

## BY ANTHONY HAMILTON,

### IN HIS OWN AND HIS BROTHER'S NAME.[2]

O! THOU, the glory of the shore,
Where Corisanda[3] saw the day,
The blessed abode of Menodore;
Thou, whom the fates have doom'd to stray
Far from that pleasant shore away,
On which the sun, at parting, smiles,
Ere, gliding o'er the Pyrenees,
Spain's tawny visages he sees,
And sinks behind the happy isles;

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[1] [The "Epître à Monsieur le Comte de Grammont" is wanting in the original edition of the *Mémoires* (Cologne, 1713); it appears, apparently for the first time, in the Utrecht edition of 1732. The present translation and notes are by Sir Walter Scott.]

[2] It is dated from Grammont's villa of Semeac, upon the banks of the Garonne, where it would seem Philibert and Anthony Hamilton were then residing.

[3] Corisande and Menadaure were both ancestresses of the Count de Grammont, and celebrated for beauty.

Thou, who of mighty monarch's court
So long hast shone unerring star,
Unmatch'd in earnest or in sport,
In love, in frolic, and in war!

To you, Sir, this invocation must needs be addressed; for whom else could it suit? But you may be puzzled even to guess who invokes you, since you have heard nothing of us for an age, and since so long an absence may have utterly banished us from your recollection. Yet we venture to flatter ourselves it may be otherwise.

For who was e'er forgot by thee?
Witness, at Lérida, Don Brice,[1]
And Barcelona's lady nice,
Donna Ragueza, fair and free;
Witness, too, Boniface at Breda,
And Catalonia and Gasconne,
From Bourdeaux walls to far Bayonne,
From Perpignan to Pueycreda,
And we your friends of fair Garonne.

Even in these distant and peaceful regions, we hear, by daily report, that you are more agreeable, more unequalled, and more marvellous than ever. Our country neighbours, great news-mongers, apprized by their correspondents of the lively sallies with which you surprise the court, often ask us if you are not the grandson of that famous Chevalier de Grammont, of whom such wonders are recorded in the History of the Civil Wars? Indignant that your identity should be disputed in a country

[1] Don Brice is celebrated in the Memoirs, but Donna Ragueza does not appear there.

where your name is so well known, we had formed a plan of giving some faint sketch of your merits and history. But who were we, that we should attempt the task? With talents naturally but indifferent, and now rusted by long interruption of all intercourse with the court, how were it possible for us to display taste and politeness, excelling all that is to be found elsewhere, and which yet must be attributes of those fit to make you their theme?

> Can mediocrity avail,
> To follow forth such high emprize?
> In vain our zeal to please you tries,
> Where noblest talents well might fail:
> Where loftiest bards might yield the pen,
> And own 'twere rash to dare,
> 'Tis meet that country gentlemen
> Be silent in despair.

We therefore limited our task to registering all the remarkable particulars of your life which our memory could supply, in order to communicate those materials to the most skilful writers of the metropolis. But the choice embarrassed us. Sometimes we thought of addressing our Memoirs to the Academy, persuaded that as you had formerly sustained a logical thesis,[1] you must know enough of the art to qualify you for being received a member of that illustrious body, and praised from head to foot upon the day of admission. Sometimes, again, we thought, that, as, to all appearance, no one will survive to pronounce your eulogium when you are no more, it ought to be delivered in

[1] I presume, when he was educated for the Church.

the way of anticipation, by the reverend Father Massillon or De la Rue. But we considered that the first of these expedients did not suit your rank, and that, as to the second, it would be against all form to swathe you up while alive in the tropes of a funeral sermon. The celebrated Boileau next occurred to us, and we believed at first he was the very person we wanted ; but a moment's reflection satisfied us that he would not answer our purpose.

Sovereign of wit, he sits alone,
And joys him in his glory won ;
Or if, in history to live,
The first of monarchs' feats he give,
Attentive Phœbus guides his hand,
And Memory's daughters round him stand ;
He might consign, and only he,
Thy fame to immortality.
Yet, vixen still, his muse would mix
Her playful but malicious tricks,
Which friendship scarce might smother.
So gambols the ambiguous cat,
Deals with one paw a velvet pat,
And scratches you with t'other.

The next expedient which occurred to us was, to have your portrait displayed at full length in that miscellany which lately gave us such an excellent letter of the illustrious chief of your house. Here is the direction we obtained for that purpose :

Not far from that superb abode
Where Paris bids her monarchs dwell,
Retiring from the Louvre's road,
The office opes its fruitful cell,

In choice of authors nothing nice,
To every work, of every price,
However rhymed, however writ,
Especially to folks of wit,
When by rare chance on such they hit.
From thence each month, in gallant quire,
Flit sonneteers in tuneful sallies,
All tender heroes of their alleys,
By verse familiar who aspire
To seize the honour'd name of poet,
Some scream, on mistuned pipes and whistles,
Pastorals and amorous epistles;
Some, twining worthless wreath, bestow it
On bards and warriors of their own,
In camp and chronicle unknown.
Here, never rare, though ever new,
Riddle, in veil fantastic screening,
Presents, in his mysterious masque,
A useless, yet laborious task,
To loungers who have nought to do,
But puzzle out his senseless meaning.
'Tis here, too, that, in transports old,
New elegies are monthly moaning;
Here, too, the dead their lists unfold,
Telling of heirs and widows groaning;
Telling what sums were left to glad them,
And here in copper-plate they shine,
Shewing their features, rank, and line,
And all their arms, and whence they had them.

We soon saw it would be impossible to crowd you, with propriety, into so miscellaneous a miscellany; and these various difficulties at length reconciled us to our original intention of attempting the adventure ourselves, despite of our insufficiency, and of calling to our assistance two persons whom

we have not the honour to know, but some of whose compositions have reached us. In order to propitiate them by some civilities, one of us (he who wears at his ear that pearl, which, you used to say, his mother had hung there out of devotion) began to invoke them, as you shall hear.

O ! Thou, of whom the easy strain
  Enchanted by its happy sway,
Sometimes the margin of the Seine,
Sometimes the fair and fertile plain,
  Where winds the Maine her lingering way ;
  Whether the light and classic lay
Lie at the feet of fair Climéne ;
  Or if, La Fare, thou rather choose
  The mood of the theatric muse,
And raise again, the stage to tread,
Renowned Greeks and Romans dead ;
Attend !—And thou, too, lend thine aid,
Chaulieu ! on whom, in raptur'd hour,
Phœbus breath'd energy and power ;
Come both, and each a stanza place,
The structure that we raise to grace ;
To gild our heavy labours o'er,
Your aid and influence we implore.

The invocation was scarce fairly written out, when we found the theatric muse a little misplaced, as neither of the gentlemen invoked appeared to have written anything falling under her department. This reflection embarrassed us ; and we were meditating what turn should be given to the passage, when behold ! there appeared at once, in the midst of the room, a form that surprised without alarming us :—it was that of your philosopher,

the inimitable St. Evremont.[1] None of the tumult which usually announces the arrival of ghosts of consequence preceded this apparition.

> The sky was clear and still o'erhead,
> No earthquake shook the regions under,
> No subterraneous murmur dread,
> And not a single clap of thunder.
> He was not clothed in rags, or tatter'd,
> Like that same grim and grisly spectre,
> Who, ere Philippi's contest clatter'd,
> The dauntless Brutus came to hector:
> Nor was he clad like ghost of Laius,
> Who, when against his son he pled,
> Nor worse nor better wardrobe had,
> Than scanty mantle of Emaeus:
> Nor did his limbs a shroud encumber,
> Like that which vulgar sprites enfold,
> When, gliding from their ghostly hold,
> They haunt our couch, and scare our slumber.

By all this we saw the ghost's intention was not to frighten us. He was dressed exactly as when we had first the pleasure of his acquaintance in London. He had the same air of mirth, sharpened and chastened by satirical expression, and even the same dress, which undoubtedly he had preserved for the visit. Lest you doubt it,

1 With whom, as appears from the Memoirs, the Count, while residing in London, maintained the closest intimacy. St. Evremont was delighted with his wit, vivacity, and latitude of principle: he called him his hero; wrote verses in his praise; in short, took as warm an interest in him as an Epicurean philosopher can do in any one but himself.

His ancient studying-cap he wore,
Well tann'd, of good Morocco hide;[1]
The eternal double loop before,
That lasted till its master died:
In fine, the self-same equipage,
As when, with lovely Mazarine,
Still boasting of the name of Sage,
He drowned, in floods of generous wine,
The dulness and the frost of age,
And daily paid the homage due,
To charms that seem'd for ever new.

As he arrived unannounced, he placed himself between us without ceremony, but could not forbear smiling at the respect with which we withdrew our chairs, under pretence of not crowding him. I had always heard that it was necessary to question folks of the other world, in order to engage them in conversation; but he soon shewed us the contrary; for, casting his eyes on the paper which we had left on the table,—"I approve," said he, "of your plan, and I come to give you some advice for the execution; but I cannot comprehend the choice you have made of these two gentlemen as assistants. I admit, it is impossible to write more beautifully than they both do; but do you not see that they write nothing but by starts, and that their subjects are as extraordinary as their caprice?

Love-lorn and gouty, one soft swain
Rebels, amid his rhymes profane,
Against specific water-gruel;

1 One of St. Evremont's peculiarities was, that instead of a wig, the universal dress of the time, he choose to wear his own grey hair, covered with the leathern cap described in the text.

Or chirrups, in his ill-timed lay
The joys of freedom and tokay,
When Celimena's false or cruel:
The other, in his lovely strain,
Fresh from the font of Hippocrene,
Rich in the charms of sound and sense,
Throws all his eloquence away,
And vaunts, the live-long lingering day,
The languid bliss of indolence.

"Give up thoughts of them, if you please; for though you have invoked them, they won't come the sooner to your succour. Arrange, as well as you can, the materials you had collected for others, and never mind the order of time or events: I would advise you, on the contrary, to choose the latter years of your hero for your principal subject: his earlier adventures are too remote to be altogether so interesting in the present day. Make some short and light observations on the resolution he has formed of never dying, and upon the power he seems to possess of carrying it into execution.[1]

That art by which his life he has warded,
And death so often has retarded,
'Tis strange to me,
The world's envy
Has ne'er with jaundiced eye regarded:
But 'mid all anecdotes he tells
Of warriors, statesmen, and of belles,

[1] The Count de Grammont in his old age, recovered, contrary to the expectations of his physicians, and of all the world, from one or two dangerous illnesses, which led him often to say, in his lively manner, that he had formed a resolution never to die. This declaration is the subject of much raillery through the whole epistle.

With whom he fought, intrigued, and slept,
That rare and precious mystery,
His art of immortality,
Is the sole secret he has kept.

"Do not embarrass your brains in seeking ornaments, or turns of eloquence to paint his character: that would resemble strained panegyric; and a faithful portrait will be his best praise. Take care how you attempt to report his stories, or *bons mots:* the subject is too great for you.[1] Try only, in relating his adventures, to colour over his failings, and give relief to his merits.

'Twas thus, by easy route of yore,
My hero to the skies I bore.[2]

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[1] Bussy-Rabutin assures us that much of the merit of Grammont's *bons mots* consisted in his peculiar mode of delivering them, although his reputation as a wit was universally established. Few of those which have been preserved are susceptible of translation; but the following may be taken as a specimen:

One day when Charles II. dined in state, he made Grammont remark, that he was served upon the knee; a mark of respect not common at other courts. "I thank your Majesty for the explanation," answered Grammont: "I thought they were begging pardon for giving you so bad a dinner."—Louis XIV., playing at tric-trac, disputed a throw with his opponent. The by-standers were appealed to, and could not decide the cause. It was referred to Grammont, who, from the further end of the gallery, declared against the king. "But you have not heard the case," said Louis. "Ah, Sire," replied the Count, "if your Majesty had but a shadow of right, would these gentlemen have failed to decide in your favour?"

[2] St. Evremont, whose attachment to Grammont amounted to enthusiasm, composed the following epitaph upon him,

For your part, sketch how beauties tender,
Did to his vows in crowds surrender:
Shew him forth-following the banners
Of one who match'd the goddess-born:
Shew how in peace his active manners
Held dull repose in hate and scorn:
Shew how at court he made a figure,
Taught lessons to the best intriguer,
Till, without fawning, like his neighbours,
His prompt address foil'd all their labours.
Canvas and colours change once more,
And paint him forth in various light:
The scourge of coxcomb and of bore;

---

made, however, long before the Count's death, in which he touches many of the topics which he here is supposed to recommend to Hamilton.

Here lies the Count de Grammont, stranger
Old Evremont's *eternal* theme:
He who shared Condé's every danger,
May envy from the bravest claim.
Wouldst know his art in courtly life?
It match'd his courage in the strife.
Wouldst ask his merit with the fair?—
Who ever liv'd his equal there?
His wit to scandal never stooping,
His mirth ne'er to buffoon'ry drooping:
Keeping his character's marked plan,
As spouse, sire, gallant, and old man.
But went he to confession duly?
At matins, mass, and vespers steady?
Fervent in prayer?—to tell you truly,
He left these cares to his good lady.
We may once more see a Turenne;
Condé himself may have a double;
But to make Grammont o'er again,
Would cost Dame Nature too much trouble.

Live record of lampoons in score
And chronicle of love and fight;
Redoubted for his plots so rare,
By every happy swain and fair;
Driver of rivals to despair;
Sworn enemy to all long speeches;
Lively and brilliant, frank and free;
Author of many a repartee:
Remember, over all, that he
Was most renowned for storming breaches.
Forget not the white charger's prance,
On which a daring boast sustaining,
He came before a prince of France,
Victorious in Alsace campaigning.[1]
Tell too by what enchanting art,
Or of the head, or of the heart,
If skill or courage gain'd his aim;
When to Saint Albans' foul disgrace,
Despite his colleague's grave grimace,
And a fair nymph's seducing face,
He carried off gay Buckingham.[2]
Speak all these feats, and simply speak,—
To soar too high were forward freak,—
To keep Parnassus' skirts discreetest;
For 'tis not on the very peak,
That middling voices sound the sweetest.

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[1] Grammont had promised to the Dauphin, then commanding the army in Alsace, that he would join him before the end of the campaign, mounted on a white horse.

[2] Grammont is supposed to have had no small share in determining the Duke of Buckingham, then Charles the Second's favourite minister, to break the triple alliance; for which purpose he went to France with the Count, in spite of all that the other English ministers, and even his mistress, the celebrated Countess of Shrewsbury, could do to prevent him.

Each tale in easy language dress,
With natural expression closing;
Let every rhyme fall in express;
Avoid poetical excess,
And shun low miserable prosing:
Dote not on modish style, I pray,
Nor yet condemn it with rude passion;
There is a place near the Marais,
Where mimicry of antique lay
Seems to be creeping into fashion.
This new and much-admired way,
Of using Gothic words and spelling,
Costs but the price of Rabelais,
Or Ronsard's sonnets, to excel in.
With half a dozen ekes and ayes,
Or some such antiquated phrase,
At small expense you'll lightly hit
On this new strain of ancient wit.

We assured the spirit we would try to profit by this last advice, but that his caution against falling into the languor of a prosing narration appeared to us more difficult to follow. "Once for all," said he, "do your best; folks that write for the Count de Grammont have a right to reckon on some indulgence. At any rate, you are only known through him, and, apparently, what you are about will not increase the public curiosity on your own account. I must end my visit," he continued, "and by my parting wishes convince my hero that I continue to interest myself in his behalf."

Still may his wit's unceasing charms
Blaze forth, his numerous days adorning;
May he renounce the din of arms,
And sleep some longer of a morning:

Still be it upon false alarms,
  That chaplains come to lecture o'er him;[1]
Still prematurely, as before,
That all the doctors give him o'er,
  And king and court are weeping for him;
May such repeated feats convince
  The king he lives but to attend him;
And may he, like a grateful prince,
  Avail him of the hint they lend him;
Live long as Grammont's age, and longer,
Then learn his art still to grow younger.

---

Here ceas'd the ghostly Norman sage,
  A clerk whom we as well as you rate
The choicest spirit of his age,
  And heretofore your only curate:
Though not a wit, you see his spectre
Doth, like a buried parson's, lecture.
Then off he glided to the band
  Of feal friends that hope to greet you,
But long may on the margin stand,
  Of sable Styx, before they meet you.
No need upon that theme to dwell,
Since none but you the cause can tell;
Yet, if, when some half-century more,
In health and glee has glided o'er,
You find you, maugre all your strength,
Stretch'd out in woeful state at length,
And forc'd to Erebus to troop,
There shall you find the joyous group,

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[1] De Grammont having fallen seriously ill, at the age of seventy-five, the king, who knew his free sentiments in religious matters, sent Dangeau to give him ghostly advice. The Count, finding his errand, turned to his wife, and cried out, "Countess, if you don't look to it, Dangeau will cheat you of my conversion."

Carousing on the Stygian border!
Waiting, with hollo and with whoop,
To dub you brother of their order.
There shall you find Dan Benserade,
Doughty Chapelle and Sazarine,
Voiture and Chaplain, gallants fine,
And he who ballad never made
Nor rhymed without a flask of wine.
Adieu, Sir Count, the world around
Who roam'd in quest of love and battle,
Of whose high merits fame did tattle,
As sturdy tilter, knight renown'd.
Before the warfare of the Fronde,
Should you again review Gironde,
Travelling in coach, by journeys slow,
You'll right hand mark a sweet chateau,
Which has few ornaments to show,
But deep, clear streams, that moat the spot,
'Tis there we dwell,—forget us not!

Think of us then, pray, Sir, if, by chance, you should take a fancy to revisit your fair mansion of Semeac. In the meanwhile, permit us to finish this long letter; we have endeavoured in vain to make something of it, by varying our language and style—you see how our best efforts fall below our subject. To succeed, it would be necessary that he whom our fictions conjured up to our assistance were actually among the living. But, alas!

No more shall Evremont incite us,
That chronicler whom none surpasses,
Whether his grave or gay delight us;
That favourite of divine Parnassus
Can find no ford in dark Cocytus:
From that sad river's fatal bourne,
Alone De Grammont can return.

PHILIBERT COMTE de GRAMMONT.

# MEMOIRS

OF

# COUNT GRAMMONT

## CHAPTER I

As those who read only for amusement are, in my opinion, more worthy of attention than those who open a book merely to find fault, to the former I address myself, and for their entertainment commit the following pages to press, without being in the least concerned about the severe criticisms of the latter. I farther declare, that the order of time and disposition of the facts, which give more trouble to the writer than pleasure to the reader, shall not much embarrass me in these memoirs. It being my design to convey a just idea of my hero, those circumstances which most tend to illustrate and distinguish his character, shall find a place in these fragments just as they present themselves to my imagination, without paying any particular attention to their arrangement. For, after all, what does it signify where the portrait is begun, provided the assemblage of the parts form a whole which perfectly expresses the original? The celebrated Plutarch,

who treats his heroes as he does his readers, commences the life of the one just as he thinks fit, and diverts the attention of the other with digressions into antiquity, or agreeable passages of literature, which frequently have no reference to the subject; for instance, he tells us, that Demetrius Poliorcetes was far from being so tall as his father, Antigonus; and afterwards, that his reputed father, Antigonus, was only his uncle; but this is not until he has begun his life, with a short account of his death, his various exploits, his good and bad qualities; and at last, out of compassion to his failings, brings forward a comparison between him and the unfortunate Mark Antony.

In the life of Numa Pompilius, he begins by a dissertation upon his preceptor Pythagoras; and, as if he thought the reader would be anxious to know whether it was the ancient philosopher, or one of the same name, who, after being victorious at the Olympic games, went full speed into Italy to teach Numa philosophy, and instruct him in the arts of government, he gives himself much trouble to explain this difficulty, and, after all, leaves it undetermined.

What I have said upon this subject is not meant to reflect upon this historian, to whom, of all the ancients, we are most obliged; it is only intended to authorize the manner in which I have treated a life far more extraordinary than any of those he has transmitted to us. It is my part to describe a man, whose inimitable character casts a veil over those faults which I shall neither palliate nor disguise; a

man, distinguished by a mixture of virtues and vices so closely linked together, as in appearance to form a necessary dependence, glowing with the greatest beauty when united, shining with the brightest lustre when opposed.

It is this indefinable brilliancy, which, in war, in love, in gaming, and in the various stages of a long life, has rendered the Count de Grammont the admiration of his age, and the delight of every country wherein he has displayed his engaging wit, dispensed his generosity and magnificence, or practised his inconstancy: it is owing to this that the sallies of a sprightly imagination have produced those admirable *bon mots*, which have been with universal applause transmitted to posterity. It is owing to this, that he preserved his judgment free and unembarrassed in the most trying situations, and enjoyed an uncommon presence of mind and facetiousness of temper in the most imminent dangers of war. I shall not attempt to draw his portrait: his person has been described by Bussi and St. Evremond, authors more entertaining than faithful. The former has represented the Chevalier Grammont as artful, fickle, and even somewhat treacherous, in his amours, and indefatigable and cruel in his jealousies. St. Evremond has used other colours to express the genius and describe the general manners of the Count; whilst both, in their different pictures, have done greater honour to themselves than justice to their hero.

It is, therefore, to the Count we must listen, in the agreeable relation of the sieges and battles wherein

he distinguished himself under another hero; and it is on him we must rely for the truth of passages the least glorious of his life, and for the sincerity with which he relates his address, vivacity, frauds, and the various stratagems he practised either in love or gaming. These express his true character, and to himself we owe these memoirs, since I only hold the pen, while he directs it to the most remarkable and secret passages of his life.

## CHAPTER II

In those days affairs were not managed in France as at present: Louis XIII. then sat upon the throne, but the Cardinal de Richelieu governed the kingdom; great men commanded little armies, and little armies did great things: the fortune of great men depended solely upon ministerial favour, and blind devotion to the will of the minister was the only sure method of advancement. Vast designs were then laying in the heart of neighbouring states the foundation of that formidable greatness to which France has now risen: the police was somewhat neglected; the highways were impassable by day, and the streets by night; but robberies were committed elsewhere with greater impunity. Young men, on their first entrance into the world, took what course they thought proper: whoever would, was a Chevalier, and whoever could, an Abbé,—I mean a beneficed Abbé: dress made no distinction between them; and, I believe, the Chevalier Grammont was both the one and the other at the siege of Trino.

This was his first campaign, and here he displayed

those attractive graces which so favourably prepossess, and require neither friends nor recommendations in any company to procure a favourable reception. The siege was already formed when he arrived, which saved him some needless risks; for a volunteer cannot rest at ease, until he has stood the first fire: he went therefore to reconnoitre the generals, having no occasion to reconnoitre the place. Prince Thomas commanded the army; and as the post of lieutenant-general was not then known, Du Plessis Pralin and the famous Viscount Turenne were his major-generals. Fortified places were treated with some respect, before a power which nothing can withstand had found means to destroy them by dreadful showers of bombs, and by destructive batteries of hundreds of pieces of cannon. Before these furious storms which drive governors under ground and reduce their garrisons to powder, repeated sallies bravely repulsed, and vigorous attacks nobly sustained, signalized both the art of the besiegers and the courage of the besieged; consequently sieges were of some length, and young men had an opportunity of gaining some knowledge. Many brave actions were performed on each side during the siege of Trino; a great deal of fatigue was endured, and considerable losses sustained; but fatigue was no more considered, hardships were no more felt in the trenches, gravity was at an end with the generals, and the troops were no longer dispirited after the arrival of the Chevalier Grammont. Pleasure was his pursuit, and he made it universal.

Among the officers in the army, as in all other places, there are men of real merit, or pretenders to it. The latter endeavoured to imitate the Chevalier Grammont in his most shining qualities, but without success; the former admired his talents and courted his friendship. Of this number was Matta: he was agreeable in his person, but still more by the natural turn of his wit; he was plain and simple in his manners, but endued with a quick discernment and refined delicacy, and full of candour and integrity in all his actions. The Chevalier Grammont was not long in discovering his amiable qualities; an acquaintance was soon formed, and was succeeded by the strictest intimacy.

Matta insisted that the Chevalier should take up his quarters with him; to which he only consented, on condition of equally contributing to the expense. As they were both liberal and magnificent, at their common cost they gave the best-designed and most luxurious entertainments that had ever yet been seen. Play was wonderfully productive at first, and the Chevalier restored by a hundred different ways that which he obtained only by one. The generals, being entertained by turns, admired their magnificence, and were dissatisfied with their own officers for not keeping such good tables and attendance. The Chevalier had the talent of setting off the most indifferent things to advantage; and his wit was so generally acknowledged, that it was a kind of disgrace not to submit to his taste. To him Matta resigned the care of furnishing the table and doing its honours; and, charmed with the general

applause, persuaded himself that nothing could be more honourable than their way of living, and nothing more easy than to continue it ; but he soon perceived that the greatest prosperity is not the most lasting. Good living, bad economy, dishonest servants, and ill-luck, all uniting together to disconcert their housekeeping, their table was going to be gradually laid aside, when the Chevalier's genius, fertile in resources, undertook to support his former credit by the following expedient.

They had never yet conferred about the state of their finances, although the steward had acquainted each separately, that he must either receive money to continue the expenses, or give in his accounts. One day, when the Chevalier came home sooner than usual, he found Matta fast asleep in an easy-chair, and, being unwilling to disturb his rest, he began musing on his project. Matta awoke without his perceiving it ; and having, for a short time, observed the deep contemplation he seemed involved in, and the profound silence between two persons, who had never held their tongues for a moment when together before, he broke it by a sudden fit of laughter, which increased in proportion as the other stared at him. "A merry way of waking, and ludicrous enough," said the Chevalier. "What is the matter, and whom do you laugh at?" "Faith, Chevalier," said Matta, "I am laughing at a dream I had just now, which is so natural and diverting, that I must make you laugh at it also. I was dreaming that we had dismissed our *maître d'hôtel*, our cook, and our confectioner, having resolved, for

the remainder of the campaign, to live upon others as others have lived upon us; this was my dream. Now tell me, Chevalier, on what were you musing?" "Poor fellow!" said the Chevalier, shrugging up his shoulders, "you are knocked down at once, and thrown into the utmost consternation and despair at some silly stories, which the *maître d'hôtel* has been telling you as well as me. What! after the figure we have made in the face of the nobility and foreigners in the army, shall we give it up, and like fools and beggars sneak off, upon the first failure of our money! Have you no sentiments of honour? Where is the dignity of France?" "And where is the money?" said Matta; "for my men say, the devil may take them, if there be ten crowns in the house; and I believe you have not much more, for it is above a week since I have seen you pull out your purse, or count your money, an amusement you were very fond of in prosperity." "I own all this," said the Chevalier, "but yet I will force you to confess, that you are but a mean-spirited fellow upon this occasion. What would have become of you if you had been reduced to the situation I was in at Lyons, four days before I arrived here? I will tell you the story."

## CHAPTER III

"THIS," said Matta, "smells strongly of romance, except that it should have been your Squire's part to tell your adventures." "True," said the Chevalier; "however, I may acquaint you with my first exploits without offending my modesty; besides, my Squire's style borders too much upon the burlesque for an heroic narrative.

"You must know, then, that upon my arrival at Lyons"——"Is it thus you begin?" said Matta, "pray give us your history a little farther back, the most minute particulars of a life like yours are worthy of relation; but above all, the manner in which you first paid your respects to Cardinal Richlieu: I have often laughed at it. However, you may pass over the unlucky pranks of your infancy, your genealogy, name and quality of your ancestors, for that is a subject with which you must be utterly unacquainted."

"Poh!" said the Chevalier, "you believe that all the world is as ignorant as yourself;—you think that I am a stranger to the Mendores and the

Corisandes. So, perhaps I don't know, that it was my father's own fault that he was not the son of Henry IV. The king would by all means have acknowledged him for his son, but the traitor would never consent to it. See what the Grammonts would have been now, but for this cross-grained fellow! They would have had precedence of the Cæsars de Vendôme. You may laugh, if you like, yet it is as true as the gospel: but let us come to the point.

"I was sent to the college of Pau, with the intention of being brought up to the church; but as I had quite different views, I made no manner of improvement: gaming was so much in my head, that both my tutor and the master lost their labour in endeavouring to teach me Latin. Old Brinon, who served me both as *valet de chambre* and governor, in vain threatened to acquaint my mother. I only studied when I pleased, that is to say, seldom or never: however, they treated me as is customary with scholars of my quality; I was raised to all the dignities of the forms, without having merited them, and left college nearly in the same state in which I entered it; nevertheless I was thought to have more knowledge than was requisite for the abbacy, which my brother had solicited for me. He had just married the niece of a minister, to whom every one cringed: he was desirous to present me to him. I felt but little regret to quit the country, and great impatience to see Paris. My brother having kept me some time with him, in order to polish me, let me loose upon the town to

shake off my rustic air, and learn the manners of the world. I so thoroughly gained them, that I could not be persuaded to lay them aside when I was introduced at court in the character of an Abbé. You know what kind of dress was then the fashion. All that they could obtain of me was to put a cassock over my other clothes, and my brother, ready to die with laughing at my ecclesiastical habit, made others laugh too. I had the finest head of hair in the world, well curled and powdered, above my cassock, and below were white buskins and gilt spurs. The Cardinal, who had a quick discernment, could not help laughing. This elevation of sentiment gave him umbrage; and he foresaw what might be expected from a genius that already laughed at the shaven crown and cowl.

"When my brother had taken me home; 'Well, my little parson,' said he, 'you have acted your part to admiration, and your party-coloured dress of the ecclesiastic and soldier has greatly diverted the court; but this is not all; you must now choose, my little knight. Consider then, whether, by sticking to the church, you will possess great revenues, and have nothing to do; or, with a small portion, you will risk the loss of a leg or arm, and be the *fructus belli* of an insensible court, to arrive in your old age at the dignity of a major-general, with a glass eye and a wooden leg.' 'I know,' said I, 'that there is no comparison between these two situations, with regard to the conveniences of life; but, as a man ought to secure his future state in prefer-

ence to all other considerations, I am resolved to renounce the church for the salvation of my soul, upon condition, however, that I keep my abbacy.' Neither the remonstrances nor authority of my brother could induce me to change my resolution; and he was forced to agree to this last article in order to keep me at the academy. You know that I am the most adroit man in France, so that I soon learned all that is taught at such places, and, at the same time, I also learnt that which gives the finishing stroke to a young fellow's education, and makes him a gentleman, viz., all sorts of games, both at cards and dice; but the truth is, I thought, at first, that I had more skill in them than I really had, as experience proved. When my mother knew the choice I had made, she was inconsolable; for she reckoned, that had I been a clergyman I should have been a saint; but now she was certain that I should either be a devil in the world, or be killed in the wars. And indeed I burned with impatience to be a soldier; but being yet too young, I was forced to make a campaign at Bidache before I made one in the army. When I returned to my mother's house, I had so much the air of a courtier, and a man of the world, that she began to respect me, instead of chiding me for my infatuation towards the army. I became her favourite, and finding me inflexible, she only thought of keeping me with her as long as she could, while my little equipage was preparing. The faithful Brinon, who was to attend me as *valet de chambre*, was likewise to discharge the office of

governor and equerry, being, perhaps, the only Gascon who was ever possessed of so much gravity and ill-temper. He passed his word for my good behaviour and morality, and promised my mother that he would give a good account of my person in the dangers of the war; but I hope he will keep his word better as to this last article, than he has done to the former.

"My equipage was sent away a week before me. This was so much time gained by my mother to give me a good advice. At length, after having solemnly enjoined me to have the fear of God before my eyes, and to love my neighbour as myself, she suffered me to depart, under the protection of the Lord and the sage Brinon. At the second stage we quarrelled. He had received four hundred louis d'ors for the expenses of the campaign: I wished to have the keeping of them myself, which he strenuously opposed. 'Thou old scoundrel,' said I, 'is the money thine, or was it given thee for me? You suppose I must have a treasurer, and receive no money without his order.' I know not whether it was from a presentiment of what afterwards happened, that he grew melancholy; however, it was with the greatest reluctance, and the most poignant anguish, that he found himself obliged to yield. One would have thought that I had wrested his very soul from him. I found myself more light and merry after I had eased him of his trust; he, on the contrary, appeared so overwhelmed with grief, that it seemed as if I had laid four hundred pounds of lead upon his back,

instead of taking away these four hundred louis. He went on so heavily, that I was forced to whip his horse myself, and turning to me, now and then, 'Ah! Sir,' said he, 'my lady did not think it would be so.' His reflections and sorrows were renewed at every stage; for, instead of giving a shilling to the post-boy, I gave him half-a-crown.

"Having, at last, reached Lyons, two soldiers stopped us at the gate of the city, to carry us before the governor. I took one of them to conduct me to the best inn, and delivered Brinon into the hands of the other, to acquaint the commandant with the particulars of my journey, and my future intentions.

"There are as good taverns at Lyons as at Paris; but my soldier, according to custom, carried me to a friend of his own, whose house he extolled, as having the best accommodations, and the greatest resort of good company in the whole town. The master of this hotel was as big as a hogshead, his name Cerise; a Swiss by birth, a poisoner by profession, and a thief by custom. He shewed me into a tolerably neat room, and desired to know, whether I pleased to sup by myself or at the ordinary. I chose the latter, on account of the *beau monde* which the soldier had boasted of.

"Brinon, who was quite out of temper at the many questions which the governor had asked him, returned more surly than an old ape; and seeing that I was dressing my hair, in order to go down stairs: 'What are you about now, Sir?' said he; 'are you going to tramp about the town? No, no:

have we not had tramping enough ever since the morning? Eat a bit of supper, and go to bed betimes, that you may get on horseback by daybreak.' 'Mr. Comptroller,' said I, 'I shall neither tramp about the town, nor eat alone, nor go to bed early. I intend to sup with the company below.' 'At the ordinary!' cried he; 'I beseech you, Sir, do not think of it! Devil take me, if there be not a dozen brawling fellows playing at cards and dice, who make noise enough to drown the loudest thunder!'

"I was grown insolent since I had seized the money; and being desirous to shake off the yoke of a governor, 'Do you know, Mr. Brinon,' said I, 'that I don't like a blockhead to set up for a reasoner? do you go to supper, if you please, but take care that I have post-horses ready before daybreak.' The moment he mentioned cards and dice, I felt the money burn in my pocket. I was somewhat surprised, however, to find the room where the ordinary was served filled with odd-looking creatures. My host, after presenting me to the company, assured me, that there were but eighteen or twenty of those gentlemen who would have the honour to sup with me. I approached one of the tables where they were playing, and thought I should have died with laughing: I expected to have seen good company and deep play; but I only met with two Germans playing at backgammon. Never did two country loobies play like them; but their figures beggared all description. The fellow near whom I stood was short, thick, and fat, and as round as a ball, with a ruff, and

a prodigious high-crowned hat. Any one, at a moderate distance, would have taken him for the dome of a church, with the steeple on the top of it. I inquired of the host, who he was. 'A merchant from Basle,' said he, 'who comes hither to sell horses; but from the method he pursues, I think he will not dispose of many; for he does nothing but play.' 'Does he play deep?' said I. 'Not now,' said he; 'they are only playing for their reckoning, while supper is getting ready; but he has no objection to play as deep as any one.' 'Has he money?' said I. 'As for that,' replied the treacherous Cerise, 'would to God you had won a thousand pistoles of him, and I went your halves; we should not be long without our money.' I wanted no farther encouragement to meditate the ruin of the high-crowned hat. I went nearer him, in order to take a closer survey; never was such a bungler, he made blots upon blots; God knows, I began to feel some remorse at winning of such an ignoramus, who knew so little of the game. He lost his reckoning; supper was served up; and I desired him to sit next me. It was a long table, and there were at least five-and-twenty in company, notwithstanding the landlord's promise. The most execrable repast that ever was begun being finished, all the crowd insensibly dispersed, except the little Swiss, who still kept near me, and the landlord, who placed himself on the other side of me. They both smoked like dragons; and the Swiss was continually saying in bad French, 'I ask your pardon, Sir, for my great freedom;' at the same time

blowing such whiffs of tobacco in my face as almost suffocated me. Mr. Cerise, on the other hand, desired he might take the liberty of asking me, whether I had ever been in his country; and seemed surprised I had so genteel an air, without having travelled in Switzerland.

"The little chub I had to encounter was full as inquisitive as the other. He desired to know whether I came from the army in Piedmont; and having told him I was going thither, he asked me, whether I had a mind to buy any horses? that he had about two hundred to dispose of, and that he would sell them cheap. I began to be smoked like a gammon of bacon; and being quite wearied out, both with their tobacco and their questions, I asked my companion, if he would play for a single pistole at backgammon, while our men were supping; it was not without great ceremony that he consented, at the same time asking my pardon for his great freedom.

"I won the game; I gave him his revenge, and won again. We then played double or quit; I won that too, and all in the twinkling of an eye; for he grew vexed, and suffered himself to be taken in, so that I began to bless my stars for my good fortune. Brinon came in about the end of the third game, to put me to bed. He made a great sign of the cross, but paid no attention to the signs I made him to retire. I was forced to rise to give him that order in private. He began to reprimand me for disgracing myself by keeping company with such a low-bred wretch. It was in vain that I told him,

he was a great merchant, that he had a great deal of money, and that he played like a child. 'He a merchant!' cried Brinon. 'Do not believe that, Sir. May the devil take me, if he is not some conjurer.' 'Hold your tongue, old fool,' said I; 'he is no more a conjurer than you are, and that is decisive; and, to prove it to you, I am resolved to win four or five hundred pistoles of him before I go to bed.' With these words I turned him out, strictly enjoining him not to return, or in any manner to disturb us.

"The game being done, the little Swiss unbuttoned his pockets, to pull out a new four-pistole piece, and presenting it to me, he asked my pardon for his great freedom, and seemed as if he wished to retire. This was not what I wanted. I told him we only played for amusement; that I had no design upon his money; and that, if he pleased, I would play him a single game for his four pistoles. He raised some objections; but consented at last, and won back his money. I was piqued at it. I played another game; fortune changed sides; the dice ran for him, he made no more blots. I lost the game; another game, and double or quit; we doubled the stake, and played double or quit again. —I was vexed; he, like a true gamester, took every bet I offered, and won all before him, without my getting more than six points in eight or ten games. I asked him to play a single game for one hundred pistoles; but as he saw I did not stake, he told me it was late; that he must go and look after his horses; and went away, still asking my pardon for

his great freedom. The cool manner of his refusal, and the politeness with which he took his leave, provoked me to such a degree, that I almost could have killed him. I was so confounded at losing my money so fast, even to the last pistole, that I did not immediately consider the miserable situation to which I was reduced.

"I durst not go up to my chamber for fear of Brinon. By good luck, however, he was tired with waiting for me, and had gone to bed. This was some consolation, though but of short continuance. As soon as I was laid down, all the fatal consequences of my adventure presented themselves to my imagination. I could not sleep. I saw all the horrors of my misfortune, without being able to find any remedy; in vain did I rack my brain; it supplied me with no expedient. I feared nothing so much as daybreak: however, it did come, and the cruel Brinon along with it. He was booted up to the middle, and cracking a cursed whip, which he held in his hand: 'Up, Monsieur le Chevalier,' cried he, opening the curtains, 'the horses are at the door, and you are still asleep. We ought by this time to have rid two stages; give me money to pay the reckoning.' 'Brinon,' said I, in a dejected tone, 'draw the curtains.' 'What!' cried he, 'draw the curtains! Do you intend then to make your campaign at Lyons? You seem to have taken a liking to the place. And for the great merchant, you have stripped him, I suppose. No, no, Monsieur le Chevalier, this money will never do you any good. This wretch has, perhaps, a

family; and it is his children's bread that he has been playing with, and that you have won. Was this an object to sit up all night for? What would my lady say, if she knew what a life you lead?' 'Mr. Brinon,' said I, 'pray draw the curtains.' But instead of obeying me, one would have thought that the devil had prompted him to use the most pointed and galling terms to a person under such misfortunes. 'And how much have you won?' said he: 'five hundred pistoles? what must the poor man do? Recollect, Monsieur le Chevalier, what I have said: this money will never thrive with you. It is, perhaps, but four hundred? three? two? Well, if it be but one hundred louis d'ors,' continued he, seeing that I shook my head at every sum which he had named, 'there is no great mischief done; one hundred pistoles will not ruin him, provided you have won them fairly.' 'Friend Brinon,' said I, fetching a deep sigh, 'draw the curtains; I am unworthy to see daylight.' Brinon was much affected at these melancholy words: but I thought he would have fainted, when I told him the whole adventure. He tore his hair, made grievous lamentations, the burden of which still was, 'What will my lady say?' And, after having exhausted his unprofitable complaints, 'What will become of you now, Monsieur le Chevalier?' said he, 'what do you intend to do?' 'Nothing,' said I, 'for I am fit for nothing.' After this, being somewhat eased after making him my confession, I thought upon several projects, to none of which could I gain his approbation. I would have had

him post after my equipage, to have sold some of my clothes. I was for proposing to the horse-dealer, to buy some horses of him at a high price on credit, to sell again cheap. Brinon laughed at all these schemes, and after having had the cruelty of keeping me upon the rack for a long time, he at last extricated me. Parents are always stingy towards their poor children; my mother intended to have given me five hundred louis d'ors, but she had kept back fifty, as well for some little repairs in the abbey, as to pay for praying for me. Brinon had the charge of the other fifty, with strict injunctions not to speak of them, unless upon some urgent necessity.—And this, you see, soon happened.

"Thus you have a brief account of my first adventure. Play has hitherto favoured me; for, since my arrival, I have had, at one time, after paying all my expenses, fifteen hundred louis d'ors. Fortune is now again become unfavourable: we must mend her. Our cash runs low; we must, therefore, endeavour to recruit."

"Nothing is more easy," said Matta; "it is only to find out such another dupe as the horse-dealer at Lyons; but now I think on it, has not the faithful Brinon some reserve for the last extremity? Faith, the time is now come, and we cannot do better than to make use of it."

"Your raillery would be very seasonable," said the Chevalier, "if you knew how to extricate us out of this difficulty. You must certainly have an overflow of wit, to be throwing it away upon every occasion as at present. What the devil! will you

always be bantering, without considering what a serious situation we are reduced to? Mind what I say, I will go to-morrow to the head-quarters, I will dine with the Count de Cameran, and I will invite him to supper." "Where?" said Matta. "Here," said the Chevalier. "You are mad, my poor friend," replied Matta. "This is some such project as you formed at Lyons: you know we have neither money nor credit; and, to re-establish our circumstances, you intend to give a supper."

"Stupid fellow!" said the Chevalier, "is it possible that, so long as we have been acquainted, you should have learned no more invention? The Count de Cameran plays at quinze, and so do I; we want money; he has more than he knows what to do with; I will bespeak a splendid supper, he shall pay for it. Send your *maître d'hôtel* to me, and trouble yourself no farther, except in some precautions, which it is necessary to take on such an occasion." "What are they?" said Matta. "I will tell you," said the Chevalier; "for I find one must explain to you things that are as clear as noonday.

"You command the guards that are here, don't you? As soon as night comes on, you shall order fifteen or twenty men under the command of your serjeant La Place, to be under arms, and to lay themselves flat on the ground, between this place and the head-quarters." "What the devil!" cried Matta, "an ambuscade? God forgive me, I believe you intend to rob the poor Savoyard. If that be your intention, I declare I will have nothing to say to it." "Poor devil!" said the Chevalier, "the

matter is this; it is very likely that we shall win his money. The Piedmontese, though otherwise good fellows, are apt to be suspicious and distrustful. He commands the horse; you know you cannot hold your tongue, and are very likely to let slip some jest or other that may vex him. Should he take it into his head that he is cheated, and resent it, who knows what the consequences might be; for he is commonly attended by eight or ten horsemen. Therefore, however he may be provoked at his loss, it is proper to be in such a situation as not to dread his resentment."

"Embrace me, my dear Chevalier," said Matta, holding his sides and laughing, "embrace me, for thou art not to be matched. What a fool was I to think, when you talked to me of taking precautions, that nothing more was necessary than to prepare a table and cards, or perhaps to provide some false dice! I should never have thought of supporting a man who plays at quinze by a detachment of foot: I must, indeed, confess that you are already a great soldier."

The next day every thing happened as the Chevalier Grammont had planned it; the unfortunate Cameran fell into the snare. They supped in the most agreeable manner possible: Matta drank five or six bumpers to drown a few scruples, which made him somewhat uneasy. The Chevalier de Grammont shone as usual, and almost made his guest die with laughing, whom he was soon after to make very serious; and the good-natured Cameran ate like a man whose affections were divided

between good cheer and a love of play; that is to say, he hurried down his victuals, that he might not lose any of the precious time which he had devoted to quinze.

Supper being done, the serjeant La Place posted his ambuscade, and the Chevalier de Grammont engaged his man. The perfidy of Cerise, and the high-crowned hat, were still fresh in remembrance, and enabled him to get the better of a few grains of remorse, and conquer some scruples which arose in his mind. Matta, unwilling to be a spectator of violated hospitality, sat down in an easy-chair, in order to fall asleep, while the Chevalier was stripping the poor Count of his money.

They only staked three or four pistoles at first, just for amusement; but Cameran having lost three or four times, he staked high, and the game became serious. He still lost, and became outrageous; the cards flew about the room, and the exclamations awoke Matta.

As his head was heavy with sleep, and hot with wine, he began to laugh at the passion of the Piedmontese, instead of consoling him. "Faith, my poor Count," said he, "if I was in your place, I would play no more." "Why so?" said the other. "I don't know," said he, "but my heart tells me that your ill-luck will continue." "I will try that," said Cameran, calling for fresh cards. "Do so," said Matta, and fell asleep again: it was but for a short time. All cards were equally unfortunate for the loser. He held none but tens or court cards; and if by chance he had quinze, he was sure

to be the younger hand, and therefore lost it. Again he stormed. "Did not I tell you so?" said Matta, starting out of his sleep: "all your storming is in vain; as long as you play you will lose. Believe me, the shortest follies are the best. Leave off, for the devil take me, if it is possible for you to win." "Why?" said Cameran, who began to be impatient. "Do you wish to know?" said Matta; "why, faith, it is, because we are cheating you."

The Chevalier de Grammont, provoked at so ill-timed a jest, more especially as it carried along with it some appearance of truth; "Mr. Matta," said he, "do you think it can be very agreeable for a man, who plays with such ill-luck as the Count, to be pestered with your insipid jests? For my part, I am so weary of the game, that I would desist immediately, if he was not so great a loser." Nothing is more dreaded by a losing gamester, than such a threat; and the Count, in a softened tone, told the Chevalier, that Mr. Matta might say what he pleased, if he did not offend him; that, as to himself, it did not give him the smallest uneasiness.

The Chevalier de Grammont gave the Count far better treatment than he himself had experienced from the Swiss at Lyons; for he played upon credit as long as he pleased; which Cameran took so kindly, that he lost fifteen hundred pistoles, and paid them the next morning. As for Matta, he was severely reprimanded for the intemperance of his tongue. All the reason he gave for his conduct was, that he made it a point of conscience, not to suffer the poor Savoyard to be cheated, without

informing him of it; "Besides," said he, "it would have given me pleasure to have seen my infantry engaged with his horse, if he had been inclined to mischief."

This adventure having recruited their finances, fortune favoured them the remainder of the campaign, and the Chevalier de Grammont, to prove that he had only seized upon the Count's effects by way of reprisal, and to indemnify himself for the losses he had sustained at Lyons, began from this time to make the same use of his money, that he has been known to do since upon all occasions. He found out the distressed, in order to relieve them; officers, who had lost their equipage in the war, or their money at play; soldiers, who were disabled in the trenches; in short, every one felt the influence of his benevolence: but his manner of conferring a favour exceeded even the favour itself.

Every man, possessed of such amiable qualities, must meet with success in all his undertakings. The soldiers knew his person, and adored him. The generals were sure to meet him in every scene of action, and sought his company at other times. As soon as fortune declared for him, his first care was to make restitution, by desiring Cameran to go his halves in all parties where the odds were in his favour.

An inexhaustible fund of vivacity and good-humour gave a certain air of novelty to whatever he either said or did. I know not on what occasion it was that Monsieur de Turenne, towards the end of the siege, commanded a separate body. The

Chevalier de Grammont went to visit him at his new quarters, where he found fifteen or twenty officers. M. de Turenne was naturally fond of merriment, and the Chevalier's presence was sure to inspire it. He was much pleased with this visit, and by way of acknowledgment, would have engaged him to play. The Chevalier de Grammont, in returning him thanks, said, that he had learned from his tutor, that when a man went to see his friends, it was neither prudent to leave his own money behind him, nor civil to carry off theirs. "Truly," said Monsieur de Turenne, "you will find neither deep play, nor much money among us; but, that it may not be said that we suffered you to depart without playing, let us stake every one a horse."

The Chevalier de Grammont agreed. Fortune, who had followed him to a place where he did not think he should have any need of her, made him win fifteen or sixteen horses, by way of joke; but, seeing some countenances disconcerted at the loss, "Gentlemen," said he, "I should be sorry to see you return on foot from your general's quarters; it will be enough for me if you send me your horses to-morrow, except one, which I give for the cards."

The *valet de chambre* thought he was bantering. "I speak seriously," said the Chevalier, "I give you a horse for the cards; and what is more, take whichever you please, except my own." "Truly," said Monsieur de Turenne, "I am vastly pleased with the novelty of the thing; for I don't believe that a horse was ever before given for the cards."

Trino surrendered at last. The Baron de Batteville, who had defended it valiantly, and for a long time, obtained a capitulation worthy of such a resistance. I do not know whether the Chevalier de Grammont had any share in the capture of this place; but I know very well, that during a more glorious reign, and with armies ever victorious, his intrepidity and address have been the cause of taking others since, even under the eye of his master, as we shall see in the sequel of these memoirs.

## CHAPTER IV

MILITARY glory is at most but one half of the accomplishments which distinguish heroes. Love must give the finishing stroke, and adorn their character by the difficulties they encounter, the temerity of their enterprises, and finally, by the lustre of success. We have examples of this, not only in romances, but also in the genuine histories of the most famous warriors and the most celebrated conquerors.

The Chevalier de Grammont and Matta, who did not think much of these examples, were, however, of opinion, that it would be very agreeable to refresh themselves after the fatigues of the siege of Trino, by forming some other sieges, at the expense of the beauties and the husbands of Turin. As the campaign had finished early, they thought they should have time to perform some exploits before the bad weather obliged them to repass the mountains.

They sallied forth, therefore, not unlike Amadis de Gaul, or Don Galaor, after they had been dubbed

knights, eager in their search after adventures in love, war, and enchantments. They were greatly superior to those two brothers, who only knew how to cleave in twain giants, to break lances, and to carry off fair damsels behind them on horseback, without saying a single word to them; whereas our heroes were adepts at cards and dice, of which the others were totally ignorant.

They went to Turin, met with an agreeable reception, and were greatly distinguished at court. Could it be otherwise? They were young and handsome; they had wit at command, and spent their money liberally. In what country will not a man succeed, possessing such advantages? As Turin was at that time the seat of gallantry and of love, two strangers of this description, who were always cheerful, brisk, and lively, could not fail to please the ladies of the court.

Though the men of Turin were extremely handsome, they were not, however, possessed of the art of pleasing. They treated their wives with respect, and were courteous to strangers. Their wives, still more handsome, were full as courteous to strangers, and less respectful to their husbands.

Madame Royale, a worthy daughter of Henry IV., rendered her little court the most agreeable in the world. She inherited such of her father's virtues, as compose the proper ornament of her sex; and with regard to what are termed the foibles of great souls, her Highness had in no wise degenerated.

The Count de Tanes was her prime minister.

It was not difficult to conduct affairs of state during his administration. No complaints were alleged against him; and the Princess, satisfied with his conduct herself, was, above all, glad to have her choice approved by her whole court, where people lived nearly according to the manners and customs of ancient chivalry.

The ladies had each a professed lover, for fashion's sake, besides volunteers, whose numbers were unlimited. The declared admirers wore their mistresses' liveries, their arms, and sometimes even took their names. Their office was, never to quit them in public, and never to approach them in private; to be their squires upon all occasions, and, in justs and tournaments, to adorn their lances, their housings, and their coats, with the cyphers and the colours of their Dulcineas.

Matta was far from being averse to gallantry; but would have liked it more simple than as it was practised at Turin. The ordinary forms would not have disgusted him; but he found here a sort of superstition in the ceremonies and worship of love, which he thought very inconsistent: however, as he had submitted his conduct in that matter to the direction of the Chevalier de Grammont, he was obliged to follow his example, and to conform to the customs of the country.

They enlisted themselves at the same time in the service of two beauties, whose former squires gave them up immediately from motives of politeness. The Chevalier de Grammont chose Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain, and told Matta to

offer his services to Madame de Senantes. Matta consented, though he liked the other better; but the Chevalier de Grammont persuaded him, that Madame Senantes was more suitable for him. As he had reaped advantage from the Chevalier's talents in the first projects they had formed, he resolved to follow his instructions in love, as he had done his advice in play.

Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain was in the bloom of youth; her eyes were small, but very bright and sparkling, and like her hair were black; her complexion was lively and clear, though not fair: she had an agreeable mouth, two fine rows of teeth, a neck as handsome as one could wish, and a most delightful shape; she had a particular elegance in her elbows, which, however, she did not shew to advantage; her hands were rather large and not very white; her feet, though not of the smallest, were well shaped; she trusted to Providence, and used no art to set off those graces which she had received from nature; but notwithstanding her negligence in the embellishment of her charms, there was something so lively in her person, that the Chevalier de Grammont was caught at first sight; her wit and humour corresponded with her other qualities, being quite easy and perfectly charming; she was all mirth, all life, all complaisance and politeness, and all was natural, and always the same without any variation.

The Marchioness de Senantes was esteemed fair, and she might have enjoyed, if she had pleased, the reputation of having red hair, had she not rather

chosen to conform to the taste of the age in which she lived, than to follow that of the ancients: she had all the advantages of red hair without any of the inconveniences; a constant attention to her person served as a corrective to the natural defects of her complexion. After all, what does it signify, whether cleanliness be owing to nature or to art? it argues an invidious temper, to be very inquisitive about it. She had a great deal of wit, a good memory, more reading, and a still greater inclination towards tenderness.

She had a husband, whom it would have been criminal even in chastity to spare. He piqued himself upon being a Stoic, and gloried in being slovenly and disgusting in honour of his profession. In this he succeeded to admiration; for he was very fat, so that he perspired almost as much in winter as in summer. Erudition and brutality seemed to be the most conspicuous features of his character, and were displayed in his conversation, sometimes together, sometimes alternately, but always disagreeably: he was not jealous, and yet he was troublesome; he was very well pleased to see attentions paid to his wife, provided more were paid to him.

As soon as our adventurers had declared themselves, the Chevalier de Grammont arrayed himself in green habiliments, and dressed Matta in blue, these being the favourite colours of their new mistresses. They entered immediately upon duty: the Chevalier learned and practised all the ceremonies of this species of gallantry, as if he always

had been accustomed to them; but Matta commonly forgot one half, and was not over perfect in practising the other. He never could remember, that his office was to promote the glory, and not the interest, of his mistress.

The Duchess of Savoy gave the very next day an entertainment at La Venerie, where all the ladies were invited. The Chevalier was so agreeable and diverting, that he made his mistress almost die with laughing. Matta, in leading his lady to the coach, squeezed her hand, and at their return from the promenade he begged of her to pity his sufferings. This was proceeding rather too precipitately, and, although Madame de Senantes was not destitute of the natural compassion of her sex, she nevertheless was shocked at the familiarity of this treatment; she thought herself obliged to shew some degree of resentment, and, pulling away her hand, which he had pressed with still greater fervency upon this declaration, she went up to the royal apartments without even looking at her new lover. Matta, never thinking that he had offended her, suffered her to go, and went in search of some company to sup with him: nothing was more easy for a man of his disposition; he soon found what he wanted, sat a long time at table to refresh himself after the fatigues of love, and went to bed completely satisfied that he had performed his part to perfection.

During all this time the Chevalier de Grammont acquitted himself towards Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain with universal applause; and, without

remitting his assiduities, he found means to shine, as they went along, in the relation of a thousand entertaining anecdotes, which he introduced in the general conversation. Her Royal Highness heard them with pleasure, and the solitary Senantes likewise attended to them. He perceived this, and quitted his mistress to inquire what she had done with Matta. "I!" said she, "I have done nothing with him; but I don't know what he would have done with me, if I had been obliging enough to listen to his most humble solicitations." She then told him in what manner his friend had treated her the very second day of their acquaintance.

The Chevalier could not forbear laughing at it: he told her Matta was rather too unceremonious, but yet she would like him better as their intimacy more improved, and for her consolation he assured her, that he would have spoken in the same manner to her Royal Highness herself; however, he would not fail to give him a severe reprimand. He went the next morning into his room for that purpose; but Matta had gone out early in the morning on a shooting party, in which he had been engaged by his supper companions in the preceding evening. At his return he took a brace of partridges and went to his mistress. Being asked whether he wished to see the Marquis, he said no; and the Swiss telling him his lady was not at home, he left his partridges, and desired him to present them to his mistress from him.

The Marchioness was at her toilet, and was decorating her head with all the grace she could

devise to captivate Matta, at the moment he was denied admittance: she knew nothing of the matter; but her husband knew every particular. He had taken it in dudgeon, that the first visit was not paid to him, and as he was resolved that it should not be paid to his wife, the Swiss had received his orders, and had almost been beaten for receiving the present which had been left. The partridges, however, were immediately sent back; and Matta, without examining into the cause, was glad to have them again. He went to court without ever changing his clothes, or in the least considering he ought not to appear there without his lady's colours. He found her becomingly dressed; her eyes appeared to him more than usually sparkling, and her whole person altogether divine. He began from that day to be much pleased with himself for his complaisance to the Chevalier de Grammont; however, he could not help remarking that she looked but coldly upon him. This appeared to him a very extraordinary return for his services, and, imagining that she was unmindful of her weighty obligations to him, he entered into conversation with her, and severely reprimanded her for having sent back his partridges with so much indifference.

She did not understand what he meant; and highly offended that he did not apologize, after the reprimand which she concluded him to have received, told him, that he certainly had met with ladies of very complying dispositions in his travels, as he seemed to give himself airs that she was by no means accustomed to endure. Matta

desired to know, wherein he could be said to have given himself any. "Wherein?" said she: "the second day that you honoured me with your attentions, you treated me as if I had been your humble servant for a thousand years: the first time I gave you my hand, you squeezed it as violently as you were able. After this commencement of your courtship, I got into my coach, and you mounted your horse; but, instead of riding by the side of the coach, as any reasonable gallant would have done, no sooner did a hare start from her form, than you immediately galloped full speed after her; having regaled yourself, during the promenade, by taking snuff, without ever deigning to bestow a thought on me, the only proof you gave me, on your return, that you recollected me, was by soliciting me to surrender my reputation in terms polite enough, but very explicit. And now you talk to me of having been shooting of patridges, and of some visit or other, which, I suppose, you have been dreaming of, as well as of all the rest."

The Chevalier de Grammont now advanced, to the interruption of this whimsical dialogue. Matta was rebuked for his forwardness, and his friend took abundant pains to convince him, that his conduct bordered more upon insolence than familiarity. Matta endeavoured to exculpate himself, but succeeded ill. His mistress took compassion upon him, and consented to admit his excuses for the manner, rather than his repentance for the fact, and declared, that it was the intention alone, which could either justify or condemn, in such cases;

that it was very easy to pardon those transgressions which arise from excess of tenderness, but not such as proceeded from too great a presumption of success. Matta swore, that he only squeezed her hand from the violence of his passion, and that he had been driven, by necessity, to ask her to relieve it; that he was yet a novice in the arts of solicitation; that he could not possibly think her more worthy of his affection, after a month's service, than at the present moment; and that he entreated her to cast away an occasional thought upon him when her leisure admitted. The Marchioness was not offended: she saw very well, that she must not require an implicit conformity to the established rule of decorum, when she had to deal with such a character; and the Chevalier de Grammont, after this sort of reconciliation, went to look after his own affair with Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain.

His concern was not the offspring of mere good nature, nay it was the reverse; for no sooner did he perceive, that the Marchioness looked with an eye of favour upon him, than this conquest, appearing to him more easy than the other, he thought it was prudent to take advantage of it, for fear of losing the opportunity, and that he might not have spent all his time to no purpose, in case he should prove unsuccessful with the little Saint-Germain.

In the mean time, in order to maintain that authority which he had usurped over the conduct of his friend, he, that very evening, notwithstanding what had been already said, reprimanded him for presuming to appear at court in his morning suit,

and without his mistress's badge; for not having had the wit or prudence to pay his first visit to the Marquis de Senantes, instead of consuming his time to no purpose, in inquiries for the lady; and, to conclude, he asked him what the devil he meant by presenting her with a brace of miserable red partridges. "And why not?" said Matta: "ought they to have been blue, too, to match the cockade and sword-knots you made me wear the other day? Plague not me with your nonsensical whimsies: my life on it, in one fortnight your equal in foppery and folly will not be found throughout the confines of Turin; but, to reply to your questions, I did not call upon Monsieur de Senantes, because I had nothing to do with him, and because he is of a species of animals which I dislike, and always shall dislike: as for you, you appear quite charmed with being decked out in green ribands, with writing letters to your mistress, and filling your pockets with citrons, pistachios, and such sort of stuff, with which you are always cramming the poor girl's mouth, in spite of her teeth: you hope to succeed by chanting ditties, composed in the days of Corisande and of Henry IV., which you will swear yourself have made upon her: happy in practising the ceremonials of gallantry, you have no ambition for the essentials. Very well: every one has a particular way of acting, as well as a particular taste: yours is to trifle in love; and, provided you can make Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain laugh, you are satisfied: as for my part, I am persuaded that women here are made of the same materials as in

other places; and I do not think that they can be mightily offended, if one sometimes leaves off trifling, to come to the point: however, if the Marchioness is not of this way of thinking, she may e'en provide herself elsewhere; for I can assure her, that I shall not long act the part of her squire."

This was an unnecessary menace; for the Marchioness in reality liked him very well, was nearly of the same way of thinking herself, and wished for nothing more than to put his gallantry to the test. But Matta proceeded upon a wrong plan; he had conceived such an aversion for her husband, that he could not prevail upon himself to make the smallest advance towards his good graces. He was given to understand, that he ought to begin by endeavouring to lull the dragon to sleep, before he could gain possession of the treasure; but this was all to no purpose, though, at the same time, he could never see his mistress but in public. This made him impatient, and as he was lamenting his ill-fortune to her one day: "Have the goodness, Madam," said he, "to let me know where you live: there is never a day that I do not call upon you, at least three or four times, without ever being blessed with a sight of you." "I generally sleep at home," replied she, laughing; "but I must tell you, that you will never find me there, if you do not first pay a visit to the Marquis: I am not mistress of the house. I do not tell you," continued she, "that he is a man whose acquaintance any one would very impatiently covet for his conversation: on the

contrary, I agree that his humour is fantastical, and his manners not of the pleasing cast; but there is nothing so savage and inhuman, which a little care, attention, and complaisance, may not tame into docility. I must repeat to you some verses upon the subject: I have got them by heart, because they contain a little advice, which you may accommodate, if you please, to your own case.

RONDEAU.

Keep in mind these maxims rare,
You who hope to win the fair;
Who are, or would esteemed be,
The quintessence of gallantry,

That fopp'ry, grinning, and grimace,
And fertile store of common-place;
That oaths as false as dicers swear,
And iv'ry teeth, and scented hair;
That trinkets, and the pride of dress,
Can only give your scheme success.
Keep in mind.

Has thy charmer e'er an aunt?
Then learn the rules of woman's cant,
And forge a tale, and swear you read it,
Such as, save woman, none would credit:
Win o'er her confidante and pages,
By gold, for this a golden age is;
And should it be her wayward fate,
To be incumbered with a mate,
A dull, old dotard should he be,
That dulness claims thy courtesy.
Keep in mind."

"Truly," said Matta, "the song may say what it

pleases, but I cannot put it in practice: your husband is far too exquisite a monster for me. Why what a plaguy odd ceremony do you require of us in this country if we cannot pay our compliments to the wife without being in love with the husband?"

The Marchioness was much offended at this answer; and as she thought she had done enough in pointing out to him the path which would conduct him to success, if he had deserved it, she did not think it worth while to enter into any farther explanation; since he refused to cede, for her sake, so trifling an objection: from this instant she resolved to have done with him.

The Chevalier de Grammont had taken leave of his mistress nearly at the same time: the ardour of his pursuit was extinguished. It was not that Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain was less worthy than hitherto of his attentions: on the contrary, her attractions visibly increased: she retired to her pillow with a thousand charms, and ever rose from it with additional beauty; the phrase of increasing in beauty as she increased in years, seemed to have been purposely made for her. The Chevalier could not deny these truths, but yet he could not find his account in them: a little less merit, with a little less discretion, would have been more agreeable. He perceived that she attended to him with pleasure, that she was diverted with his stories as much as he could wish, and that she received his billets and presents without scruple; but then he also discovered that she did not wish to proceed

any farther. He had exhausted every species of address upon her, and all to no purpose: her attendant was gained; her family, charmed with the music of his conversation and his great attention, were never happy without him: in short, he had reduced to practice the advice contained in the Marchioness's song, and every thing conspired to deliver the little Saint-Germain into his hands, if the little Saint-Germain had herself been willing: but alas! she was not inclined. It was in vain he told her the favour he desired would cost her nothing; and that since these treasures were rarely comprised in the fortune a lady brings with her in marriage, she would never find any person, who, by unremitting tenderness, unwearied attachment, and inviolable secrecy, would prove more worthy of them than himself. He then told her, no husband was ever able to convey a proper idea of the sweets of love, and that nothing could be more different than the passionate fondness of a lover, always tender, always affectionate, yet always respectful, and the careless indifference of a husband.

Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain, not wishing to take the matter in a serious light, that she might not be forced to resent it, answered, that since it was generally the custom in her country to marry, she thought it was right to conform to it, without entering into the knowledge of those distinctions, and those marvellous particulars which she did not very well understand, and of which she did not wish to have any further explanation; that she had submitted to listen to him this one time, but

desired he would never speak to her again in the same strain, since such sort of conversation was neither entertaining to her, nor could be serviceable to him. Though no one was ever more facetious than Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain, she yet knew how to assume a very serious air, whenever occasion required it. The Chevalier de Grammont soon saw that she was in earnest; and finding it would cost him a great deal of time to effect a change in her sentiments, he was so far cooled in this pursuit, that he only made use of it to hide the designs he had upon the Marchioness de Senantes.

He found this lady much disgusted at Matta's want of complaisance; and his seeming contempt for her erased every favourable impression which she had once entertained for him. While she was in this humour, the Chevalier told her, that her resentment was just; he exaggerated the loss which his friend had sustained; he told her that her charms were a thousand times superior to those of the little Saint-Germain, and requested that favour for himself which his friend did not deserve. He was soon favourably heard upon this topic, and as soon as they were agreed, they consulted upon two measures necessary to be taken, the one to deceive her husband, the other his friend, which was not very difficult: Matta was not at all suspicious; and the stupid Senantes, towards whom the Chevalier had already behaved as Matta had refused to do, could not be easy without him. This was much more than was wanted; for as soon as ever the Chevalier was with the Marchioness, her husband

immediately joined them out of politeness ; and on no account would have left them alone together, for fear they should grow weary of each other without him.

Matta, who all this time was entirely ignorant that he was disgraced, continued to serve his mistress in his own way. She had agreed with the Chevalier de Grammont, that to all appearance every thing should be carried on as before ; so that the court always believed that the Marchioness only thought of Matta, and that the Chevalier was entirely devoted to Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain.

There were very frequently little lotteries for trinkets ; the Chevalier de Grammont always tried his fortune, and was sometimes fortunate ; and under pretence of the prizes he had won, he bought a thousand things which he indiscreetly gave to the Marchioness, and which she still more indiscreetly accepted : the little Saint-Germain very seldom received anything. There are meddling whisperers everywhere ; remarks were made upon these proceedings, and the same person that made them communicated them likewise to Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain. She pretended to laugh, but in reality was piqued. It is a maxim religiously observed by the fair sex, to envy each other those indulgences which themselves refuse. She took this very ill of the Marchioness. On the other hand, Matta was asked, if he was not old enough to make his own presents himself to the Marchioness de Senantes, without sending them by the Chevalier de Grammont. This roused him ; for, of himself,

he would never have perceived it: his suspicions, however, were but slight, and he was willing to have them removed. "I must confess," said he to the Chevalier de Grammont, "that they make love here quite in a new style: a man serves here without reward; he addresses himself to the husband when he is in love with the wife, and makes presents to another man's mistress, to get into the good graces of his own. The Marchioness is much obliged to you for"——"It is you who are obliged," replied the Chevalier, "since this was done on your account: I was ashamed to find you had never yet thought of presenting her with any trifling token of your attention. Do you know that the people of this court have such extraordinary notions, as to think that it is rather owing to inadvertency that you never yet have had the spirit to make your mistress the smallest present? For shame! how ridiculous it is, that you can never think for yourself!"

Matta took this rebuke, without making any answer, being persuaded that he had in some measure deserved it; besides, he was neither sufficiently jealous, nor sufficiently amorous, to think any more of it; however, as it was necessary for the Chevalier's affairs, that Matta should be acquainted with the Marquis de Senantes, he plagued him so much about it, that at last he complied. His friend introduced him, and his mistress seemed pleased with this proof of complaisance, though she was resolved that he should gain nothing by it; and the husband, being gratified with a piece of

civility which he had long expected, determined, that very evening, to give them a supper at a little country-seat of his, on the banks of the river, very near the city.

The Chevalier de Grammont answering for them both, accepted the offer; and as this was the only one Matta would not have refused from the Marquis, he likewise consented. The Marquis came to convey them in his carriage at the hour appointed; but he found only Matta. The Chevalier had engaged himself to play, on purpose that they might go without him; Matta was for waiting for him, so great was his fear of being left alone with the Marquis; but the Chevalier having sent to desire them to go on before, and that he would be with them as soon as he had finished his game, poor Matta was obliged to set out with the man who, of all the world, was most offensive to him. It was not the Chevalier's intention quickly to extricate Matta out of this embarrassment; he no sooner knew that they were gone, than he waited on the Marchioness, under pretence of still finding her husband, that they might all go together to supper.

The plot was in a fair way; and as the Marchioness was of opinion that Matta's indifference merited no better treatment from her, she made no scruple of acting her part in it: she therefore waited for the Chevalier de Grammont with intentions so much the more favourable, as she had for a long time expected him, and had some curiosity to receive a visit from him in the absence of her husband. We

may therefore suppose that this first opportunity would not have been lost, if Madamoiselle de Saint-Germain had not unexpectedly come in, almost at the same time with the Chevalier.

She was more handsome and more entertaining that day than she had ever been before; however, she appeared to them very ugly, and very tiresome: she soon perceived that her company was disagreeable, and being determined that they should not be out of humour with her for nothing, after having passed above a long half-hour in diverting herself with their uneasiness, and in playing a thousand monkey tricks, which she plainly saw could never be more unseasonable, she pulled off her hood, scarf, and all that part of her dress which ladies lay aside, when in a familiar manner they intend to pass the day anywhere. The Chevalier de Grammont cursed her in his heart, while she continued to torment him for being in such ill-humour in such good company. At last the Marchioness, who was as much vexed as he was, said, rather drily, that she was obliged to wait on her Royal Highness: Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain told her, that she would have the honour to accompany her, if it would not be disagreeable. She took not the smallest notice of her offer; and the Chevalier finding that it would be entirely useless to prolong his visit at that time, retired with a good grace.

As soon as he had left the house, he sent one of his scouts to desire the Marquis to sit down to table with his company, without waiting for him, because the game might not perhaps be finished so

soon as he expected, but that he would be with him before supper was over. Having despatched this messenger, he placed a sentinel at the Marchioness's door, in hopes that the tedious Saint-Germain might go out before her; but this was in vain, for his spy came and told him, after an hour's impatience and suspense, that they were gone out together. He found there was no chance of seeing her again that day; every thing falling out contrary to his wishes: he was forced therefore to leave the Marchioness, and go in quest of the Marquis.

While these things were going on in the city, Matta was not much diverted in the country: as he was prejudiced against the Marquis, all that he said displeased him. He cursed the Chevalier heartily for the *tête-à-tête* which he had procured him; and he was upon the point of going away, when he found that he was to sit down to supper without any other company.

However, as his host was very choice in his entertainments, and had the best wine and the best cook in all Piedmont, the sight of the first course appeased him; and eating most voraciously, without paying any attention to the Marquis, he flattered himself that the supper would end without any dispute; but he was mistaken.

When the Chevalier de Grammont was at first endeavouring to bring about an intercourse between the Marquis and Matta, he had given a very advantageous character of the latter, to make the former more desirous of his acquaintance; and in the display of a thousand other accomplishments,

knowing what an infatuation the Marquis had for the very name of erudition, he assured him that Matta was one of the most learned men in Europe.

The Marquis, therefore, from the moment they sat down to supper, had expected some stroke of learning from Matta, to bring his own into play; but he was much out in his reckoning. No one had read less, no one thought less, and no one had ever spoken so little at an entertainment as he had done: as he did not wish to enter into conversation, he opened his mouth only to eat, or ask for wine.

The other, being offended at a silence which appeared to him affected, and wearied with having uselessly attacked him upon other subjects, thought he might get something out of him by changing the discourse to love and gallantry; and therefore, to begin the subject, he accosted him in this manner:—

"Since you are my wife's gallant"——"I!" said Matta, who wished to carry it discreetly: "those who told you so, told a damned lie." "Zounds, Sir," said the Marquis, "you speak in a tone which does not at all become you; for I would have you to know, notwithstanding your contemptuous airs, that the Marchioness de Senantes is perhaps as worthy of your attentions as any of your French ladies, and that I have known some, greatly your superiors, who have thought it an honour to serve her." "Very well," said Matta; "I think she is very deserving, and since you insist upon it, I am her servant and gallant, to oblige you."

"You think, perhaps," continued the other, "that the same custom prevails in this country as in your

own, and that the ladies have lovers, with no other intentions than to grant them favours: undeceive yourself, if you please, and know likewise, that even if such events were frequent in this court, I should not be at all uneasy." "Nothing can be more civil," said Matta, "but wherefore would you not?" "I will tell you why," replied he: "I am well acquainted with the affection my wife entertains for me; I am acquainted with her discretion towards all the world; and what is more, I am acquainted with my own merit."

"You have a most uncommon acquaintance then," replied Matta; "I congratulate you upon it; I have the honour to drink it in a bumper." The Marquis pledged him; but seeing that the conversation dropped on their ceasing to drink, after two or three healths, he wished to make a second attempt, and attacked Matta on his strong side, that is to say, on his learning.

He desired him, therefore, to tell him, at what time he thought the Allobroges came to settle in Piedmont. Matta, who wished him and his Allobroges at the devil, said, "that it must be in the time of the civil wars." "I doubt that," said the other. "Just as you like," said Matta. "Under what consulate?" replied the Marquis. "Under that of the League," said Matta, "when the Guises brought the Lansquenets into France; but what the devil does that signify?"

The Marquis was tolerably warm, and naturally savage, so that God knows how the conversation would have ended, if the Chevalier de Grammont

had not unexpectedly come in to appease them. It was some time before he could find out what their debate was; for the one had forgotten the questions, and the other the answers, which had disobliged him, in order to reproach the Chevalier with his eternal passion for play, which made him always uncertain. The Chevalier, who knew that he was still more culpable than they thought, bore it all with patience, and condemned himself more than they desired. This appeased them; and the entertainment ended with greater tranquillity than it had begun. The conversation was again reduced to order; but he could not enliven it as he usually did. He was in very ill-humour, and as he pressed them every minute to rise from table, the Marquis was of opinion that he had lost a great deal. Matta said, on the contrary, that he had won; but for want of precautions had made perhaps an unfortunate retreat; and asked him if he had not stood in need of Serjeant La Place, with his ambuscade.

This piece of history was beyond the comprehension of the Marquis, and being afraid that Matta might explain it, the Chevalier changed the discourse, and was for rising from table; but Matta would not consent to it. This effected a reconciliation between him and the Marquis, who thought this was a piece of civility intended for him; however, it was not for him, but for his wine, to which Matta had taken a prodigious liking.

The Duchess, who knew the character of the Marquis, was charmed with the account which the Chevalier de Grammont gave her of the entertain-

ment and conversation; she sent for Matta to know the truth of it from himself; he confessed, that before the Allobroges were mentioned the Marquis was for quarrelling with him, because he was not in love with his wife.

Their acquaintance having begun in this manner, all the esteem which the Marquis had formerly expressed for the Chevalier seemed now directed towards Matta. He went every day to pay Matta a visit, and Matta was every day with his wife. This did not at all suit the Chevalier. He repented of his having chid Matta, whose assiduity now interrupted all his schemes; and the Marchioness was still more embarrassed. Whatever wit a man may have, it will never please where his company is disliked; and she repented that she had been formerly guilty of some trifling advances towards him.

Matta began to find charms in her person, and might have found the same in her conversation, if she had been inclined to display them; but it is impossible to be in good humour with persons who thwart our designs. While his passion increased, the Chevalier de Grammont was solely occupied in endeavouring to find out some method by which he might accomplish his intrigue; and this was the stratagem which he put in execution, to clear the coast, by removing at one and the same time both the lover and the husband.

He told Matta, that they ought to invite the Marquis to supper at their lodgings, and he would take upon himself to provide every thing proper

for the occasion. Matta desired to know if it was to play at quinze, and assured him that he should take care to render abortive any intention he might have to engage in play, and leave him alone with the greatest blockhead in all Europe. The Chevalier de Grammont did not entertain any such thought, being persuaded that it would be impossible to take advantage of any such opportunity, in whatever manner he might take his measures, and that they would seek for him in every corner of the city rather than allow him the least repose: his whole attention was therefore employed in rendering the entertainment agreeable, in finding out means of prolonging it, in order ultimately to kindle some dispute between the Marquis and Matta. For this purpose he put himself in the best humour in the world, and the wine produced the same effect on the rest of the company.

The Chevalier de Grammont expressed his concern, that he had not been able to give the Marquis a little concert, as he had intended in the morning; for the musicians had been all pre-engaged. Upon this the Marquis undertook to have them at his country-house the following evening, and invited the same company to sup with him there. Matta asked what the devil they wanted with music, and maintained, that it was of no use on such occasions but for women, who had something to say to their lovers, while the fiddles prevented them from being overheard; or for fools who had nothing to say when the music ended. They ridiculed all his

arguments: the party was fixed for the next day, and the music was voted by the majority of voices. The Marquis, to console Matta, as well as to do honour to the entertainment, toasted a great many healths: Matta was more ready to listen to his arguments on this topic than in a dispute; but the Chevalier, perceiving that a little would irritate them, desired nothing more earnestly than to see them engaged in some new controversy. It was in vain that he had from time to time started some subject of discourse with this intention; but having luckily thought of asking what was his lady's maiden name, Senantes, who was a great genealogist, as all fools are who have good memories, immediately began by tracing out her family, by an endless confused string of lineage. The Chevalier seemed to listen to him with great attention; and perceiving that Matta was almost out of patience, he desired him to attend to what the Marquis was saying, for that nothing could be more entertaining. "All this may be very true," said Matta; "but for my part, I must confess, if I were married, I should rather choose to inform myself who was the real father of my children, than who were my wife's grandfathers." The Marquis, smiling at this rudeness, did not leave off until he had traced back the ancestors of his spouse, from line to line, as far as Yolande de Senantes; after this, he offered to prove, in less than half an hour, that the Grammonts came originally from Spain. "Very well," said Matta, "and pray what does it signify to us from whence the Grammonts are descended? Do

not you know, Sir, that it is better to know nothing at all than to know too much?"

The Marquis maintained the contrary with great warmth, and was preparing a formal argument to prove that an ignorant man is a fool; but the Chevalier de Grammont, who was thoroughly acquainted with Matta, saw very clearly that he would send the logician to the devil before he should arrive at the conclusion of his syllogism: for which reason, interposing as soon as they began to raise their voices, he told them, it was ridiculous to quarrel about an affair in itself so trivial, and treated the matter in a serious light, that it might make the greater impression. Thus supper terminated peaceably, owing to the care he took to suppress all disputes, and to substitute plenty of wine in their stead.

The next day Matta went to the chase, the Chevalier de Grammont to the bagnio, and the Marquis to his country-house. While the latter was making the necessary preparations for his guests, not forgetting the music, and Matta pursuing his game to get an appetite, the Chevalier was meditating on the execution of his project.

As soon as he had regulated his plan of operations in his own mind, he privately sent anonymous intelligence to the officer of the guard at the palace, that the Marquis de Senantes had had some words with Monsieur de Matta the preceding night at supper; that the one had gone out in the morning, and that the other could not be found in the city.

Madame Royale, alarmed at this advice, immediately sent for the Chevalier de Grammont: he appeared surprised when her Highness mentioned the affair: he confessed, indeed, that some high words had passed between them, but that he did not believe either of them would have remembered them the next day. He said, that if no mischief had yet taken place, the best way would be to secure them both until the morning, and that if they could be found, he would undertake to reconcile them, and to obliterate all grievances: in this there was no great difficulty. On inquiry at the Marquis's, they were informed that he was gone to his country-house: there certainly he was, and there they found him; the officer put him under an arrest, without assigning any reason for so doing, and left him in very great surprise.

Immediately upon Matta's return from hunting, her Royal Highness sent the same officer to desire him to give her his word that he would not stir out that evening. This compliment very much surprised him, more particularly as no reason was assigned for it. He was expected at a good entertainment, he was dying with hunger, and nothing appeared to him more unreasonable than to oblige him to stay at home, in a situation like the present; but he had given his word, and not knowing to what this might tend, his only resource was to send for his friend; but his friend did not come to him until his return from the country. He had there found the Marquis in the midst of his fiddlers, and very much vexed to find himself a prisoner in

his own house on account of Matta, whom he was waiting for in order to feast him. He complained of him bitterly to the Chevalier de Grammont: he said that he did not believe that he had offended him; but that, since he was very desirous of a quarrel, he desired the Chevalier to acquaint him, if he felt the least displeasure on the present occasion, he should, on the very first opportunity, receive what is called satisfaction. The Chevalier de Grammont assured him, that no such thought had ever entered the mind of Matta; that, on the contrary, he knew that he very greatly esteemed him; that all this could alone arise from the extreme tenderness of his lady, who being alarmed upon the report of the servants who waited at table, must have gone to her Royal Highness, in order to prevent any unpleasant consequences; that he thought this the more probable, as he had often told the Marchioness, when speaking of Matta, that he was the best swordsman in France; for in truth, the poor gentleman had never fought without having the misfortune of killing his man.

The Marquis, being a little pacified, said, he was very much obliged to him; that he would severely chide his wife for her unseasonable tenderness, and that he was extremely desirous of again enjoying the pleasure of his dear friend Matta's company.

The Chevalier de Grammont assured him that he would use all his endeavours for that purpose, and at the same time gave strict charge to his guard not to let him escape without orders from

the court, as he seemed fully bent upon fighting, and they would be responsible for him: there was no occasion to say more to have him strictly watched, though there was no necessity for it.

One being thus safely lodged, his next step was to secure the other. He returned immediately to town; and as soon as Matta saw him: "What the devil," said he, "is the meaning of this farce which I am obliged to act? For my part, I cannot understand the foolish customs of this country: how comes it that they make me a prisoner upon my parole?" "How comes it?" said the Chevalier de Grammont; "it is because you yourself are far more unaccountable than all their customs: you cannot help disputing with a peevish fellow, whom you ought only to laugh at: some officious footman has no doubt been talking of your last night's dispute: you were seen to go out of town in the morning, and the Marquis soon after: was not this sufficient to make her Royal Highness think herself obliged to take these precautions? The Marquis is in custody; they have only required your parole; so far, therefore, from taking the affair in the sense you do, I should send very humbly to thank her Highness for the kindness she has manifested towards you, in putting you under arrest, since it is only on your account that she interests herself in the affair. I shall take a walk to the palace, where I will endeavour to unravel this mystery; in the mean time, as there is but little probability that the matter should be settled this evening, you

would do well to order supper; for I shall come back to you immediately."

Matta charged him not to fail to express to her Royal Highness the grateful sense he had of her favour, though in truth he as little feared the Marquis as he loved him; and it is impossible to express the degree of his fortitude in stronger terms.

The Chevalier de Grammont returned in about half an hour, with two or three gentlemen whom Matta had got acquainted with at the chase, and who, upon the report of the quarrel, waited upon him, and each offered him separately his services against the unassisted and pacific Marquis. Matta having returned them his thanks, insisted upon their staying supper, and put on his *robe de chambre*.

As soon as the Chevalier de Grammont perceived that every thing coincided with his wishes, and that towards the end of the entertainment the toasts went merrily round, he knew he was sure of his man till next day. Then taking him aside, with the permission of the company, and making use of a false confidence in order to disguise a real treachery, he acquainted him, after having sworn him several times to secrecy, that he had at last prevailed upon the little Saint-Germain to grant him an interview that night; for which reason he would take his leave, under pretence of going to play at court; he therefore desired him fully to satisfy the company that he would not have left them on any other account, as the Piedmontese

are naturally mistrustful. Matta promised he would manage this point with discretion; that he would make an apology for him, and that there was no occasion for his personally taking leave. Then, after congratulating him upon the happy posture of his affairs, he sent him away with all the expedition and secrecy imaginable; so great was his fear lest his friend should lose the present opportunity.

Matta then returned to the company, much pleased with the confidence which had been placed in him, and with the share he had in the success of this adventure. He put himself into the best humour imaginable in order to divert the attention of his guests; he severely satirized those, whose rage for gaming induced them to sacrifice to it every other consideration; he loudly ridiculed the folly of the Chevalier upon this article, and secretly laughed at the credulity of the Piedmontese, whom he had deceived with so much ingenuity.

It was late at night before the company broke up, and Matta went to bed, very well satisfied with what he had done for his friend; and, if we may credit appearances, this friend enjoyed the fruit of his perfidy. The amorous Marchioness received him like one who wished to enhance the value of the favour she bestowed. Her charms were far from being neglected; and if there are any circumstances in which we may detest the traitor, while we profit by the treason, this was not one of them. And however successful the Chevalier de Grammont was in his intrigues, it was not owing to him that the contrary was not believed; but be that as it

may, being convinced, that in love whatever is gained by address, is gained fairly, it does not appear that he ever shewed the smallest degree of repentance for this trick. But it is now time for us to take him from the court of Savoy, to see him shine in that of France.

## CHAPTER V

THE Chevalier de Grammont, upon his return to France, sustained, with the greatest success, the reputation he had acquired abroad. Alert at play, active and vigilant in love; sometimes successful, and always feared, in his intrigues; in war alike prepared for the events of good or ill fortune; possessing an inexhaustible fund of pleasantry in the former, and full of expedients and dexterity in the latter.

Zealously attached to the Prince de Condé from inclination, he was a witness, and, if we may be allowed to say it, his companion, in the glory he had acquired at the celebrated battles of Lens, Norlinguen, and Fribourg; and the details he so frequently gave of them were far from diminishing their lustre.

So long as he had only some scruples of conscience, and a thousand interests to sacrifice, he quitted all to follow a man, whom strong motives and resentments, which in some manner appeared excusable, had withdrawn from the paths of

rectitude. He adhered to him in his first disgrace, with a constancy of which there are few examples; but he could not submit to the injuries which he afterwards received, and which such an inviolable attachment so little merited. Therefore, without fearing any reproach for a conduct which sufficiently justified itself, as he had formerly deviated from his duty, by entering into the service of the Prince de Condé, he thought he had a right to leave him to return again to his duty.

His peace was soon made at court, where many, far more culpable than himself, were immediately received into favour, when they desired it; for the Queen, still terrified at the dangers into which the civil wars had plunged the state at the commencement of her regency, endeavoured by lenient measures to conciliate the minds of the people. The policy of the minister was neither sanguinary nor revengeful. His favourite maxim was rather to appease the minds of the discontented by lenity, than to have recourse to violent measures; to be content with losing nothing by the war, without being at the expense of gaining any advantage from the enemy; to suffer his character to be very severely handled, provided he could amass much wealth, and to spin out the minority to the greatest possible extent.

His avidity to heap up riches was not alone confined to the thousand different means, with which he was furnished by his authority, and the situation in which he was placed. His whole pursuit was gain. He was naturally fond of gaming; but he

only played to enrich himself, and therefore, whenever he found an opportunity, he cheated.

As he found the Chevalier de Grammont possessed a great deal of wit, and a great deal of money, he was a man according to his wishes, and soon became one of his set. The Chevalier soon perceived the artfulness and dishonesty of the Cardinal, and thought it was allowable in him to put in practice those talents which he had received from nature, not only in his own defence, but even to attack him whenever an opportunity offered. This would certainly be the place to mention these particulars ; but who can describe them with such ease and elegance, as may be expected by those who have heard his own relation of them? Vain is the attempt to endeavour to transcribe these entertaining anecdotes, their spirit seems to evaporate upon paper ; and in whatever light they are exposed, the delicacy of their colouring, and their beauty are lost.

It is then enough to say, that upon all occasions where address was reciprocally employed, the Chevalier gained the advantage ; and that if he paid his court badly to the minister, he had the consolation to find, that those who suffered themselves to be cheated, in the end gained no great advantage from their complaisance; for they always continued in an abject submission, while the Chevalier de Grammont, on a thousand different occasions, never put himself under the least restraint ; of which the following is one instance.

The Spanish army, commanded by the Prince

de Condé and the Archduke, besieged Arras. The court was advanced as far as Peronne. The enemy, by the capture of this place, would have procured a reputation for their army, of which they were in great need; as the French, for a considerable time past, had evinced a superiority in every engagement.

The Prince supported a tottering party, as far as their usual inactivity and irresolution permitted him; but as in the events of war it is necessary to act independently on some occasions, which, if once suffered to escape, can never be retrieved; for want of this power it frequently happened that his great abilities were of no avail. The Spanish infantry had never recovered itself since the battle of Rocroy; and he who had ruined them by that victory, by fighting against them, was the only man who now, by commanding their army, was capable of repairing the mischief he had done them. But the jealousy of the generals, and the distrust attendant upon their counsels, tied up his hands.

Nevertheless the siege of Arras was vigorously carried on. The Cardinal was very sensible how dishonourable it would be to suffer this place to be taken under his nose, and almost in sight of the King. On the other hand, it was very hazardous to attempt its relief, the Prince de Condé being a man who never neglected the smallest precaution for the security of his lines; and if lines are attacked, and not forced, the greatest danger threatens the assailants; for the more furious the assault, the greater is the disorder in the retreat; and no man

in the world knew so well as the Prince de Condé how to make the best use of an advantage. The army, commanded by Monsieur de Turenne, was considerably weaker than that of the enemy ; it was likewise the only resource they had to depend upon. If this army was defeated, the loss of Arras was not the only misfortune to be dreaded.

The Cardinal, whose genius was happily adapted to such junctures where deceitful negotiations could extricate him out of difficulties, was filled with terror at the sight of imminent danger, or of a decisive event. He was of opinion to lay siege to some other place, the capture of which might prove an indemnification for the loss of Arras ; but Monsieur de Turenne, who was altogether of a different opinion from the Cardinal, resolved to march towards the enemy, and did not acquaint him with his intentions until he was upon his march. The courier arrived in the midst of his distress, and redoubled his apprehensions and alarms ; but there was then no remedy.

The Marshal, whose great reputation had gained him the confidence of the troops, had determined upon his measures before an express order from the court could prevent him. This was one of those occasions, in which the difficulties you encounter heighten the glory of success. Though the general's capacity, in some measure, afforded comfort to the court, they nevertheless were upon the eve of an event, which in one way or other must terminate both their hopes and their fears. While the rest of the courtiers were giving various

opinions concerning the issue, the Chevalier de Grammont determined to be an eye-witness of it; a resolution which greatly surprised the court; for those, who had seen as many actions as he had, seemed to be exempted from such eagerness: but it was in vain that his friends opposed his resolutions.

The King was pleased with his intention; and the Queen appeared no less satisfied. He assured her, that he would bring her good news; and she promised to embrace him, if he was as good as his word. The Cardinal made the same promise. To the latter, however, he did not pay much attention; yet he believed it sincere, because the keeping of it would cost him nothing.

He set out in the dusk of the evening with Caseau, whom Monsieur de Turenne had sent express to their Majesties. The Duke of York and the Marquis d'Humieres commanded under the Marshal. The latter was upon duty when the Chevalier arrived, it being scarce daylight. The Duke of York did not at first recollect him; but the Marquis d'Humieres, running to him with open arms, "I thought," said he, "if any man came from court to pay us a visit upon such an occasion as this, it would be the Chevalier de Grammont. Well," continued he, "what are they doing at Peronne?" "They are in great consternation," replied the Chevalier. "And what do they think of us?" "They think," said he, "that if you beat the Prince, you will do no more than your duty; if you are beaten, they will think you fools and

mad-men, thus to have risked every thing, without considering the consequences." "Truly," said the Marquis, "you bring us very comfortable news. Will you now go to Monsieur de Turenne's quarters, to acquaint him with it; or will you choose rather to repose yourself in mine? for you have been riding post all last night, and perhaps did not experience much rest in the preceding." "Where have you heard, that the Chevalier de Grammont had ever any occasion for sleep?" replied he; "only order me a horse, that I may have the honour to attend the Duke of York; for, most likely, he is not in the field so early except to visit some posts."

The advanced guard was only at cannon-shot from that of the enemy. As soon as they arrived there, "I should like," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "to advance as far as the sentry which is posted on that eminence; I have some friends and acquaintance in their army, whom I should wish to inquire after; I hope the Duke of York will give me permission." At these words he advanced. The sentry, seeing him come forward directly to his post, stood upon his guard; the Chevalier stopped as soon as he was within shot of him. The sentry answered the sign which was made to him, and made another to the officer, who had begun to advance as soon as he had seen the Chevalier come forward, and was soon up with him; but seeing the Chevalier de Grammont alone, he made no difficulty to let him approach. He desired leave of this officer to inquire after some

relations he had in their army, and at the same time asked if the Duke d'Arscot was at the siege. "Sir," said he, "there he is, just alighted under those trees, which you see on the left of our grand guard; it is hardly a minute since he was here with the Prince d'Aremberg, his brother, the Baron de Limbec, and Louvigny." "May I see them upon parole?" said the Chevalier. "Sir," said he, "if I were allowed to quit my post, I would do myself the honour of accompanying you thither; but I will send to acquaint them, that the Chevalier de Grammont desires to speak to them." And, after having despatched one of his guard towards them, he returned. "Sir," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "may I take the liberty to inquire how I came to be known to you?" "Is it possible," said the other, "that the Chevalier de Grammont should forget La Motte, who had the honour to serve so long in his regiment?" "What! is it you, my good friend, La Motte? Truly, I was to blame for not remembering you, though you are in a dress very different from that which I first saw you in at Bruxelles, when you taught the Duchess of Guise to dance the triolets; and I am afraid your affairs are not in so flourishing a condition as they were the campaign after I had given you the company you mention." They were talking in this manner, when the Duke d'Arscot, followed by the gentlemen above mentioned, came up on full gallop. The Chevalier de Grammont was saluted by the whole company before he could say a word. Soon after arrived an immense number of others of his

acquaintance, with many people, out of curiosity, on both sides, who, seeing him upon the eminence, assembled together with the greatest eagerness; so that the two armies, without design, without truce, and without fraud, were going to join in conversation, if, by chance, Monsieur de Turenne had not perceived it at a distance. The sight surprised him. He hastened that way; and the Marquis d'Humieres acquainted him with the arrival of the Chevalier de Grammont, who wished to speak to the sentry before he went to the head-quarters. He added, that he could not comprehend how the devil he had managed to assemble both armies around him, for it was hardly a minute since he had left him. "Truly," said Monsieur de Turenne, "he is a very extraordinary man; but it is only reasonable, that he should let us now have a little of his company, since he has paid his first visit to the enemy." At these words he despatched an aide-de-camp, to recall the officers of his army, and to acquaint the Chevalier de Grammont with his impatience to see him.

This order arrived at the same time, with one of the same nature, to the enemy's officers. The Prince de Condé, being informed of this peaceable interview, was not the least surprised at it, when he heard that it was occasioned by the arrival of the Chevalier de Grammont. He only gave Lussan orders to recall the officers, and to desire the Chevalier to meet him at the same place the next day; which the Chevalier promised to do, pro-

vided Monsieur de Turenne should approve of it, as he made no doubt he would.

His reception in the King's army was equally agreeable as that which he had experienced from the enemy. Monsieur de Turenne esteemed him no less for his frankness than for the poignancy of his wit: he took it very kindly that he was the only courtier who came to see him in a time so critical as the present: the questions which he asked him about the court, were not so much for information, as to divert himself with his manner of relating their different apprehensions and alarms. The Chevalier de Grammont advised him to beat the enemy, if he did not choose to be answerable for an enterprise which he had undertaken without consulting the Cardinal. Monsieur de Turenne promised him he would exert himself to the utmost to follow his advice, and assured him, that if he succeeded, he would make the Queen keep her word with him; and concluded with saying, that he was not sorry the Prince de Condé had expressed a desire to see him. His measures were taken for an attack upon the lines: on this subject he discoursed in private with the Chevalier de Grammont, and concealed nothing from him except the time of execution: but this was all to no purpose; for the Chevalier had seen too much, not to judge, from his own knowledge, and the observations he had made, that from the situation of the army, the attack could be no longer deferred.

He set out the next day for his rendezvous, attended by a trumpet, and found the Prince at the

place which Monsieur de Lussan had described to him the evening before. As soon as he alighted, "Is it possible," said the Prince, embracing him, "that this can be the Chevalier de Grammont, and that I should see him in the contrary party?" "It is you, my Lord, whom I see there," replied the Chevalier, "and I refer it to yourself, whether it was the fault of the Chevalier de Grammont, or your own, that we now embrace different interests." "I must confess," said the Prince, "that if there are some who have abandoned me like base, ungrateful wretches, you have left me, as I left myself, like a man of honour, who thinks himself in the right: but let us forget all cause of resentment, and tell me what was your motive for coming here, you, whom I thought at Peronne with the court." "Must I tell you?" said he; "why, faith then, I came to save your life. I know that you cannot help being in the midst of the enemy in a day of battle; it is only necessary for your horse to be shot under you, and to be taken in arms, to meet with the same treatment from this Cardinal, as your uncle Montmorency did from the other. I come, therefore, to hold a horse in readiness for you, in case of a similar misfortune, that you may not lose your head." "It is not the first time," said the Prince, smiling, "that you have rendered me this service, though the being taken prisoner at that time could not have been so dangerous to me as now."

From this conversation, they passed to more entertaining subjects. The Prince asked him many

questions concerning the court, the ladies, play, and about his amours; and returning insensibly to the present situation of affairs, the Chevalier having inquired after some officers of his acquaintance, who had remained with him, the Prince told him that if he chose, he might go to the lines, where he would have an opportunity not only of seeing those whom he inquired after, but likewise the disposition of the quarters and entrenchments. To this he consented, and the Prince, having shewn him all the works, and attended him back to their rendezvous, "Well, Chevalier," said he, "when do you think we shall see you again?" "Faith," replied he, "you have used me so handsomely, that I shall conceal nothing from you. Hold yourself in readiness an hour before daybreak; for, you may depend upon it, we shall attack you to-morrow morning. I would not have acquainted you with this, perhaps, had I been intrusted with the secret: but, nevertheless, in the present case you may believe me." "You are still the same man," said the Prince, again embracing him. The Chevalier returned to Monsieur de Turenne's camp towards night: every preparation was then making for the attack of the lines, and it was no longer a secret among the troops.

"Well, Monsieur le Chevalier, were they all very glad to see you?" said Monsieur de Turenne; "the Prince, no doubt, received you with the greatest kindness, and asked a great number of questions." "He has shewn me all the civility imaginable," replied the Chevalier, "and, to convince me he did

not take me for a spy, he led me round the lines and entrenchments, and shewed me the preparations he had made for your reception." "And what is his opinion?" said the Marshal. "He is persuaded that you will attack him to-night, or to-morrow by daybreak; for you great captains," continued the Chevalier, "see through each other's designs in a wonderful manner."

Monsieur de Turenne, with pleasure, received this commendation from a man who was not indiscriminately accustomed to bestow praise. He communicated to him the disposition of the attack; and at the same time acquainted him, that he was very happy that a man who had seen so many actions was to be present at this; and that he esteemed it no small advantage to have the benefit of his advice: but as he believed that the remaining part of the night would be hardly sufficient for his repose, after having passed the former without any refreshment, he consigned him to the Marquis d'Humieres, who provided him with a supper and a lodging.

The next day the lines of Arras were attacked, wherein Monsieur de Turenne, being victorious, added additional lustre to his former glory; and the Prince de Condé, though vanquished, lost nothing of his former reputation.

There are so many accounts of this celebrated battle, that to mention it here would be altogether superfluous. The Chevalier de Grammont, who, as a volunteer, was permitted to go into every part, has given a better description of it than any other

person. Monsieur de Turenne reaped great advantage from that activity which never forsook the Chevalier either in peace or war ; and that presence of mind which enabled him to carry orders, as coming from the general, so very apropos, that Monsieur de Turenne, otherwise very particular in such matters, thanked him, when the battle was over, in the presence of all his officers, and despatched him to court with the first news of his success.

All that is generally necessary in these expeditions is, to be accustomed to hard riding, and to be well provided with fresh horses : but he had a great many other obstacles to surmount. In the first place, the parties of the enemy were dispersed over all the country, and obstructed his passage. Then he had to prepare against greedy and officious courtiers, who, on such occasions, post themselves in all the avenues, in order to cheat the poor courier out of his news. However, his address preserved him from the one, and deceived the others.

He had taken eight or ten troopers, commanded by an officer of his acquaintance, to escort him halfway to Bapaume ; being persuaded that the greatest danger would lie between the camp and the first stage. He had not proceeded a league before he was convinced of the truth of what he suspected, and turning to the officer, who followed him closely, "If you are not well mounted," said he, "I would advise you to return to the camp ; for my part, I shall set spurs to my horse, and make the best of my way." "Sir," said the officer, "I hope I shall be able to keep you company, at whatever rate you

go, until you are out of all danger." "I doubt that," replied the Chevalier, "for those gentlemen there seem prepared to pay us a visit." "Don't you see," said the officer, "they are some of our own people who are grazing their horses?" "No," said the Chevalier; "but I see very well that they are some of the enemy's troopers." Upon which, observing to him that they were mounting, he ordered the horsemen that escorted him to prepare themselves to make a diversion, and he himself set off full speed towards Bapaume.

He was mounted upon a very swift English horse; but having entangled himself in a hollow way where the ground was deep and miry, he soon had the troopers at his heels, who, supposing him to be some officer of rank, would not be deceived, but continued to pursue him without paying any attention to the others. The best mounted of the party began to draw near him; for the English horses, swift as the wind on even ground, proceeding but very indifferently in bad roads, the trooper presented his carbine, and cried out to him, at some distance, "Good quarter." The Chevalier de Grammont, who perceived that they gained upon him, and that whatever efforts his horse made in such heavy ground, he must be overtaken at last, immediately quitted the road to Bapaume, and took a causeway to the left, which led quite a different way: as soon as he had gained it, he drew up, as if to hear the proposal of the trooper, which afforded his horse an opportunity of recovering himself; while his enemy, mistaking his intention, and thinking that he only

waited to surrender, immediately exerted every effort, that he might take him before the rest of his companions, who were following, could arrive, and by this means almost killed his horse.

One minute's reflection made the Chevalier consider what a disagreeable adventure it would be, thus coming from so glorious a victory, and the dangers of a battle so warmly disputed, to be taken by a set of scoundrels who had not been in it, and, instead of being received in triumph, and embraced by a great queen for the important news with which he was charged, to see himself stripped by the vanquished.

During this short meditation, the trooper who followed him was arriving within shot, and still presenting his carbine, offered him good quarter: but the Chevalier de Grammont, to whom this offer, and the manner in which it was made, were equally displeasing, made a sign to him to lower his piece ; and perceiving his horse to be in wind, he lowered his hand, rode off like lightning, and left the trooper in such astonishment that he even forgot to fire at him.

As soon as he arrived at Bapaume, he changed horses : the commander of this place shewed him the greatest respect, assuring him that no person had yet passed ; that he would keep the secret, and that he would retain all that followed him, except the couriers of Monsieur de Turenne.

He now had only to guard against those who would be watching for him about the environs of Peronne, to return as soon as they saw him, and

carry his news to court, without being acquainted with any of the particulars. He knew very well that Marshal du Plessis, Marshal de Villeroy and Gaboury, had boasted of this to the Cardinal before his departure. Wherefore, to elude this snare, he hired two well-mounted horsemen at Bapaume, and as soon as he had got a league from that place, and after giving them each two louis d'ors, to secure their fidelity, he ordered them to ride on before, to appear very much terrified, and to tell all those who should ask them any questions, "That all was lost; that the Chevalier de Grammont had stopped at Bapaume, having no great inclination to be the messenger of ill news; and that as for themselves, they had been pursued by the enemy's troopers, who were spread over the whole country since the defeat."

Every thing succeeded to his wish: the horsemen were intercepted by Gaboury, whose eagerness had outstripped the two marshals; but whatever questions were asked them, they acted their parts so well, that Peronne was already in consternation, and rumours of the defeat were whispered among the courtiers, when the Chevalier de Grammont arrived.

Nothing so much enhances the value of good news, as when a false alarm of bad has preceded; yet, though the Chevalier's was accompanied with this advantage, none but their Majesties received it with that transport of joy it deserved.

The Queen kept her promise to him in the most fascinating manner: she embraced him before the

whole court; the King appeared no less delighted; but the Cardinal, whether with the view of lessening the merit of an action which deserved a handsome reward, or whether it was from a return of that insolence which always accompanied him in prosperity, appeared at first not to pay any attention to what he said, and being afterwards informed that the lines had been forced, that the Spanish army was beaten, and that Arras was relieved: "Is the Prince de Condé taken?" said he. "No," replied the Chevalier de Grammont. "He is dead, then, I suppose?" said the Cardinal. "Not so, neither," answered the Chevalier. "Fine news indeed," said the Cardinal, with an air of contempt; and at these words he went into the Queen's cabinet with their Majesties. And happy it was for the Chevalier that he did so, for without doubt he would have given him some severe reply, in resentment for those two fine questions, and the conclusion he had drawn from them.

The court was filled with the Cardinal's spies: the Chevalier, as is usual on such an occasion, was surrounded by a crowd of courtiers and inquisitive people, and he was very glad to ease himself of some part of the load which lay heavy on his heart, within the hearing of the Cardinal's creatures, and which he would perhaps have told him to his face. "Faith, gentlemen," said he, with a sneer, "there is nothing like being zealous and eager in the service of kings and great princes; you have seen what a gracious reception his Majesty has given me; you are likewise witnesses in what an obliging

manner the Queen kept her promise with me; but as for the Cardinal, he has received my news as if he gained no more by it than he did by the death of Peter Mazarine."

This was sufficient to terrify all those who were sincerely attached to him; and the best established fortune would have been ruined at some period by a jest much less severe: for it was delivered in the presence of witnesses, who were only desirous of having an opportunity of representing it in its utmost malignancy, to make a merit of their vigilance with a powerful and absolute minister. Of this the Chevalier de Grammont was thoroughly convinced; yet whatever detriment he foresaw might arise from it, he could not help being much pleased with what he had said.

The spies very faithfully discharged their duty: however, the affair took a very different turn from what they expected. The next day, when the Chevalier de Grammont was present while their Majesties were at dinner, the Cardinal came in, and coming up to him, every body making way for him out of respect: "Chevalier," said he, "the news which you have brought is very good, their Majesties are very well satisfied with it; and to convince you it is more advantageous to me than the death of Peter Mazarine, if you will come and dine with me we will have some play together; for the Queen will give us something to play for, over and above her first promise."

In this manner did the Chevalier de Grammont dare to provoke a powerful minister, and this was

all the resentment which the least vindictive of all statesmen expressed on the occasion. It was indeed very unusual for so young a man to reverence the authority of ministers no farther than as they were themselves respectable by their merit: for this, his own breast, as well as the whole court, applauded him, and he enjoyed the satisfaction of being the only man who durst preserve the least shadow of liberty, in a general state of servitude; but it was perhaps owing to the Cardinal's passing over this insult with impunity, that he afterwards drew upon himself some difficulties, by other rash expressions less fortunate in the event.

In the meantime the court returned: the Cardinal, who was sensible that he could no longer keep his master in a state of tutelage, being himself worn out with cares and sickness, and having amassed treasures he knew not what to do with, and being sufficiently loaded with the weight of public odium, he turned all his thoughts towards terminating, in a manner the most advantageous for France, a ministry which had so cruelly shaken that kingdom. Thus, while he was earnestly laying the foundations of a peace so ardently wished for, pleasure and plenty began to reign at court.

The Chevalier de Grammont experienced for a long time a variety of fortune in love and gaming: he was esteemed by the courtiers, beloved by beauties whom he neglected, and a dangerous favourite of those whom he admired; more successful in play than in his amours; but the one indemnifying him for want of success in the other,

he was always full of life and spirits; and in all transactions of importance, always a man of honour.

It is a pity that we must be forced here to interrupt the course of his history, by an interval of some years, as has been already done at the commencement of these memoirs: in a life where the most minute circumstances are always singular and diverting, we can meet with no chasm which does not afford regret; but whether he did not think them worthy of holding a place among his other adventures, or that he has only preserved a confused idea of them, we must pass to the parts of these fragments which are better ascertained, that we may arrive at the subject of his journey to England.

The peace of the Pyrenees, the King's marriage, the return of the Prince de Condé, and the death of the Cardinal, gave a new face to the state. The eyes of the whole nation were fixed upon their King, who, for nobleness of mien, and gracefulness of person, had no equal; but it was not then known that he was possessed of those superior abilities, which, filling his subjects with admiration, in the end made him so formidable to Europe. Love and ambition, the invisible springs of the intrigues and cabals of all courts, attentively observed his first steps: pleasure promised herself an absolute empire over a prince who had been kept in ignorance of the necessary rules of government, and ambition had no hopes of reigning in the court except in the minds of those who were able to dispute the

management of affairs; when men were surprised to see the King on a sudden display such brilliant abilities, which prudence, in some measure necessary, had so long obliged him to conceal.

An application, inimical to the pleasures which generally attract that age, and which unlimited power very seldom refuses, attached him solely to the cares of government; all admired this wonderful change, but all did not find their account in it: the great lost their consequence before an absolute master; and the courtiers approached with reverential awe the sole object of their respects, and the sole master of their fortunes: those who had conducted themselves like petty tyrants in their provinces, and on the frontiers, were now no more than governors: favours, according to the King's pleasure, were sometimes conferred on merit, and sometimes for services done to the state; but to importune, or to menace the court, was no longer the method to obtain them.

The Chevalier de Grammont regarded his master's attention to the affairs of state as a prodigy: he could not conceive how he could submit, at his age, to the rules he prescribed himself, or that he should give up so many hours of pleasure, to devote them to the tiresome duties, and laborious functions of government; but he blessed the Lord that henceforward no more homage was to be paid, no more court to be made, but to him alone, to whom they were justly due. Disdaining as he did the servile adoration usually paid to a minister, he could never crouch before the power of the two

cardinals who succeeded each other: he neither worshipped the arbitrary power of the one, nor gave his approbation to the artifices of the other: he had never received any thing from Cardinal Richelieu but an abbey, which, on account of his rank, could not be refused him; and he never acquired any thing from Mazarine but what he won of him at play.

By many years' experience under an able general he had acquired a talent for war; but this, during a general peace, was of no farther service to him: he therefore thought, that, in the midst of a court flourishing in beauties, and abounding in wealth, he could not employ himself better, than in endeavouring to gain the good opinion of his master, in making the best use of those advantages which nature had given him for play, and in putting in practice new stratagems in love.

He succeeded very well in the two first of these projects, and as he had from that time laid it down as the rule of his conduct, to attach himself solely to the King in all his views of preferment; to have no regard for favour unless when it was supported by merit; to make himself beloved by the courtiers, and feared by the minister; to dare to undertake any thing in order to do good, and to engage in nothing at the expense of innocence; he soon became one in all the King's parties of pleasure, without gaining the ill-will of the courtiers. In play he was successful, in love unfortunate; or, to speak more properly, his restlessness and jealousy overcame his natural prudence, in a situation

wherein he had most occasion for it. La Motte Houdancourt was one of the maids of honour to the Queen Dowager, and, though no sparkling beauty, she had drawn away lovers from the celebrated Meneville. It was sufficient in those days, for the King to cast his eye upon a young lady of the court to inspire her with hopes, and often with tender sentiments; but if he spoke to her more than once, the courtiers took it for granted, and those who had either pretensions to, or love for her, respectfully withdrew both the one and the other, and afterwards only paid her respect; but the Chevalier de Grammont thought fit to act quite otherwise, perhaps to preserve a singularity of character, which upon the present occasion was of no avail.

He had never before thought of her; but as soon as he found that she was honoured with the King's attention, he was of opinion that she was likewise deserving of his: having attached himself to her, he soon became very troublesome, without convincing her he was much in love: she grew weary of his persecutions; but he would not desist, neither on account of her ill-treatment, nor of her threats. This conduct of his at first made no great noise, because she was in hopes that he would change his behaviour; but finding him rashly persist in it, she complained of him: and then it was that he perceived that if love renders all conditions equal, it is not so between rivals. He was banished the court, and not finding any place in France which could console him for what he most regretted, the

presence and sight of his prince, after having made some slight reflections upon his disgrace, and bestowed a few imprecations against her who was the cause of it, he at last formed the resolution of visiting England.

## CHAPTER VI

CURIOSITY to see a man equally famous for his crimes and his elevation, had once before induced the Chevalier de Grammont to visit England. Reasons of state assume great privileges: whatever appears advantageous is lawful; and every thing that is necessary is honourable in politics. While the King of England sought the protection of Spain in the Low Countries, and that of the States-general in Holland, other powers sent splendid embassies to Cromwell.

This man, whose ambition had opened him a way to sovereign power by the greatest crimes, maintained himself in it by accomplishments which seemed to render him worthy of it by their lustre. The nation, of all Europe the least submissive, patiently bore a yoke which did not even leave her the shadow of that liberty of which she is so jealous; and Cromwell, master of the Commonwealth, under the title of Protector, feared at home, but yet more dreaded abroad, was at his highest

pitch of glory when he was seen by the Chevalier de Grammont; but the Chevalier did not see any appearance of a court. One part of the nobility proscribed, the other removed from employments; an affectation of purity of manners, instead of the luxury which the pomp of courts displays, all taken together, presented nothing but sad and serious objects in the finest city in the world; and therefore the Chevalier acquired nothing by this voyage, but the idea of some merit in a profligate man, and the admiration of some concealed beauties he had found means to discover.

Affairs wore quite a different appearance at his second voyage. The joy for the restoration of the royal family still appeared in all parts: the nation, fond of change and novelty, tasted the pleasure of a natural government, and seemed to breathe again after a long oppression. In short, the same people, who, by a solemn abjuration, had excluded even the posterity of their lawful sovereign, exhausted themselves in festivals and rejoicings for his return.

The Chevalier de Grammont arrived about two years after the restoration: the reception he met with in this court soon made him forget the other; and the engagements he in the end contracted in England, lessened the regret he had in leaving France.

This was a desirable retreat for an exile of his disposition: every thing flattered his taste; and if the adventures he had in this country were not the most considerable, they were at least the most agreeable of his life. But before we relate them,

it will not be improper to give some account of the English court, as it was at that period.

The necessity of affairs had exposed Charles II. from his earliest youth, to the toils and perils of a bloody war: the fate of the King, his father, had left him for inheritance nothing but his misfortunes and disgraces: they overtook him everywhere; but it was not until he had struggled with his ill-fortune to the last extremity, that he submitted to the decrees of Providence.

All those who were either great on account of their birth or their loyalty, had followed him into exile; and all the young persons of the greatest distinction, having afterwards joined him, composed a court worthy of a better fate.

Plenty and prosperity, which are thought to tend only to corrupt manners, found nothing to spoil in an indigent and wandering court. Necessity, on the contrary, which produces a thousand advantages whether we will or no, served them for education; and nothing was to be seen among them but an emulation in glory, politeness, and virtue.

With this little court, in such high esteem for merit, the King of England returned two years prior to the period we mention, to ascend a throne, which to all appearances he was to fill as worthily as the most glorious of his predecessors. The magnificence displayed on this occasion was renewed at his coronation. The death of the Duke of Gloucester, and of the Princess Royal, which followed soon after, had interrupted the course of this splendour, by a tedious mourning, which they quitted at

last to prepare for the reception of the Infanta of Portugal.

It was in the height of the rejoicings they were making for this new queen, in all the splendour of a brilliant court, that the Chevalier de Grammont arrived to contribute to its magnificence and diversions.

Accustomed as he was to the grandeur of the court of France, he was surprised at the politeness and splendour of the court of England. The King was inferior to none either in shape or air; his wit was pleasant; his disposition easy and affable; his soul, susceptible of opposite impressions, was compassionate to the unhappy, inflexible to the wicked, and tender even to excess; he showed great abilities in urgent affairs, but was incapable of application to any that were not so: his heart was often the dupe, but oftener the slave, of his engagements.

The character of the Duke of York was entirely different: he had the reputation of undaunted courage, an inviolable attachment for his word, great economy in his affairs, hauteur, application, arrogance, each in their turn: a scrupulous observer of the rules of duty and the laws of justice; he was accounted a faithful friend, and an implacable enemy.

His morality and justice, struggling for some time with prejudice, had at last triumphed, by his acknowledging for his wife Miss Hyde, maid of honour to the Princess Royal, whom he had secretly married in Holland. Her father, from that time Prime Minister of England, supported by

this new interest, soon rose to the head of affairs, and had almost ruined them: not that he wanted capacity, but he was too self-sufficient.

The Duke of Ormond possessed the confidence and esteem of his master: the greatness of his services, the splendour of his merit and his birth, and the fortune he had abandoned in adhering to the fate of his prince, rendered him worthy of it: nor durst the courtiers even murmur at seeing him grand steward of the household, first lord of the bedchamber, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He exactly resembled the Marshal de Grammont, in the turn of his wit and the nobleness of his manners, and like him was the honour of his master's court.

The Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of St. Albans were the same in England as they appeared in France: the one, full of wit and vivacity, dissipated, without splendour, an immense estate upon which he had just entered: the other, a man of no great genius, had raised himself a considerable fortune from nothing, and by losing at play, and keeping a great table, made it appear greater than it was.

Sir George Berkley, afterwards Earl of Falmouth, was the confidant and favourite of the King: he commanded the Duke of York's regiment of guards, and governed the Duke himself. He had nothing very remarkable either in his wit, or his person; but his sentiments were worthy of the fortune which awaited him, when, on the very point of his elevation, he was killed at sea. Never did disinterestedness so perfectly characterize the greatness of the

soul: he had no views but what tended to the glory of his master: his credit was never employed but in advising him to reward services, or to confer favours on merit: so polished in conversation, that the greater his power, the greater was his humility; and so sincere in all his proceedings, that he would never have been taken for a courtier.

The Duke of Ormond's sons and his nephews had been in the King's court during his exile, and were far from diminishing its lustre after his return. The Earl of Arran had a singular address in all kinds of exercises, played well at tennis and on the guitar, and was pretty successful in gallantry. His elder brother, the Earl of Ossory, was not so lively, but of the most liberal sentiments, and of great probity.

The elder of the Hamiltons, their cousin, was the man who of all the court dressed best: he was well made in his person, and possessed those happy talents which lead to fortune, and procure success in love: he was a most assiduous courtier, had the most lively wit, the most polished manners, and the most punctual attention to his master imaginable: no person danced better, nor was any one a more general lover: a merit of some account in a court entirely devoted to love and gallantry. It is not at all surprising, that with these qualities he succeeded my Lord Falmouth in the King's favour; but it is very extraordinary that he should have experienced the same destiny, as if this sort of war had been declared against merit only, and as if this sort of combat was fatal to none but such as had

certain hopes of a splendid fortune. This, however, did not happen till some years afterwards.

The beau Sidney, less dangerous than he appeared to be, had not sufficient vivacity to support the impression which his figure made; but little Jermyn was on all sides successful in his intrigues. The old Earl of Saint Albans, his uncle, had for a long time adopted him, though the youngest of all his nephews. It is well known what a table the good man kept at Paris, while the King his master was starving at Brussels, and the Queen Dowager, his mistress, lived not over well in France.

Jermyn, supported by his uncle's wealth, found it no difficult matter to make a considerable figure upon his arrival at the court of the Princess of Orange: the poor courtiers of the King her brother could not vie with him in point of equipage and magnificence; and these two articles often produce as much success in love as real merit: there is no necessity for any other example than the present; for though Jermyn was brave, and certainly a gentleman, yet he had neither brilliant actions, nor distinguished rank, to set him off; and as for his figure, there was nothing advantageous in it. He was little; his head was large and his legs small; his features were not disagreeable, but he was affected in his carriage and behaviour. All his wit consisted in expressions learnt by rote, which he occasionally employed either in raillery or in love. This was the whole foundation of the merit of a man so formidable in amours.

The Princess Royal was the first who was taken

with him: Miss Hyde seemed to be following the steps of her mistress: this immediately brought him into credit, and his reputation was established in England before his arrival. Prepossession in the minds of women is sufficient to find access to their hearts: Jermyn found them in dispositions so favourable for him, that he had nothing to do but to speak.

It was in vain they perceived that a reputation so lightly established, was still more weakly sustained: the prejudice remained: the Countess of Castlemaine, a woman lively and discerning, followed the delusive shadow; and though undeceived in a reputation which promised so much, and performed so little, she nevertheless continued in her infatuation: she even persisted in it, until she was upon the point of embroiling herself with the King; so great was this first instance of her constancy.

Such were the heroes of the court. As for the beauties, you could not look anywhere without seeing them: those of the greatest reputation were this same Countess of Castlemaine, afterwards Duchess of Cleveland, Lady Chesterfield, Lady Shrewsbury, the Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Middleton, the Miss Brooks, and a thousand others, who shone at court with equal lustre; but it was Miss Hamilton and Miss Stewart who were its chief ornaments. The new Queen gave but little additional brilliancy to the court, either in her person, or in her retinue, which was then composed of the Countess de Panétra, who came over with her in quality of lady of the bedchamber; six frights, who called them-

*Charles II.*

selves maids of honour, and a duenna, another monster, who took the title of governess to those extraordinary beauties.

Among the men were Francisco de Melo, brother to the Countess de Panétra; one Taurauvédez, who called himself Don Pedro Francisco Correo de Silva, extremely handsome, but a greater fool than all the Portuguese put together: he was more vain of his names than of his person; but the Duke of Buckingham, a still greater fool than he, though more addicted to raillery, gave him the additional name of Peter of the Wood. He was so enraged at this, that, after many fruitless complaints and ineffectual menaces, poor Pedro de Silva was obliged to leave England, while the happy Duke kept possession of a Portuguese nymph more hideous than the Queen's maids of honour, whom he had taken from him, as well as two of his names. Besides these, there were six chaplains, four bakers, a Jew perfumer, and a certain officer, probably without an office, who called himself her Highness's barber. Katherine de Braganza was far from appearing with splendour in the charming court where she came to reign; however, in the end she was pretty successful. The Chevalier de Grammont, who had been long known to the royal family, and to most of the gentlemen of the court, had only to get acquainted with the ladies; and for this he wanted no interpreter: they all spoke French enough to explain themselves, and they all understood it sufficiently to comprehend what he had to say to them.

The Queen's court was always very numerous; that of the Duchess was less so, but more select. This princess had a majestic air, a pretty good shape, not much beauty, a great deal of wit, and so just a discernment of merit, that, whoever of either sex were possessed of it, were sure to be distinguished by her: an air of grandeur in all her actions made her be considered as if born to support the rank which placed her so near the throne. The Queen Dowager returned after the marriage of the Princess Royal, and it was in her court that the two others met.

The Chevalier de Grammont was soon liked by all parties: those who had not known him before, were surprised to see a Frenchman of his disposition. The King's restoration having drawn a great number of foreigners from all countries to the court, the French were rather in disgrace; for, instead of any persons of distinction having appeared among the first who came over, they had only seen some insignificant puppies, each striving to outdo the other in folly and extravagance, despising every thing which was not like themselves, and thinking they introduced the *bel air*, by treating the English as strangers in their own country.

The Chevalier de Grammont, on the contrary, was familiar with every body: he gave in to their customs, eat of every thing, and easily habituated himself to their manner of living, which he looked upon as neither vulgar nor barbarous; and as he shewed a natural complaisance, instead of the impertinent affectation of the others, all the nation

was charmed with a man, who agreeably indemnified them for what they had suffered from the folly of the former.

He first of all made his court to the King, and was of all his parties of pleasure: he played high, and lost but seldom: he found so little difference in the manners and conversation of those with whom he chiefly associated, that he could scarcely believe he was out of his own country. Every thing, which could agreeably engage a man of his disposition, presented itself to his different humours, as if the pleasures of the court of France had quitted it to accompany him in his exile.

He was every day engaged for some entertainment; and those who wished to regale him in their turn, were obliged to take their measures in time, and to invite him eight or ten days beforehand. These importunate civilities became tiresome in the long-run; but as they seemed indispensable to a man of his disposition, and as they were the most genteel people of the court who loaded him with them, he submitted with a good grace; but always reserved to himself the liberty of supping at home.

His supper-hour depended upon play, and was indeed very uncertain: but his supper was always served up with the greatest elegance, by the assistance of one or two servants, who were excellent caterers and good attendants, but understood cheating still better.

The company, at these little entertainments, was not numerous, but select: the first people of the court were commonly of the party; but the man,

who of all others suited him best on these occasions, never failed to attend: that was the celebrated Saint Evremond, who with great exactness, but too great freedom, had written the history of the treaty of the Pyrenees; an exile like himself, though for very different reasons.

Happily for them both, fortune had, some time before the arrival of the Chevalier de Grammont, brought Saint Evremont to England, after he had had leisure to repent in Holland of the beauties of that famous satire.

The Chevalier was from that time his hero: they had each of them attained to all the advantages which a knowledge of the world, and the society of people of fashion, could add to the improvement of good natural talents. Saint Evremond, less engaged in frivolous pursuits, frequently gave little lectures to the Chevalier, and by making observations upon the past, endeavoured to set him right for the present, or to instruct him for the future. "You are now," said he, "in the most agreeable way of life a man of your temper could wish for: you are the delight of a youthful, sprightly, and gallant court: the King has never a party of pleasure to which you are not admitted. You play from morning to night, or, to speak more properly, from night to morning, without knowing what it is to lose. Far from losing the money you brought hither, as you have done in other places, you have doubled it, trebled it, multiplied it almost beyond your wishes, notwithstanding the exorbitant expenses you are imperceptibly led into. This, with-

out doubt, is the most desirable situation in the world: stop here, Chevalier, and do not ruin your affairs, by returning to your old sins. Avoid love, by pursuing other pleasures: love has never been favourable to you. You are sensible how much gallantry has cost you; and every person here is not so well acquainted with that matter as yourself. Play boldly: entertain the court with your wit: divert the King by your ingenious and entertaining stories; but avoid all engagements which can deprive you of this merit, and make you forget you are a stranger and an exile in this delightful country.

"Fortune may grow weary of befriending you at play. What would have become of you, if your last misfortune had happened to you, when your money had been at as low an ebb as I have known it? Attend carefully then to this necessary deity, and renounce the other. You will be missed at the court of France, before you grow weary of this; but be that as it may, lay up a good store of money: when a man is rich, he consoles himself for his banishment. I know you well, my dear Chevalier: if you take it into your head to seduce a lady, or to supplant a lover, your gains at play will by no means suffice for presents and for bribes: no, let play be as productive to you as it can be, you will never gain so much by it, as you will lose by love, if you yield to it.

"You are in possession of a thousand splendid qualifications which distinguish you here: generous, benevolent, elegant, and polite; and for your

engaging wit, inimitable. Upon a strict examination, perhaps, all this would not be found literally true; but these are brilliant marks; and since it is granted that you possess them, do not shew yourself here in any other light: for, in love, if your manner of paying your addresses can be so denominated, you do not in the least resemble the picture I have just now drawn."

"My little philosophical monitor," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "you talk here as if you were the Cato of Normandy." "Do I say any thing untrue?" replied Saint Evremond: "is it not a fact, that as soon as a woman pleases you, your first care is to find out whether she has any other lover, and your second how to plague her; for the gaining her affection is the last thing in your thoughts. You seldom engage in intrigues, but to disturb the happiness of others: a mistress who has no lovers, would have no charms for you, and if she has, she would be invaluable. Do not all the places through which you have passed furnish me with a thousand examples? Shall I mention your *coup d'essai* at Turin? the trick you played at Fontainbleau, where you robbed the Princess Palatine's courier upon the highway? And for what purpose was this fine exploit, but to put you in possession of some proofs of her affection for another, in order to give her uneasiness and confusion by reproaches and menaces, which you had no right to use?

"Who but yourself ever took it into his head to place himself in ambush upon the stairs, to disturb a

man in an intrigue, and to pull him back by the leg when he was half-way up to his mistress's chamber? Yet did not you use your friend the Duke of Buckingham in this manner, when he was stealing at night to —— although you were not in the least his rival? How many spies did not you send out after d'Olonne? How many tricks, frauds, and persecutions did you not practise for the Countess de Fiesque, who perhaps might have been constant to you, if you had not yourself forced her to be otherwise? But, to conclude, for the enumeration of your iniquities would be endless, give me leave to ask you, how you came here? Are not we obliged to that same evil genius of yours, which rashly inspired you to intermeddle even in the gallantries of your prince? Shew some discretion then on this point here, I beseech you; all the beauties of the court are already engaged; and however docile the English may be with respect to their wives, they can by no means bear the inconstancy of their mistresses, nor patiently suffer the advantages of a rival: suffer them, therefore, to remain in tranquillity, and do not gain their ill-will for no purpose.

"You certainly will meet with no success with such as are unmarried: honourable views, and good landed property, are required here; and you possess as much of the one as the other. Every country has its customs: in Holland, unmarried ladies are of easy access, and of tender dispositions; but as soon as ever they are married, they become like so many Lucretias: in France, the women are great coquettes before marriage, and still more so

afterwards; but here it is a miracle if a young lady yields to any proposal but that of matrimony; and I do not believe you yet so destitute of grace as to think of that."

Such were Saint Evremond's lectures; but they were all to no purpose: the Chevalier de Grammont only attended to them for his amusement; and though he was sensible of the truth they contained, he paid little regard to them: in fact, being weary of the favours of fortune, he had just resolved to pursue those of love.

Mrs. Middleton was the first whom he attacked: she was one of the handsomest women in town, though then little known at court: so much of the coquette as to discourage no one; and so great was her desire of appearing magnificently, that she was ambitious to vie with those of the greatest fortunes, though unable to support the expense. All this suited the Chevalier de Grammont; therefore, without trifling away his time in useless ceremonies, he applied to her porter for admittance, and chose one of her lovers for his confidant.

This lover, who was not deficient in wit, was at that time a Mr. Jones, afterwards Earl of Ranelagh: what engaged him to serve the Chevalier de Grammont, was to traverse the designs of a most dangerous rival, and to relieve himself from an expense which began to lie too heavy upon him. In both respects the Chevalier answered his purpose.

Immediately spies were placed, letters and presents flew about: he was received as well as he could wish: he was permitted to ogle: he was

*Mrs Middleton.*

even ogled again ; but this was all : he found that the fair one was very willing to accept, but was tardy in making returns. This induced him, without giving up his pretensions to her, to seek his fortune elsewhere.

Among the Queen's maids of honour, there was one called Warmestre ; she was a beauty very different from the other. Mrs. Middleton was well made, fair, and delicate ; but had in her behaviour and discourse something precise and affected. The indolent languishing airs she gave herself did not please every body : people grew weary of those sentiments of delicacy, which she endeavoured to explain without understanding them herself ; and instead of entertaining she became tiresome. In these attempts she gave herself so much trouble, that she made the company uneasy, and her ambition to pass for a wit, only established her the reputation of being tiresome, which lasted much longer than her beauty.

Miss Warmestre was brown : she had no shape at all, and still less air ; but she had a very lively complexion, very sparkling eyes, tempting looks, which spared nothing that might engage a lover, and promised every thing which could preserve him. In the end, it very plainly appeared that her consent went along with her eyes to the last degree of indiscretion.

It was between these two goddesses that the inclinations of the Chevalier de Grammont stood wavering, and between whom his presents were divided. Perfumed gloves, pocket looking-glasses,

elegant boxes, apricot paste, essences, and other small wares of love, arrived every week from Paris, with some new suit for himself; but, with regard to more solid presents, such as ear-rings, diamonds, brilliants, and bright guineas, all this was to be met with of the best sort in London, and the ladies were as well pleased with them as if they had been brought from abroad.

Miss Stewart's beauty began at this time to be celebrated. The Countess of Castlemaine perceived that the King paid attention to her; but, instead of being alarmed at it, she favoured, as far as she was able, this new inclination, whether from an indiscretion common to all those who think themselves superior to the rest of mankind, or whether she designed, by this pastime, to divert the King's attention from the commerce which she held with Jermyn. She was not satisfied with appearing without any degree of uneasiness at a preference which all the court began to remark: she even affected to make Miss Stewart her favourite, and invited her to all the entertainments she made for the King: and, in confidence of her own charms, with the greatest indiscretion, she often kept her to sleep. The King, who seldom neglected to visit the Countess before she rose, seldom failed likewise to find Miss Stewart in bed with her. The most indifferent objects have charms in a new attachment: however, the imprudent Countess was not jealous of this rival's appearing with her, in such a situation, being confident, that whenever she thought fit, she could

triumph over all the advantages which these opportunities could afford Miss Stewart; but she was quite mistaken.

The Chevalier de Grammont took notice of this conduct, without being able to comprehend it; but, as he was attentive to the inclinations of the King, he began to make his court to him by enhancing the merit of this new mistress. Her figure was more showy than engaging: it was hardly possible for a woman to have less wit, or more beauty: all her features were fine and regular; but her shape was not good: yet she was slender, straight enough, and taller than the generality of women: she was very graceful, danced well, and spoke French better than her mother tongue: she was well bred, and possessed, in perfection, that air of dress which is so much admired, and which cannot be attained, unless it be taken when young, in France. While her charms were gaining ground in the King's heart, the Countess of Castlemaine amused herself in the gratification of all her caprices.

Mrs. Hyde was one of the first of the beauties who were prejudiced with a blind prepossession in favour of Jermyn: she had just married a man whom she loved: by this marriage she became sister-in-law to the Duchess, brilliant by her own native lustre, and full of pleasantry and wit. However, she was of opinion, that so long as she was not talked of on account of Jermyn, all her other advantages would avail nothing for her glory: it was, therefore, to receive this finishing stroke, that she resolved to throw herself into his arms.

She was of a middle size, had a skin of a dazzling whiteness, fine hands, and a foot surprisingly beautiful, even in England: long custom had given such a languishing tenderness to her looks, that she never opened her eyes but like a Chinese; and, when she ogled, one would have thought she was doing something else.

Jermyn accepted of her at first; but, being soon puzzled what to do with her, he thought it best to sacrifice her to Lady Castlemaine. The sacrifice was far from being displeasing to her: it was much to her glory to have carried off Jermyn from so many competitors; but this was of no consequence in the end.

Jacob Hall, the famous rope-dancer, was at that time in vogue in London: his strength and agility charmed the public, even to a wish to know what he was in private; for he appeared, in his tumbling-dress, to be quite of a different make, and to have limbs very different from the fortunate Jermyn. The tumbler did not deceive Lady Castlemaine's expectations, if report may be believed; and as was intimated in many a song, much more to the honour of the rope-dancer than of the Countess; but she despised all these rumours, and only appeared still more handsome.

While satire thus found employment at her cost, there were continual contests for the favours of another beauty, who was not much more niggardly in that way than herself: this was the Countess of Shrewsbury.

The Earl of Arran, who had been one of her

*Countess of Shrewsbury*

first admirers, was not one of the last to desert her: this beauty, less famous for her conquests, than for the misfortunes she occasioned, placed her greatest merits in being more capricious than any other. As no person could boast of being the only one in her favour, so no person could complain of having been ill received.

Jermyn was displeased that she had made no advances to him, without considering that she had no leisure for it: his pride was offended; but the attempt which he made to take her from the rest of her lovers was very ill advised.

Thomas Howard, brother to the Earl of Carlisle, was one of them: there was not a braver, nor a more genteel man, in England; and though he was of a modest demeanour, and his manners appeared gentle and pacific, no person was more spirited, nor more passionate. Lady Shrewsbury, inconsiderately returning the first ogles of the invincible Jermyn, did not at all make herself more agreeable to Howard: that, however, she paid little attention to; yet, as she designed to keep fair with him, she consented to accept an entertainment which he had often proposed, and which she durst no longer refuse. A place of amusement, called Spring Garden, was fixed upon for the scene of this entertainment.

As soon as the party was settled, Jermyn was privately informed of it. Howard had a company in the regiment of guards, and one of the soldiers of his company played pretty well on the bagpipes: this soldier was therefore at the entertainment.

Jermyn was at the garden, as by chance; and, puffed up with his former successes, he trusted to his victorious air for accomplishing this last enterprise: he no sooner appeared on the walks, than her ladyship showed herself upon the balcony.

I know not how she stood affected to her hero; but Howard did not fancy him much: this did not prevent his coming up stairs, upon the first sign she made to him; and not content with acting the petty tyrant, at an entertainment not made for himself, no sooner had he gained the soft looks of the fair one, than he exhausted all his commonplace, and all his stock of low irony, in railing at the entertainment, and ridiculing the music.

Howard possessed but little raillery, and still less patience: three times was the banquet on the point of being stained with blood; but three times did he suppress his natural impetuosity, in order to satisfy his resentment elsewhere with greater freedom.

Jermyn, without paying the least attention to his ill-humour, pursued his point, continued talking to Lady Shrewsbury, and did not leave her until the repast was ended.

He went to bed, proud of this triumph, and was waked next morning by a challenge: he took, for his second, Giles Rawlings, a man of intrigue, and a deep player. Howard took Dillon, who was dexterous and brave, much of a gentleman, and, unfortunately, an intimate friend to Rawlings.

In this duel fortune did not side with the votaries of love: poor Rawlings was left stone dead; and

Jermyn, having received three wounds, was carried to his uncle's, with very little signs of life.

While the report of this event engaged the courtiers according to their several interests, the Chevalier de Grammont was informed by Jones, his friend, his confidant, and his rival, that there was another gentleman very attentive to Mrs. Middleton. This was Montagu, no very dangerous rival on account of his person, but very much to be feared for his assiduity, the acuteness of his wit, and for some other talents, which are of importance, when a man is once permitted to display them.

There needed not half so much to bring into action all the Chevalier's vivacity, in point of competition: vexation awakened in him whatever expedients the desire of revenge, malice, and experience could suggest, for troubling the designs of a rival, and tormenting a mistress. His first intention was to return her letters, and demand his presents, before he began to teaze her; but, rejecting this project, as too weak a revenge for the injustice done him, he was upon the point of conspiring the destruction of poor Mrs. Middleton, when, by accident, he met with Miss Hamilton. From this moment ended all his resentment against Mrs. Middleton, and all his attachment to Miss Warmestre: no longer was he inconstant: no longer were his wishes fluctuating: this object fixed them all; and, of all his former habits, none remained, except uneasiness and jealousy.

Here his first care was to please; but he very plainly saw, that to succeed, he must act quite in a

different manner to that which he had been accustomed to.

The family of the Hamiltons, being very numerous, lived in a large and commodious house near the court: the Duke of Ormond's family was continually with them; and here persons of the greatest distinction in London constantly met: the Chevalier de Grammont was here received in a manner agreeable to his merit and quality, and was astonished that he had spent so much time in other places; for, after having made this acquaintance, he was desirous of no other.

All the world agreed, that Miss Hamilton was worthy of the most ardent and sincere affection: nobody could boast a nobler birth, nothing was more charming than her person.

## CHAPTER VII

THE Chevalier de Grammont, never satisfied in his amours, was fortunate without being beloved, and became jealous without having an attachment.

Mrs. Middleton, as we have said, was going to experience what methods he could invent to torment, after having experienced his powers of pleasing.

He went in search of her to the Queen's drawing-room, where there was a ball: there she was; but fortunately for her, Miss Hamilton was there likewise. It had so happened, that of all the beautiful women at court, this was the lady whom he had least seen, and whom he had heard most commended: this, therefore, was the first time that he had a close view of her, and he soon found that he had seen nothing at court before this instant: he asked her some questions, to which she replied: as long as she was dancing, his eyes were fixed upon her; and from this time he no longer resented Mrs. Middleton's conduct. Miss

Hamilton was at the happy age when the charms of the fair sex begin to bloom: she had the finest shape, the loveliest neck, and most beautiful arms in the world: she was majestic and graceful in all her movements; and she was the original after which all the ladies copied in their taste and air of dress. Her forehead was open, white, and smooth: her hair was well set, and fell with ease into that natural order which it is so difficult to imitate. Her complexion was possessed of a certain freshness, not to be equalled by borrowed colours: her eyes were not large, but they were lively, and capable of expressing whatever she pleased: her mouth was full of graces, and her contour uncommonly perfect: nor was her nose, which was small, delicate, and turned up, the least ornament of so lovely a face. In fine, her air, her carriage, and the numberless graces dispersed over her whole person, made the Chevalier de Grammont not doubt, but that she was possessed of every other qualification. Her mind was a proper companion for such a form: she did not endeavour to shine in conversation by those sprightly sallies which only puzzle; and with still greater care she avoided that affected solemnity in her discourse, which produces stupidity; but, without any eagerness to talk, she just said what she ought, and no more. She had an admirable discernment in distinguishing between solid and false wit; and far from making an ostentatious display of her abilities, she was reserved, though very just in her decisions: her sentiments were always noble, and even lofty to

the highest extent, when there was occasion : nevertheless, she was less prepossessed with her own merit than is usually the case with those who have so much. Formed, as we have described, she could not fail of commanding love ; but so far was she from courting it, that she was scrupulously nice with respect to those whose merit might entitle them to form any pretensions to her.

The more the Chevalier de Grammont was convinced of these truths, the more did he endeavour to please and engage her in his turn : his entertaining wit, his conversation, lively, easy, and always distinguished by novelty, constantly gained him attention ; but he was much embarrassed to find that presents, which so easily made their way in his former method of courtship, were no longer proper in the mode which, for the future, he was obliged to pursue.

He had an old *valet de chambre* called Termes, a bold thief, and a still more impudent liar: he used to send this man from London every week, on the commissions we have before mentioned ; but after the disgrace of Mrs. Middleton, and the adventure of Miss Warmestre, Mr. Termes was only employed in bringing his master's clothes from Paris, and he did not always acquit himself with the greatest fidelity in that employment, as will appear hereafter.

The Queen was a woman of sense, and used all her endeavours to please the King, by that kind obliging behaviour which her affection made natural to her ; she was particularly attentive in promoting

every sort of pleasure and amusement, especially such as she could be present at herself.

She had contrived, for this purpose, a splendid masquerade, where those, whom she appointed to dance, had to represent different nations: she allowed some time for preparation, during which we may suppose, the tailors, the mantua-makers, and embroiderers were not idle: nor were the beauties, who were to be there, less anxiously employed; however, Miss Hamilton found time enough to invent two or three little tricks, in a conjuncture so favourable, for turning into ridicule the vain fools of the court. There were two who were very eminently such: the one was Lady Muskerry, who had married her cousin-german; and the other a maid of honour to the Duchess, called Blague.

The first, whose husband most assuredly never married her for beauty, was made like the generality of rich heiresses, to whom just Nature seems sparing of her gifts, in proportion as they are loaded with those of fortune: she had the shape of a woman big with child, without being so; but had a very good reason for limping; for, of two legs uncommonly short, one was much shorter than the other: a face suitable to this description gave the finishing stroke to this disagreeable figure.

Miss Blague was another species of ridicule: her shape was neither good nor bad: her countenance bore the appearance of the greatest insipidity, and her complexion was the same all over; with two little hollow eyes, adorned with white eyelashes, as long as one's finger. With these attractions she

*Catharine of Bragança*

placed herself in ambuscade to surprise unwary hearts; but she might have done so in vain, had it not been for the arrival of the Marquis de Brisacier. Heaven seemed to have made them for each other: he had in his person and manners every requisite to dazzle a creature of her character: he talked eternally, without saying any thing, and in his dress exceeded the most extravagant fashions. Miss Blague believed that all this finery was on her account; and the Marquis believed that her long eyelashes had never taken aim at any but himself: every body perceived their inclination for each other: but they had only conversed by mute interpreters, when Miss Hamilton took it into her head to intermeddle in their affairs.

She was willing to do every thing in order, and therefore began with her cousin Muskerry, on account of her rank. Her two darling foibles were dress and dancing. Magnificence of dress was intolerable with her figure; and though her dancing was still more insupportable, she never missed a ball at court: and the Queen had so much complaisance for the public, as always to make her dance; but it was impossible to give her a part in an intertainment so important and splendid as this masquerade: however, she was dying with impatience for the orders she expected.

It was in consequence of this impatience, of which Miss Hamilton was informed, that she founded the design of diverting herself at the expense of this silly woman. The Queen sent notes to those whom she appointed to be present, and

described the manner in which they were to be dressed. Miss Hamilton wrote a note exactly in the same manner to Lady Muskerry, with directions for her to be dressed in the Babylonian fashion.

She assembled her counsel to advise about the means of sending it: this cabinet was composed of one of her brothers and a sister, who were glad to divert themselves at the expense of those who deserved it. After having consulted some time, they at last resolved upon a mode of conveying it into her own hands. Lord Muskerry was just going out, when she received it: he was a man of honour, rather serious, very severe, and a mortal enemy to ridicule. His wife's deformity was not so intolerable to him, as the ridiculous figure she made upon all occasions. He thought that he was safe in the present case, not believing that the Queen would spoil her masquerade by naming Lady Muskerry as one of the dancers; nevertheless, as he was acquainted with the passion his wife had to expose herself in public, by her dress and dancing, he had just been advising her very seriously to content herself with being a spectator of this entertainment, even though the Queen should have the cruelty to engage her in it: he then took the liberty to shew her what little similarity there was between her figure, and that of persons to whom dancing and magnificence in dress were allowable. His sermon concluded at last, by an express prohibition to solicit a place at this entertainment, which they had no thoughts of giving her; but far from taking

his advice in good part, she imagined that he was the only person who had prevented the Queen from doing her an honour she so ardently desired; and as soon as he was gone out, her design was to go and throw herself at her Majesty's feet to demand justice. She was in this very disposition when she received the billet; three times did she kiss it, and without regarding her husband's injunctions, she immediately got into her coach in order to get information of the merchants who traded to the Levant, in what manner the ladies of quality dressed in Babylon.

The plot laid for Miss Blague was of a different kind: she had such faith in her charms, and was so confident of their effects, that she could believe any thing. Brisacier, whom she looked upon as desperately smitten, had wit, which he set off with commonplace talk, and with little sonnets: he sung out of tune most methodically, and was continually exerting one or other of these happy talents: the Duke of Buckingham did all he could to spoil him, by the praises he bestowed both upon his voice and upon his wit.

Miss Blague, who hardly understood a word of French, regulated herself upon the Duke's authority, in admiring the one and the other. It was remarked, that all the words which he sung to her were in praise of fair women, and that always taking this to herself, she cast down her eyes in acknowledgment and consciousness. It was upon these observations they resolved to make a jest of her, the first opportunity.

While these little projects were forming, the King, who always wished to oblige the Chevalier de Grammont, asked him if he would make one at the masquerade, on condition of being Miss Hamilton's partner? He did not pretend to dance sufficiently well for an occasion like the present; yet he was far from refusing the offer: "Sire," said he, "of all the favours you have been pleased to shew me, since my arrival, I feel this more sensibly than any other; and to convince you of my gratitude, I promise you all the good offices in my power with Miss Stewart." He said this, because they had just given her an apartment separate from the rest of the maids of honour, which made the courtiers begin to pay respect to her. The King was very well pleased at this pleasantry, and having thanked him for so necessary an offer: "Monsieur le Chevalier," said he, "in what style do you intend to dress yourself for the ball? I leave you the choice of all countries." "If so," said the Chevalier, "I will dress after the French manner, in order to disguise myself; for they already do me the honour to take me for an Englishman in your city of London. Had it not been for this, I should have wished to have appeared as a Roman; but for fear of embroiling myself with Prince Rupert, who so warmly espouses the interests of Alexander against Lord Thanet, who declares himself for Cæsar, I dare no longer think of assuming the hero; nevertheless, though I may dance awkwardly, yet, by observing the tune, and with a little alertness, I hope to come off pretty well; besides, Miss Hamilton will take care that

too much attention shall not be paid to me. As for my dress, I shall send Termes off to-morrow morning; and if I do not shew you at his return the most splendid habit you have ever seen, look upon mine as the most disgraced nation in your masquerade."

Termes set out with ample instructions, on the subject of his journey; and his master redoubling his impatience on an occasion like the present, before the courier could be landed, began to count the minutes in expectation of his return: thus was he employed, until the very eve of the ball; and that was the day that Miss Hamilton and her little society had fixed for the execution of their project.

Martial gloves were then very much in fashion: she had by chance several pairs of them: she sent one to Miss Blague, accompanied with four yards of yellow riband, the palest she could find, to which she added this note:—

"You were the other day more charming than all the fair women in the world: you looked yesterday still more fair than you did the day before: if you go on, what will become of my heart? But it is a long time since that has been a prey to your pretty little *young wild boar's eyes*. Shall you be at the masquerade to-morrow? But can there be any charms at an entertainment at which you are not present? It does not signify: I shall know you in whatever disguise you may be: but I shall be better informed of my fate by the present I send you; you will wear knots of this riband in your hair; and these gloves will kiss the most beautiful hands in the universe."

This billet, with the present, were delivered to Miss Blague, with the same success as the other had been conveyed to Lady Muskerry. Miss Hamilton had just received an account of it, when the latter came to pay her a visit: something seemed to possess her thoughts very much; when, having staid some time, her cousin desired her to walk into her cabinet. As soon as they were there: "I desire your secrecy for what I am going to tell you," said Lady Muskerry. "Do not you wonder what strange creatures men are? Do not trust to them, my dear cousin: my Lord Muskerry, who, before our marriage, could have passed whole days and nights in seeing me dance, thinks proper now to forbid me dancing, and says it does not become me. This is not all: he has so often rung in my ears the subject of this masquerade, that I am obliged to hide from him the honour the Queen has done me, in inviting me to it. However, I am surprised I am not informed who is to be my partner: but if you knew what a plague it is, to find out, in this cursed town, in what manner the people of Babylon dress, you would pity me for what I have suffered since the time I have been appointed: besides, the cost which it puts me to is beyond all imagination."

Here it was that Miss Hamilton's inclination to laugh, which had increased in proportion as she endeavoured to suppress it, at length overcame her, and broke out in an immoderate fit. Lady Muskerry took it in good-humour, not doubting but that it was the fantastical conduct of her husband that

she was laughing at. Miss Hamilton told her, that all husbands were much the same, and that one ought not to be concerned at their whims; that she did not know who was to be her partner at the masquerade; but that, as she was named, the gentleman named with her would certainly not fail to attend her; although she could not comprehend why he had not yet declared himself, unless he likewise had some fantastical spouse, who had forbid him to dance.

This conversation being finished, Lady Muskerry went away in great haste, to endeavour to learn some news of her partner. Those who were accomplices in the plot were laughing very heartily at this visit, when Lord Muskerry paid them one in his turn, and taking Miss Hamilton aside: "Do you know," said he, "whether there is to be any ball in the city to-morrow?" "No," said she; "but why do you ask?" "Because," said he, "I am informed that my wife is making great preparations of dress. I know very well she is not to be at the masquerade: that I have taken care of; but as the devil is in her for dancing, I am very much afraid that she will be affording some fresh subject for ridicule, notwithstanding all my precautions: however, if it was amongst the citizens, at some private party, I should not much mind it."

They satisfied him as well as they could, and having dismissed him, under pretence of a thousand things they had to prepare for the next day, Miss Hamilton thought herself at liberty for that morning, when in came Miss Price, one of the maids of

honour to the duchess. This was just what she was wishing for: this lady and Miss Blague had been at variance some time, on account of Duncan, whom Miss Price had drawn away from the other; and hatred still subsisted between these two divinities.

Though the maids of honour were not nominated for the masquerade, yet they were to assist at it: and consequently were to neglect nothing to set themselves off to advantage. Miss Hamilton had still another pair of gloves of the same sort as those she had sent to Miss Blague, which she made a present of to her rival, with a few knots of the same riband, which appeared to have been made on purpose for her, brown as she was. Miss Price returned her a thousand thanks, and promised to do herself the honour of wearing them at the ball. "You will oblige me if you do," said Miss Hamilton, "but if you mention that such a trifle as this comes from me, I shall never forgive you; but," continued she, "do not go and rob poor Miss Blague of the Marquis Brisacier, as you already have of Duncan: I know very well that it is wholly in your power: you have wit: you speak French; and were he once to converse with you ever so little, the other could have no pretensions to him." This was enough: Miss Blague was only ridiculous and coquettish: Miss Price was ridiculous, coquettish, and something else besides.

The day being come, the court, more splendid than ever, exhibited all its magnificence at this masquerade. The company were all met except the Chevalier de Grammont: every body was

astonished that he should be one of the last at such a time, as his readiness was so remarkable on every occasion ; but they were still more surprised, to see him at length appear in an ordinary court-dress, which he had worn before. The thing was preposterous on such an occasion, and very extraordinary with respect to him : in vain had he the finest point-lace, with the largest and best-powdered peruke imaginable : his dress, magnificent enough for any other purpose, was not at all proper for this entertainment.

The King immediately took notice of it : "Chevalier," said he, "Termes is not arrived then?" "Pardon me, Sire," said he, "God be thanked!" "Why God be thanked?" said the King ; "has any thing happened to him on the road?" "Sire," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "this is the history of my dress, and of Termes, my messenger." At these words the ball, ready to begin, was suspended : the dancers making a circle around the Chevalier de Grammont, he continued his story in the following manner :—

"It is now two days since this fellow ought to have been here, according to my orders and his protestations : you may judge of my impatience all this day, when I found he did not come ; at last, after I had heartily cursed him, about an hour ago he arrived, splashed all over from head to foot, booted up to the waist, and looking as if he had been excommunicated : 'Very well, Mr. Scoundrel,' said I, 'this is just like you ; you must be waited for to the very last minute, and it is a miracle that

you are arrived at all.' 'Yes, faith,' said he, 'it is a miracle. You are always grumbling: I had the finest suit in the world made for you, which the Duke de Guise himself was at the trouble of ordering.' 'Give it me, then, scoundrel,' said I. 'Sir, said he, 'if I did not employ a dozen embroiderers upon it, who did nothing but work day and night, I am a rascal: I never left them one moment.' 'And where is it, traitor?' said I: 'do not stand here prating, while I should be dressing.' 'I had,' continued he, 'packed it up, made it tight, and folded it in such a manner that all the rain in the world could never have been able to reach it; and I rid post, day and night, knowing your impatience, and that you were not to be trifled with.'——'But where is it?' said I. 'Lost, Sir,' said he, clasping his hands. 'How! lost,' said I, in surprise. 'Yes, lost, perished, swallowed up: what can I say more?' 'What, was the packet-boat cast away then?' said I. 'Oh! indeed, Sir, a great deal worse, as you shall see,' answered he: 'I was within half a league of Calais yesterday morning, and I was resolved to go by the seaside, to make greater haste; but, indeed they say very true, that nothing is like the highway: for I got into a quicksand, where I sunk up to the chin.' 'A quicksand,' said I, 'near Calais?' 'Yes, Sir,' said he, 'and such a quicksand, that, the devil take me, if they saw any thing but the top of my head when they pulled me out: as for my horse, fifteen men could scarce get him out; but the portmanteau, where I had unfortunately put your clothes, could never

be found: it must be at least a league underground.'

"This, Sire," continued the Chevalier de Grammont, "is the adventure, and the relation which this honest gentleman has given me of it. I should certainly have killed him, but I was afraid of making Miss Hamilton wait, and I was desirous of giving your Majesty immediate advice of the quicksand, that your couriers may take care to avoid it."

The king was ready to split his sides with laughing, when the Chevalier de Grammont, resuming the discourse, "Apropos, Sire," said he, "I had forgot to tell you, that to increase my ill-humour, I was stopped, as I was getting out of my chair, by the devil of a phantom in masquerade, who would by all means persuade me, that the Queen had commanded me to dance with her; and, as I excused myself with the least rudeness possible, she charged me to find out who was to be her partner, and desired me to send him to her immediately: so that your Majesty will do well to give orders about it; for she has placed herself in ambush in a coach, to seize upon all those who pass through Whitehall. However, I must tell you, that it is worth while to see her dress; for she must have at least sixty ells of gauze and silver tissue about her, not to mention a sort of a pyramid upon her head, adorned with a hundred thousand baubles."

This last account surprised all the assembly, except those who had a share in the plot. The Queen assured them that all she had appointed for

the ball were present ; and the King, having paused some minutes : "I bet," said he, "that it is the Duchess of Newcastle." "And I," said Lord Muskerry, coming up to Miss Hamilton, "will bet it is another fool ; for I am very much mistaken if it is not my wife."

The King was for sending to know who it was, and to bring her in : Lord Muskerry offered himself for that service, for the reason already mentioned ; and it was very well he did so. Miss Hamilton was not sorry for this, knowing very well that he was not mistaken in his conjecture : the jest would have gone much farther than she intended, if the Princess of Babylon had appeared in all her glory.

The ball was not very well executed, if one may be allowed the expression, so long as they danced only slow dances ; and yet there were as good dancers, and as beautiful women in this assembly, as were to be found in the whole world : but as their number was not great, they left the French, and went to country dances. When they had danced some time, the King thought fit to introduce his auxiliaries, to give the others a little respite : the Queen's and the Duchess's maids of honour were therefore called in to dance with the gentlemen.

Then it was that they were at leisure to take notice of Miss Blague, and they found that the billet they had conveyed to her on the part of Brisacier had its effect : she was more yellow than saffron : her hair was stuffed with the citron-coloured riband, which she had put there out of

complaisance ; and, to inform Brisacier of his fate, she raised often to her head her victorious hands, adorned with the gloves we have before mentioned : but, if they were surprised to see her in a headdress that made her look more wan than ever, she was very differently surprised to see Miss Price partake with her in every particular of Brisacier's present : her surprise soon turned to jealousy ; for her rival had not failed to join in conversation with him, on account of what had been insinuated to her the evening before ; nor did Brisacier fail to return her first advances, without paying the least attention to the fair Blague, nor to the signs which she was tormenting herself to make him, to inform him of his happy destiny.

Miss Price was short and thick, and consequently no dancer : the Duke of Buckingham, who brought Brisacier forward as often as he could, came to desire him, on the part of the King, to dance with Miss Blague, without knowing what was then passing in this nymph's heart : Brisacier excused himself, on account of the contempt that he had for country dances : Miss Blague thought that it was herself that he despised ; and, seeing that he was engaged in conversation with her mortal enemy, she began to dance, without knowing what she was doing. Though her indignation and jealousy were sufficiently remarkable to divert the court, none but Miss Hamilton and her accomplices understood the joke perfectly : their pleasure was quite complete ; for Lord Muskerry returned, still more confounded at the vision, of which the

Chevalier de Grammont had given the description: he acquainted Miss Hamilton, that it was Lady Muskerry herself, a thousand times more ridiculous than she had ever been before, and that he had had an immense trouble to get her home, and place a sentry at her chamber door.

The reader may think, perhaps, that we have dwelt too long on these trifling incidents; perhaps he may be right: we will, therefore, pass to others.

Every thing favoured the Chevalier de Grammont in the new passion which he entertained: he was not, however, without rivals; but, what is a great deal more extraordinary, he was without uneasiness: he was acquainted with their understandings, and no stranger to Miss Hamilton's way of thinking.

Among her lovers, the most considerable, though the least professedly so, was the Duke of York: it was in vain for him to conceal it, the court was too well acquainted with his character to doubt of his inclinations for her: he did not think it proper to declare such sentiments as were not fit for Miss Hamilton to hear; but he talked to her as much as he could, and ogled her with great assiduity. As hunting was his favourite diversion, that sport employed him one part of the day, and he came home generally much fatigued; but Miss Hamilton's presence revived him, when he found her either with the Queen or the Duchess: there it was that, not daring to tell her of what lay heavy on his heart, he entertained her with what he had in his

head ; telling her miracles of the cunning of foxes and the mettle of horses ; giving her accounts of broken legs and arms, dislocated shoulders, and other curious and entertaining adventures ; after which, his eyes told her the rest, till such time as sleep interrupted their conversation ; for these tender interpreters could not help sometimes composing themselves in the midst of their ogling.

The Duchess was not at all alarmed at a passion which her rival was far from thinking sincere, and with which she used to divert herself, as far as respect would permit her : on the contrary, as her Highness had an affection and esteem for Miss Hamilton, she never treated her more graciously than on the present occasion.

The two Russells, uncle and nephew, were two other of the Chevalier de Grammont's rivals : the uncle was full seventy, and had distinguished himself by his courage and fidelity in the civil wars : his passions and intentions, with regard to Miss Hamilton, appeared both at once ; but his magnificence only appeared by halves in those gallantries which love inspires. It was not long since the fashion of high-crowned hats had been left off, in order to fall into the other extreme : old Russell, amazed at so terrible a change, resolved to keep a medium, which made him remarkable : he was still more so, by his constancy for cut doublets, which he supported a long time after they had been universally suppressed ; but, what was more surprising than all, was a certain mixture of avarice

and liberality, constantly at war with each other, ever since he had entered the lists with love.

His nephew was only of a younger brother's family, but was considered as his uncle's heir ; and though he was under the necessity of attending to his uncle for an establishment, and still more so of humouring him, in order to get his estate, he could not avoid his fate. Mrs. Middleton shewed him a sufficient degree of preference ; but her favours could not secure him from the charms of Miss Hamilton : his person would have had nothing disagreeable in it, if he had but left it to nature ; but he was formal in all his actions, and silent even to stupidity ; and yet rather more tiresome when he did speak.

The Chevalier de Grammont, very much at his ease in all these competitions, engaged himself more and more in his passion, without forming other designs, or conceiving other hopes, than to render himself agreeable : though his passion was openly declared, no person at court regarded it otherwise than as a habit of gallantry, which goes no farther than to do justice to merit.

His monitor, Saint Evremond, was quite of a different opinion ; and finding, that, besides an immense increase of magnificence and assiduity, he regretted those hours which he bestowed on play ; that he no longer sought after those long and agreeable conversations they used to have together ; and that this new attachment everywhere robbed him of himself.

" Monsieur le Chevalier," said he, " methinks

that for some time you have left the town beauties and their lovers in perfect repose : Mrs. Middleton makes fresh conquests with impunity, and wears your presents, under your nose, without your taking the smallest notice : poor Miss Warmestre has been very quietly brought to bed in the midst of the court, without your having even said a word about it : I foresaw it plain enough, Monsieur le Chevalier, you have got acquainted with Miss Hamilton, and, what has never before happened to you, you are really in love ; but let us consider a little what may be the consequence. In the first place, then, I believe, you have not the least intention of seducing her : such is her birth and merit, that if you were in possession of the estate and title of your family, it might be excusable in you to offer yourself upon honourable terms, however ridiculous marriage may be in general ; for, if you only wish for wit, prudence, and the treasures of beauty, you could not pay your addresses to a more proper person : but for you, who possess only a very moderate share of those of fortune, you cannot pay your addresses more improperly.

"For your brother Toulongeon, whose disposition I am acquainted with, will not have the complaisance to die, to favour your pretensions : but suppose you had a competent fortune for you both, and that is supposing a good deal, are you acquainted with the delicacy, not to say capriciousness, of this fair one about such an engagement? Do you know that she has had the choice of the best matches in England ? The Duke of Richmond

paid his addresses to her first ; but though he was in love with her, still he was mercenary : however, the King, observing that want of fortune was the only impediment to the match, took that article upon himself, out of regard to the Duke of Ormond, to the merit and birth of Miss Hamilton, and to her father's services ; but, resenting that a man who pretended to be in love should bargain like a merchant, and likewise reflecting upon his character in the world, she did not think that being Duchess of Richmond was sufficient recompense for the danger that was to be feared from a brute and a debauchee.

"Has not little Jermyn, notwithstanding his uncle's great estate and his own brilliant reputation, failed in his suit to her? And has she ever so much as vouchsafed to look at Henry Howard, who is upon the point of being the first duke in England, and who is already in actual possession of all the estates of the house of Norfolk? I confess that he is a clown ; but what other lady in all England would not have dispensed with his stupidity, and his disagreeable person, to be the first duchess in the kingdom, with twenty-five thousand a year?

"To conclude ; Lord Falmouth has told me himself, that he has always looked upon her as the only acquisition wanting to complete his happiness ; but that, even at the height of the splendour of his fortune, he never had had the assurance to open his sentiments to her ; that he either felt in himself too much weakness, or too much pride, to be

satisfied with obtaining her solely by the persuasion of her relations ; and that, though the first refusals of the fair on such occasions are not much minded, he knew with what an air she had received the addresses of those whose persons she did not like. After this, Monsieur le Chevalier, consider what method you intend to pursue ; for, if you are in love, the passion will still increase, and the greater the attachment, the less capable will you be of making those serious reflections that are now in your power."

"My poor philosopher," answered the Chevalier de Grammont, "you understand Latin very well, you can make good verses, you understand the course, and are acquainted with the nature of the stars in the firmament ; but, as for the luminaries of the terrestrial globe, you are utterly unacquainted with them ; you have told me nothing about Miss Hamilton, but what the King told me three days ago. That she has refused the savages you have mentioned is all in her favour ; if she had admitted their addresses, I would have had nothing to say to her, though I love her to distraction. Attend now to what I am going to say ; I am resolved to marry her, and I will have my tutor Saint Evremond himself to be the first man to commend me for it. As for an establishment, I shall make my peace with the King, and will solicit him to make her one of the ladies of the bedchamber to the Queen ; this he will grant me. Toulongeon will die, without my assistance, and notwithstanding all his care ; and Miss Hamilton will have Semeat,

with the Chevalier de Grammont, as an indemnification for the Norfolks and Richmonds. Now, have you any thing to advance against this project? For I will bet you a hundred louis, that every thing will happen as I have foretold it."

At this time the King's attachment to Miss Stewart was so public, that every person perceived, that if she was but possessed of art, she might become as absolute a mistress over his conduct as she was over his heart. This was a fine opportunity for those who had experience and ambition. The Duke of Buckingham formed the design of governing her in order to ingratiate himself with the King; God knows what a governor he would have been, and what a head he was possessed of, to guide another; however, he was the properest man in the world to insinuate himself with Miss Stewart; she was childish in her behaviour, and laughed at every thing, and her taste for frivolous amusements, though unaffected, was only allowable in a girl about twelve or thirteen years old. A child, however, she was, in every other respect, except playing with a doll; blind-man's buff was her most favourite amusement; she was building castles of cards, while the deepest play was going on in her apartments, where you saw her surrounded by eager courtiers, who handed her the cards, or young architects, who endeavoured to imitate her.

She had, however, a passion for music, and had some taste for singing. The Duke of Buckingham, who built the finest towers of cards imaginable, had

an agreeable voice: she had no aversion to scandal; and the Duke was both the father and the mother of scandal; he made songs, and invented old women's stories with which she was delighted; but his particular talent consisted in turning into ridicule whatever was ridiculous in other people, and in taking them off, even in their presence, without their perceiving it. In short, he knew how to act all parts, with so much grace and pleasantry, that it was difficult to do without him, when he had a mind to make himself agreeable; and he made himself so necessary to Miss Stewart's amusement, that she sent all over the town to seek for him, when he did not attend the King to her apartments.

He was extremely handsome, and still thought himself much more so than he really was; although he had a great deal of discernment, yet his vanity made him mistake some civilities as intended for his person, which were only bestowed on his wit and drollery. In short, being seduced by too good an opinion of his own merit, he forgot his first project and his Portuguese mistress, in order to pursue a fancy in which he mistook himself; for he no sooner began to act a serious part with Miss Stewart, than he met with so severe a repulse, that he abandoned, at once, all his designs upon her; however, the familiarity she had procured him with the King opened the way to those favours to which he was afterwards advanced.

Lord Arlington took up the project which the Duke of Buckingham had abandoned, and

endeavoured to gain possession of the mind of the mistress, in order to govern the master. A man of greater merit and higher birth than himself might, however, have been satisfied with the fortune he had already acquired. His first negotiations were during the treaty of the Pyrenees ; and though he was unsuccessful in his proceedings for his employer, yet he did not altogether lose his time ; for he perfectly acquired, in his exterior, the serious air and profound gravity of the Spaniards, and imitated pretty well their tardiness in business ; he had a scar across his nose, which was covered by a long patch, or, rather, by a small plaster, in form of a lozenge.

Scars in the face commonly give a man a certain fierce and martial air, which sets him off to advantage ; but it was quite the contrary with him, and this remarkable plaster so well suited his mysterious looks, that it seemed an addition to his gravity and self-sufficiency.

Arlington, under the mask of this compound countenance, where great earnestness passed for business, and impenetrable stupidity for secrecy, had given himself the character of a great politician ; and no one having leisure to examine him, he was taken at his word, and had been made minister and secretary of state, upon the credit of his own importance.

His ambition soaring still above these high stations, after having provided himself with a great number of fine maxims, and some historical anecdotes, he obtained an audience of Miss Stewart, in order to display them ; at the same time offering

her his most humble services, and best advice, to assist her in conducting herself in the situation to which it had pleased God, and her virtue, to raise her. But he was only in the preface of his speech, when she recollected that he was at the head of those whom the Duke of Buckingham used to mimic; and as his presence and his language exactly revived the ridiculous ideas that had been given her of him, she could not forbear bursting out into a fit of laughter in his face, so much the more violent as she had for a long time struggled to suppress it.

The minister was enraged: his pride became his post, and his punctilious behaviour merited all the ridicule which could be attached to it: he quitted her abruptly, with all the fine advice he had prepared for her, and was almost tempted to carry it to Lady Castlemaine, and to unite himself with her interests; or immediately to quit the court party, and declaim freely in parliament against the grievances of the state, and particularly to propose an act to forbid the keeping of mistresses; but his prudence conquered his resentments; and thinking only how to enjoy with pleasure the blessings of fortune, he sent to Holland for a wife, in order to complete his felicity.

Hamilton was, of all the courtiers, the best qualified to succeed in an enterprise in which the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Arlington had miscarried: he was thinking upon it; but his natural coquetry traversed his intentions, and made him neglect the most advantageous prospects in the

world, in order unnecessarily to attend to the advances and allurements thrown out to him by the Countess of Chesterfield. This was one of the most agreeable women in the world: she had a most exquisite shape, though she was not very tall: her complexion was extremely fair, with all the expressive charms of a brunette: she had large blue eyes, very tempting and alluring: her manners were engaging: her wit lively and amusing; but her heart, ever open to tender sentiments, was neither scrupulous in point of constancy, nor nice in point of sincerity. She was daughter to the Duke of Ormond, and Hamilton, being her cousin-german, they might be as much as they pleased in each other's company without being particular; but as soon as her eyes gave him some encouragement, he entertained no other thoughts than how to please her, without considering her fickleness, or the obstacles he had to encounter. His intention, which we mentioned before, of establishing himself in the confidence of Miss Stewart, no longer occupied his thoughts: she now was of opinion that she was capable of being the mistress of her own conduct: she had done all that was necessary to inflame the King's passions, without exposing her virtue by granting the last favours; but the eagerness of a passionate lover, blessed with favourable opportunities, is difficult to withstand, and still more difficult to vanquish; and Miss Stewart's virtue was almost exhausted, when the Queen was attacked with a violent fever, which soon reduced her to extreme danger.

Then it was that Miss Stewart was greatly pleased with herself for the resistance she had made, though she had paid dearly for it: a thousand flattering hopes of greatness and glory filled her heart, and the additional respect that was universally paid her contributed not a little to increase them. The Queen was given over by her physicians: the few Portuguese women, that had not been sent back to their own country, filled the court with doleful cries; and the good-nature of the King was much affected with the situation in which he saw a princess, whom, though he did not love her, yet he greatly esteemed. She loved him tenderly, and thinking that it was the last time she should ever speak to him, she told him, "That the concern he shewed for her death was enough to make her quit life with regret; but that not possessing charms sufficient to merit his tenderness, she had at least the consolation in dying to give place to a consort, who might be more worthy of it, and to whom heaven, perhaps, might grant a blessing that had been refused to her." At these words, she bathed his hands with some tears, which he thought would be her last: he mingled his own with hers; and without supposing she would take him at his word, he conjured her to live for his sake. She had never yet disobeyed him; and, however dangerous sudden impulses may be, when one is between life and death, this transport of joy, which might have proved fatal to her, saved her life, and the King's wonderful tenderness had an effect, for which every person did not thank heaven in the same manner.

Jermyn had now for some time been recovered of his wounds : however, Lady Castlemaine, finding his health in as deplorable a condition as ever, resolved to regain the King's heart, but in vain : for notwithstanding the softness of her tears, and the violence of her passions, Miss Stewart wholly possessed it. During this period the court was variously entertained : sometimes there were promenades, and at others the court beauties sallied out on horseback, and to make attacks with their charms and graces, sometimes successfully, sometimes otherwise, but always to the best of their abilities : at other seasons there were such shows on the river, as the city of London alone can afford.

The Thames washes the sides of a large though not a magnificent palace of the kings of Great Britain : from the stairs of this palace the court used to take water, in the summer evenings, when the heat and dust prevented their walking in the Park : an infinite number of open boats, filled with the court and city beauties, attended the barges, in which were the royal family : collations, music, and fireworks completed the scene. The Chevalier de Grammont always made one of the company, and it was very seldom that he did not add something of his own invention, agreeably to surprise by some unexpected stroke of magnificence and gallantry. Sometimes he had complete concerts of vocal and instrumental music, which he privately brought from Paris, and which struck up on a sudden in the midst of these parties : sometimes he

gave banquets, which likewise came from France, and which, even in the midst of London, surpassed the King's collations. These entertainments sometimes exceeded, at others fell short of his expectations, but they always cost him an immense deal of money.

Lord Falmouth was one of those who had the greatest friendship and esteem for the Chevalier de Grammont: this profusion gave him concern, and as he often used to go and sup with him without ceremony, one day finding only Saint Evremond there, and a supper fit for half a dozen guests, who had been invited in form: "You must not," said he, addressing himself to the Chevalier de Grammont, "be obliged to me for this visit: I come from the King's *coucher*, where all the discourse was about you; and I can assure you that the manner in which the King spoke of you could not afford you so much pleasure as I myself felt upon the occasion. You know very well, that he has long since offered you his good offices with the King of France; and for my own part," continued he, smiling, "you know very well that I would solicit him so to do, if it was not through fear of losing you as soon as your peace is made; but, thanks to Miss Hamilton, you are in no great haste: however, I am ordered by the King my master to acquaint you, that while you remain here, until you are restored to the favour of your sovereign, he presents you with a pension of fifteen hundred Jacobus's: it is indeed a trifle, considering the figure the Chevalier de Grammont makes

among us; but it will assist him," said he, embracing him, "to give us sometimes a supper."

The Chevalier de Grammont received, as he ought, the offer of a favour he did not think proper to accept: "I acknowledge," said he, "the King's bounty in this proposal, but I am still more sensible of Lord Falmouth's generosity in it; and I request him to assure his Majesty of my perfect gratitude: the King my master will not suffer me to want, when he thinks fit to recall me; and while I continue here, I will let you see that I have wherewithal to give my English friends now and then a supper."

At these words, he called for his strong box, and shewed him seven or eight thousand guineas in solid gold. Lord Falmouth, willing to improve to the Chevalier's advantage the refusal of so advantageous an offer, gave Monsieur de Comminge, then ambassador at the English court, an account of it; nor did Monsieur de Comminge fail to represent properly the merit of such a refusal to the French court.

Hyde Park, every one knows, is the promenade of London; nothing was so much in fashion, during the fine weather, as that promenade, which was the rendezvous of magnificence and beauty: every one, therefore, who had either sparkling eyes, or a splendid equipage, constantly repaired thither, and the King seemed pleased with the place.

Coaches with glasses were then a late invention: the ladies were afraid of being shut up in them: they greatly preferred the pleasure of showing almost their whole persons, to the conveniences of

modern coaches: that which was made for the King not being remarkable for its elegance, the Chevalier de Grammont was of opinion that something ingenious might be invented, which should partake of the ancient fashion, and likewise prove preferable to the modern; he therefore sent away Termes privately with all the necessary instructions to Paris: the Duke of Guise was likewise charged with this commission; and the courier, having by the favour of Providence escaped the quicksand, in a month's time brought safely over to England the most elegant and magnificent calash that had ever been seen, which the Chevalier presented to the King.

The Chevalier de Grammont had given orders, that fifteen hundred louis should be expended upon it; but the Duke of Guise, who was his friend, to oblige him, laid out two thousand. All the court was in admiration at the magnificence of the present; and the King, charmed with the Chevalier's attention to every thing which could afford him pleasure, failed not to acknowledge it: he would not, however, accept a present of so much value, but upon condition that the Chevalier should not refuse another from him.

The Queen, imagining that so splendid a carriage might prove fortunate for her, wished to appear in it first, with the Duchess of York. Lady Castlemaine, who had seen them in it, thinking that it set off a fine figure to greater advantage than any other, desired the King to lend her this wonderful calash to appear in it the first fine day in Hyde

Park. Miss Stewart had the same wish, and requested to have it on the same day. As it was impossible to reconcile these two goddesses, whose former union was turned into mortal hatred, the King was very much perplexed.

Lady Castlemaine was with child, and threatened to miscarry, if her rival was preferred. Miss Stewart threatened that she never would be with child, if her request was not granted: this menace prevailed, and Lady Castlemaine's rage was so great, that she had almost kept her word; and it was believed that this triumph cost her rival some of her innocence.

The Queen Dowager, who, though she had no share in these broils, had no objection to them, and as usual being diverted with this circumstance, she took occasion to joke with the Chevalier de Grammont, for having thrown this bone of contention among such competitors; and did not fail to give him, in the presence of the whole court, those praises which so magnificent a present deserved: "But how comes it," said she, "that you have no equipage yourself, though you are at so great an expense? for I am told that you do not keep even a single footman, and that one of the common runners in the streets lights you home with a stinking link." "Madam," said he, "the Chevalier de Grammont hates pomp: my link-boy, of whom you speak, is faithful to my service; and besides, he is one of the bravest fellows in the world. Your Majesty is unacquainted with the nation of link-boys: it is a charming one, I can

assure you: a man cannot step out in the night without being surrounded by a dozen of them. The first time I became acquainted with them, I retained all that offered me their services; so that when I arrived at Whitehall, I had at least two hundred about my chair. The sight was new; for those who had seen me pass with this illumination, asked whose funeral it was. These gentlemen, however, began fighting about some dozen shillings I had thrown among them then; and he whom your Majesty mentions having beaten three or four of his companions, I retained him for his valour. As for the parade of coaches and footmen, I despise it: I have sometimes had five or six *valets de chambre* at once, without having a single servant in livery, except my chaplain Poussatin." "How!" said the Queen, bursting out a-laughing, "a chaplain in your livery! he surely was not a priest?" "Pardon me, Madam," said he, "and the first priest in the world for dancing the Biscayan jig." "Chevalier," said the King, "pray tell us the history of your chaplain Poussatin."

## CHAPTER VIII

"SIR," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "the Prince de Condé besieged Lerida; the place in itself was nothing; but Don Gregorio Brice, who defended it, was something. He was one of those Spaniards of the old stamp, as valiant as the Cid, as proud as all the Guzmans put together, and more gallant than all the Abencerrages of Grenada: he suffered us to make our first approaches to the place, without the least molestation. The Marshal de Grammont, whose maxim it was, that a governor who at first makes a great blustering, and burns his suburbs in order to make a noble defence, generally makes a very bad one, looked upon Gregorio de Brice's politeness as no good omen for us; but the Prince, covered with glory, and elated with the campaigns of Rocroy, Norlinguen, and Fribourg, to insult both the place and the governor, ordered the trenches to be mounted at noonday by his own regiment, at the head of which marched four-and-twenty fiddlers, as if it had been to a wedding.

"Night approaching, we were all in high spirits: our violins were playing soft airs, and we were comfortably regaling ourselves: God knows how we were joking about the poor governor and his fortifications, both of which we promised ourselves to take in less than twenty-four hours. This was going on in the trenches, when we heard an ominous cry from the ramparts, repeated two or three times, of 'Alerte on the walls!' This cry was followed by a discharge of cannon and musketry, and this discharge by a vigorous sally, which, after having filled up the trenches, pursued us as far as our grand guard.

"The next day, Gregorio Brice sent by a trumpet a present of ice and fruit to the Prince de Condé, humbly beseeching his Highness to excuse his not returning the serenade which he was pleased to favour him with, as unfortunately he had no violins; but that, if the music of last night was not disagreeable to him, he would endeavour to continue it as long as he did him the honour to remain before the place. The Spaniard was as good as his word; and as soon as we heard 'Alerte on the walls,' we were sure of a sally, that cleared our trenches, destroyed our works, and killed the best of our officers and soldiers. The Prince was so piqued at it, that, contrary to the opinion of the general officers, he obstinately persisted in carrying on a siege, which was like to ruin his army, and which he was at last forced to quit in a hurry.

"As our troops were retiring, Don Gregorio, far from giving himself those airs which governors

generally do on such occasions, made no other sally than sending a respectful compliment to the Prince. Signor Brice set out not long after for Madrid, to give an account of his conduct, and to receive the recompense he had merited. Your Majesty, perhaps, will be desirous to know what reception poor Brice met with, after having performed the most brilliant action the Spaniards could boast of in all the war—he was confined by the Inquisition."

"How!" said the Queen Dowager, "confined by the Inquisition for his services!" "Not altogether for his services," said the Chevalier; "but, without any regard to his services, he was treated in the manner I have mentioned, for a little affair of gallantry, which I shall relate to the King presently.

"The campaign of Catalonia being thus ended, we were returning home, not overloaded with laurels; but, as the Prince de Condé had laid up a great store on former occasions, and as he had still great projects in his head, he soon forgot this trifling misfortune: we did nothing but joke with one another during the march, and the Prince was the first to ridicule the siege: we made some of those rhymes on Lerida, which were sung all over France, in order to prevent others more severe; however, we gained nothing by it, for notwithstanding we treated ourselves freely in our own ballads, others were composed in Paris, in which we were ten times more severely handled. At last we arrived at Perpignan upon a holy-day: a company of Catalans, who were dancing in the

middle of the street, out of respect to the Prince came to dance under his windows: Monsieur Poussatin, in a little black jacket, danced in the middle of this company as if he was really mad: I immediately recognized him for my countryman from his manner of skipping and frisking about: the Prince was charmed with his humour and activity. After the dance, I sent for him, and inquired who he was. 'A poor priest, at your service, my lord,' said he: 'my name is Poussatin, and Bearn is my native country: I was going into Catalonia to serve in the infantry, for, God be praised, I can march very well on foot; but, since the war is happily concluded, if your lordship pleases to take me into your service, I would follow you everywhere, and serve you faithfully.' 'Monsieur Poussatin,' said I, 'my lordship has no great occasion for a chaplain; but since you are so well disposed towards me, I will take you into my service.'

"The Prince de Condé, who was present at this conversation, was overjoyed at my having a chaplain. As poor Poussatin was in a very tattered condition, I had no time to provide him with a proper habit at Perpignan; but giving him a spare livery of one of the Marshal de Grammont's servants, I made him get up behind the Prince's coach, who was like to die with laughing every time he looked at poor Poussatin's uncanonical mien in a yellow livery.

"As soon as we arrived at Paris, the story was told to the Queen, who at first expressed some surprise at it: this, however, did not prevent her from wishing

to see my chaplain dance; for in Spain it is not altogether so strange to see ecclesiastics dance, as to see them in livery.

"Poussatin performed wonders before the Queen; but as he danced with great sprightliness, she could not bear the odour which his violent motions diffused around her room: the ladies likewise began to pray for relief; for he had almost entirely got the better of all the perfumes and essences with which they were fortified: Poussatin, nevertheless, retired, with a great deal of applause, and some louis d'or.

"Some time afterwards I procured a small benefice in the country for my chaplain, and I have since been informed that Poussatin preached with the same ease in his village, as he danced at the wedding of his parishioners."

The King was exceedingly diverted at Poussatin's history; and the Queen was not much hurt at his having been put in livery: the treatment of Gregorio Brice offended her far more; and being desirous to justify the court of Spain, with respect to so cruel a proceeding: "Chevalier de Grammont," said she, "what heresy did Governor Brice wish to introduce into the state? What crime against religion was he charged with, that he was confined in the Inquisition?" "Madam," said he, "the history is not very proper to be related before your Majesty: it was a little amorous frolic, ill-timed, indeed; but poor Brice meant no harm: a schoolboy would not have been whipped for such a fault, in the most severe college in France; as it was only for giving

some proofs of his affection to a young Spanish fair one, who had fixed her eyes upon him on a solemn occasion."

The King desired to know the particulars of the adventure ; and the Chevalier gratified his curiosity, as soon as the Queen and the rest of the court were out of hearing. It was very entertaining to hear him tell a story ; but it was very disagreeable to differ with him, either in competition, or in raillery : it is true that at that time there were few persons at the English court who had merited his indignation : Russell was sometimes the subject of his ridicule, but he treated him far more tenderly than he usually did a rival.

This Russell was one of the most furious dancers in all England, I mean, for country dances : he had a collection of two or three hundred in print, all of which he danced at sight ; and to prove that he was not an old man, he sometimes danced until he was almost exhausted : his mode of dancing was like that of his clothes, for they both had been out of fashion full twenty years.

The Chevalier de Grammont was very sensible that he was very much in love ; but though he saw very well that it only rendered him more ridiculous, yet he felt some concern at the information he received, of his intention of demanding Miss Hamilton in marriage ; but his concern did not last long.

Russell, being upon the point of setting out on a journey, thought it was proper to acquaint his mistress with his intentions before his departure. The Chevalier de Grammont was a great obstacle

to the interview he was desirous of obtaining of her ; but being one day sent for, to go and play at Lady Castlemaine's, Russell seized the opportunity, and addressing himself to Miss Hamilton, with less embarrassment than is usual on such occasions, he made his declaration to her in the following manner : "I am brother to the Earl of Bedford : I command the regiment of guards : I have three thousand pounds a year, and fifteen thousand in ready money : all which, Madam, I come to present to you, along with my person. One present, I agree, is not worth much without the other, and therefore I put them together. I am advised to go to some of the watering-places for something of an asthma, which, in all probability, cannot continue much longer, as I have had it for these last twenty years : if you look upon me as worthy of the happiness of belonging to you, I shall propose it to your father, to whom I did not think it right to apply, before I was acquainted with your sentiments : my nephew William is at present entirely ignorant of my intention ; but I believe he will not be sorry for it, though he will thereby see himself deprived of a pretty considerable estate ; for he has great affection for me, and besides, he has a pleasure in paying his respects to you since he has perceived my attachment. I am very much pleased that he should make his court to me, by the attention he pays to you ; for he did nothing but squander his money upon that coquet Middleton, while at present he is at no expense, though he frequents the best company in England."

Miss Hamilton had much difficulty to suppress her laughter during this harangue: however, she told him, that she thought herself much honoured by his intentions towards her, and still more obliged to him for consulting her, before he made any overtures to her relations: "It will be time enough," said she, "to speak to them upon the subject at your return from the waters; for I do not think it is at all probable that they will dispose of me before that time, and in case they should be urgent in their solicitations, your nephew William will take care to acquaint you; therefore, you may set out whenever you think proper; but take care not to injure your health by returning too soon."

The Chevalier de Grammont, having heard the particulars of this conversation, endeavoured as well as he could to be entertained with it; though there were certain circumstances in the declaration, notwithstanding the absurdity of others, which did not fail to give him some uneasiness. Upon the whole, he was not sorry for Russell's departure; and, assuming an air of pleasantry, he went to relate to the King, how heaven had favoured him, by delivering him from so dangerous a rival. "He is gone then, Chevalier?" said the King. "Certainly, Sir," said he; "I had the honour to see him embark in a coach, with his asthma, and country equipage, his *perruque à calotte*, neatly tied with a yellow riband, and his old-fashioned hat covered with oil-skin, which becomes him uncommonly well: therefore, I have only to contend with William Russell, whom he leaves as his resident with Miss

Hamilton ; and, as for him, I neither fear him upon his own account, nor his uncle's : he is too much in love himself, to pay attention to the interests of another ; and as he has but one method of promoting his own, which is by sacrificing the portrait, or some love-letters of Mrs. Middleton, I have it easily in my power to counteract him in such kind of favours, though I confess I have pretty well paid for them."

"Since your affairs proceed so prosperously with the Russells," said the King, "I will acquaint you that you are delivered from another rival, much more dangerous, if he were not already married : my brother has lately fallen in love with Lady Chesterfield." "How many blessings at once !" exclaimed the Chevalier de Grammont : "I have so many obligations to him for this inconstancy, that I would willingly serve him in his new amour, if Hamilton was not his rival : nor will your Majesty take it ill, if I promote the interests of my mistress's brother, rather than those of your Majesty's brother." "Hamilton, however," said the King, "does not stand so much in need of assistance, in affairs of this nature, as the Duke of York ; but I know Lord Chesterfield is of such a disposition, that he will not suffer men to quarrel about his wife, with the same patience as the complaisant Shrewsbury ; though he well deserves the same fate." Here follows a true description of Lord Chesterfield.

He had a very agreeable face, a fine head of hair, an indifferent shape, and a worse air ; he was not, however, deficient in wit : a long residence in Italy

had made him ceremonious in his commerce with men, and jealous in his connection with women. He had been much hated by the King, because he had been much beloved by Lady Castlemaine: it was reported that he had been in her good graces prior to her marriage; and as neither of them denied it, it was the more generally believed.

He had paid his devoirs to the eldest daughter of the Duke of Ormond, while his heart was still taken up with his former passion. The King's love for Lady Castlemaine, and the advancement he expected from such an alliance, made him press the match with as much ardour as if he had been passionately in love: he had therefore married Lady Chesterfield without loving her, and had lived some time with her in such coolness, as to leave her no room to doubt of his indifference. As she was endowed with great sensibility and delicacy, she suffered at this contempt: she was at first much affected with his behaviour, and afterwards enraged at it; and, when he began to give her proofs of his affection, she had the pleasure of convincing him of her indifference.

They were upon this footing, when she resolved to cure Hamilton, as she had lately done her husband, of all his remaining tenderness for Lady Castlemaine. For her it was no difficult undertaking: the conversation of the one was disagreeable, from the unpolished state of her manners, her ill-timed pride, her uneven temper, and extravagant humours: Lady Chesterfield, on the contrary, knew how to heighten her charms, with all the bewitching

attractions in the power of a woman to invent, who wishes to make a conquest.

Besides all this, she had greater opportunities of making advances to him, than to any other: she lived at the Duke of Ormond's, at Whitehall, where Hamilton, as was said before, had free admittance at all hours: her extreme coldness, or rather the disgust which she shewed for her husband's returning affection, wakened his natural inclination to jealousy: he suspected that she could not so very suddenly pass from anxiety to indifference for him, without some secret object of a new attachment; and, according to the maxims of all jealous husbands, he immediately put in practice all his experience and industry, in order to make a discovery, which was to destroy his own happiness.

Hamilton, who knew his disposition, was, on the other hand, upon his guard, and the more he advanced in his intrigue, the more attentive was he to remove every degree of suspicion from the Earl's mind: he pretended to make him his confidant, in the most unguarded and open manner, of his passion for Lady Castlemaine: he complained of her caprice, and most earnestly desired his advice how to succeed with a person whose affections he alone had entirely possessed.

Chesterfield, who was flattered with this discourse, promised him his protection with greater sincerity than it had been demanded: Hamilton, therefore, was no farther embarrassed than to preserve Lady Chesterfield's reputation, who, in his opinion, declared herself rather too openly in his favour:

but whilst he was diligently employed in regulating, within the rules of discretion, the partiality she expressed for him, and in conjuring her to restrain her glance within bounds, she was receiving those of the Duke of York; and, what is more, made them favourable returns.

He thought that he had perceived it, as well as every one besides; but he thought likewise, that all the world was deceived as well as himself: how could he trust his own eyes, as to what those of Lady Chesterfield betrayed for this new rival? He could not think it probable, that a woman of her disposition could relish a man, whose manners had a thousand times been the subject of their private ridicule; but what he judged still more improbable was, that she should begin another intrigue before she had given the finishing stroke to that in which her own advances had engaged her: however, he began to observe her with more circumspection, when he found by his discoveries, that if she did deceive him, at least the desire of doing so was not wanting. This he took the liberty of telling her of; but she answered him in so high a strain, and treated what he said so much like a phantom of his own imagination, that he appeared confused without being convinced: all the satisfaction he could procure from her, was her telling him, in a haughty manner, that such unjust reproaches as his ought to have had a better foundation.

Lord Chesterfield had taken the same alarm; and being convinced, from the observations he had made, that he had found out the happy lover who

had gained possession of his lady's heart, he was satisfied; and without teazing her with unnecessary reproaches, he only waited for an opportunity to confound her, before he took his measures.

After all, how can we account for Lady Chesterfield's conduct, unless we attribute it to the disease incident to most coquettes, who, charmed with superiority, put in practice every art to rob another of her conquest, and spare nothing to preserve it?

But before we enter into the particulars of this adventure, let us take a retrospect of the amours of his Royal Highness, prior to the declaration of his marriage, and particularly of what immediately preceded this declaration. It is allowable sometimes to drop the thread of a narrative, when real facts, not generally known, give such a variety upon the digression as to render it excusable: let us see then how those things happened.

The Duke of York's marriage with the chancellor's daughter was deficient in none of those circumstances which render contracts of this nature valid in the eye of heaven: the mutual inclination, the formal ceremony, witnesses, and every essential point of matrimony, had been observed.

Though the bride was no perfect beauty, yet, as there were none at the court of Holland who eclipsed her, the Duke, during the first endearments of matrimony, was so far from repenting of it, that he seemed only to wish for the King's restoration, that he might have an opportunity of declaring it with splendour; but when he saw himself enjoying a rank which placed him so near the throne; when

*Anne, Ducheſs of York.*

the possession of Miss Hyde afforded him no new charms ; when England, so abounding in beauties, displayed all that was charming and lovely in the court of the King his brother ; and when he considered he was the only prince, who, from such superior elevation, had descended so low, he began to reflect upon it. On the one hand, his marriage appeared to him particularly ill suited in every respect : he recollected that Jermyn had not engaged him in an intimacy with Miss Hyde, until he had convinced him, by several different circumstances, of the facility of succeeding : he looked upon his marriage as an infringement of that duty and obedience he owed to the King ; the indignation with which the court, and even the whole kingdom, would receive the account of his marriage, presented itself to his imagination, together with the impossibility of obtaining the King's consent to such an act, which for a thousand reasons he would be obliged to refuse. On the other hand, the tears and despair of poor Miss Hyde presented themselves ; and still more than that, he felt a remorse of conscience, the scruples of which began from that time to rise up against him.

In the midst of this perplexity he opened his heart to Lord Falmouth, and consulted with him what method he ought to pursue. He could not have applied to a better man for his own interests, nor to a worse for Miss Hyde's ; for at first, Falmouth maintained not only that he was not married, but that it was even impossible that he could ever have formed such a thought ; that any

marriage was invalid for him, which was made without the King's consent, even if the party was a suitable match : but that it was a mere jest, even to think of the daughter of an insignificant lawyer, whom the favour of his sovereign had lately made a peer of the realm, without any noble blood, and chancellor, without any capacity ; that as for his scruples, he had only to give ear to some gentlemen whom he could introduce, who would thoroughly inform him of Miss Hyde's conduct, before he became acquainted with her ; and provided he did not tell them that he really was married, he would soon have sufficient grounds to come to a determination.

The Duke of York consented, and Lord Falmouth having assembled both his counsel and his witnesses, conducted them to his Royal Highness's cabinet, after having instructed them how to act : these gentlemen were the Earl of Arran, Jermyn, Talbot, and Killegrew, all men of honour ; but who infinitely preferred the Duke of York's interest to Miss Hyde's reputation, and who, besides, were greatly dissatisfied, as well as the whole court, at the insolent authority of the prime minister.

The Duke having told them, after a sort of preamble, that although they could not be ignorant of his affection for Miss Hyde, yet they might be unacquainted with the engagements his tenderness for her had induced him to contract ; that he thought himself obliged to perform all the promises he had made her ; but as the innocence of persons of her age was generally exposed to court scandal,

and as certain reports, whether false or true, had been spread abroad on the subject of her conduct, he conjured them as his friends, and charged them upon their duty, to tell him sincerely every thing they knew upon the subject, since he was resolved to make their evidence the rule of his conduct towards her. They all appeared rather reserved at first, and seemed not to dare to give their opinions upon an affair of so serious and delicate a nature; but the Duke of York having renewed his entreaties, each began to relate the particulars of what he knew, and perhaps of more than he knew, of poor Miss Hyde; nor did they omit any circumstance necessary to strengthen the evidence. For instance, the Earl of Arran, who spoke first, deposed, that in the gallery at Honslaerdyk, where the Countess of Ossory, his sister-in-law, and Jermyn, were playing at ninepins, Miss Hyde, pretending to be sick, retired to a chamber at the end of the gallery; that he, the deponent, had followed her, and having cut her lace, to give a greater probability to the pretence of the vapours, he had acquitted himself to the best of his abilities, both to assist and to console her.

Talbot said, that she had made an appointment with him in the chancellor's cabinet, while he was in council; and, that not paying so much attention to what was upon the table, as to what they were engaged in, they had spilled a bottle full of ink upon a despatch of four pages, and that the King's monkey, which was blamed for this accident, had been a long time in disgrace.

Jermyn mentioned many places where he had

received long and favourable audiences : however, all these articles of accusation amounted only to some delicate familiarities, or at most, to what is generally denominated the innocent part of an intrigue ; but Killegrew, who wished to surpass these trivial depositions, boldly declared that he had had the honour of being upon the most intimate terms with her : he was of a sprightly and witty humour, and had the art of telling a story in the most entertaining manner, by the graceful and natural turn he could give it : he affirmed that he had found the critical minute in a certain closet built over the water, for a purpose very different from that of giving ease to the pains of love : that three or four swans had been witnesses to his happiness, and might perhaps have been witnesses to the happiness of many others, as the lady frequently repaired to that place, and was particularly delighted with it.

The Duke of York found this last accusation greatly out of bounds, being convinced he himself had sufficient proofs of the contrary : he therefore returned thanks to these officious informers for their frankness, ordered them to be silent for the future upon what they had been telling him, and immediately passed into the King's apartment.

As soon as he had entered the cabinet, Lord Falmouth, who had followed him, related what had passed to the Earl of Ossory, whom he met in the presence chamber : they strongly suspected what was the subject of the conversation of the two brothers, as it was long ; and the Duke of York

appeared to be in such agitation when he came out, that they no longer doubted that the result had been unfavourable for poor Miss Hyde. Lord Falmouth began to be affected for her disgrace, and to relent that he had been concerned in it, when the Duke of York told him and the Earl of Ossory to meet him in about an hour's time at the chancellor's.

They were rather surprised that he should have the cruelty himself to announce such a melancholy piece of news: they found his Royal Highness at the appointed hour in Miss Hyde's chamber: a few tears trickled down her cheeks, which she endeavoured to restrain. The chancellor, leaning against the wall, appeared to them to be puffed up with something, which they did not doubt was rage and despair. The Duke of York said to them, with that serene and pleasant countenance with which men generally announce good news: "As you are the two men of the court whom I most esteem, I am desirous you should first have the honour of paying your compliments to the Duchess of York: there she is."

Surprise was of no use, and astonishment was unseasonable on the present occasion: they were, however, so greatly possessed with both surprise and astonishment, that in order to conceal it, they immediately fell on their knees to kiss her hand, which she gave to them with as much majesty as if she had been used to it all her life.

The next day the news was made public, and the whole court was eager to pay her that respect, from a sense of duty, which in the end became very sincere.

The *petits-maîtres* who had spoken against her, seeing their intentions disappointed, were not a little embarrassed. Women are seldom accustomed to forgive injuries of this nature; and, if they promise themselves the pleasure of revenge, when they gain the power, they seldom forget it: in the present case, however, the fears of these *petits-maîtres* were their only punishment.

The Duchess of York, being fully informed of all that was said in the cabinet concerning her, instead of shewing the least resentment, studied to distinguish, by all manner of kindness and good offices, those who had attacked her in so sensible a part; nor did she ever mention it to them, but in order to praise their zeal, and to tell them, "that nothing was a greater proof of the attachment of a man of honour, than his being more solicitous for the interests of his friend, or master, than for his own reputation:" a remarkable example of prudence and moderation, not only for the fair sex, but even for those who value themselves most upon their philosophy among the men.

The Duke of York, having quieted his conscience by the declaration of his marriage, thought that he was entitled, by this generous effort, to give way a little to his inconstancy: he therefore immediately seized upon whatever he could first lay his hands upon: this was Lady Carnegy, who had been in several other hands. She was still tolerably handsome, and her disposition, naturally inclined to tenderness, did not oblige her new lover long to languish. Every thing coincided with their wishes

for some time: Lord Carnegy, her husband, was in Scotland; but his father dying suddenly, he as suddenly returned with the title of Southesk, which his wife detested; but which she took more patiently than she received the news of his return. Some private intimation had been given him of the honour that was done him in his absence; nevertheless, he did not shew his jealousy at first; but, as he was desirous to be satisfied of the reality of the fact, he kept a strict watch over his wife's actions. The Duke of York and her ladyship had, for some time, been upon such terms of intimacy, as not to pass their time in frivolous amusements; however, the husband's return obliged them to maintain some decorum: he therefore never went to her house, but in form, that is to say, always accompanied by some friend or other, to give his amours at least the appearance of a visit.

About this time Talbot returned from Portugal: this connection had taken place during his absence; and without knowing who Lady Southesk was, he had been informed that his master was in love with her.

A few days after his arrival, he was carried, merely to keep up appearances, to her house by the Duke; and after being introduced, and some compliments having been paid on both sides, he thought it his duty to give his Royal Highness an opportunity to pay his compliments, and accordingly retired into the ante-chamber, which looked into the street, and placed himself at the window to view the people as they passed.

He was one of the best-meaning men in the world on such occasions; but was so subject to forgetfulness and absence of mind, that he once forgot, and left behind him at London, a complimentary letter which the Duke had given him for the Infanta of Portugal, and never recollected it till he was going to his audience.

He stood sentry, as we have before said, very attentive to his instructions, when he saw a coach stop at the door, without being in the least concerned at it, and still less, at a man whom he saw get out of it, and whom he immediately heard coming up stairs.

The devil, who ought to be civil upon such occasions, forgot himself in the present instance, and brought up Lord Southesk *in propriâ personâ:* his Royal Highness's equipage had been sent home, because my lady had assured him that her husband was gone to see a bear and a bull-baiting, an entertainment in which he took great delight, and from whence he seldom returned until it was very late; so that Southesk, not seeing any equipage at the door, little imagined that he had such good company in his house; but if he was surprised to see Talbot carelessly lolling in his wife's ante-chamber, his surprise was soon over. Talbot, who had not seen him since they were in Flanders, and never supposing that he had changed his name: "Welcome, Carnegy, welcome, my good fellow," said he, giving him his hand, "where the devil have you been, that I have never been able to set eyes on you since we were at Brussels? What business brought you

Countess of Southesk

here? Do you likewise wish to see Lady Southesk? If this is your intention, my poor friend, you may go away again ; for I must inform you, the Duke of York is in love with her, and I will tell you in confidence, that, at this very time, he is in her chamber."

Southesk, confounded as one may suppose, had no time to answer all these fine questions : Talbot, therefore, attended him down stairs as his friend ; and, as his humble servant, advised him to seek for a mistress elsewhere. Southesk, not knowing what else to do at that time, returned to his coach ; and Talbot, overjoyed at the adventure, impatiently waited for the Duke's return, that he might acquaint him with it ; but he was very much surprised to find that the story afforded no pleasure to those who had the principal share in it ; and his greatest concern was, that Carnegy had changed his name, as if only to draw him into such a confidence.

This accident broke off a commerce which the Duke of York did not much regret ; and indeed it was happy for him that he became indifferent ; for the traitor Southesk meditated a revenge, whereby, without using either assassination or poison, he would have obtained some satisfaction upon those who had injured him, if the connection had continued any longer.

He went to the most infamous places, to seek for the most infamous disease, which he met with ; but his revenge was only half completed ; for after he had gone through every remedy to get quit of his disease, his lady did but return him his present,

having no more connection with the person for whom it was so industriously prepared.

Lady Robarts was then in the zenith of her glory: her beauty was striking; yet notwithstanding the brightness of the finest complexion, with all the bloom of youth, and with every requisite for inspiring desire, she nevertheless was not attractive. The Duke of York, however, would probably have been successful, if difficulties, almost insurmountable, had not disappointed his good intentions: Lord Robarts, her husband, was an old, snarling, troublesome, peevish fellow, in love with her to distraction, and, to complete her misery, a perpetual attendant on her person.

She perceived his Royal Highness's attachment to her, and seemed as if she was inclined to be grateful: this redoubled his eagerness, and every outward mark of tenderness he could possibly shew her; but the watchful husband redoubling his zeal and assiduity, as he found the approaches advance, every art was practised to render him tractable: several attacks were made upon his avarice and his ambition. Those who possessed the greatest share of his confidence, insinuated to him, that it was his own fault, if Lady Robarts, who was so worthy of being at court, was not received into some considerable post, either about the Queen or the Duchess: he was offered to be made lord lieutenant of the county where his estate was; or to have the management of the Duke of York's revenues in Ireland, of which he should have the entire disposal, provided he immediately set out to take possession of his

charge; and having accomplished it, he might return as soon as ever he thought proper.

He perfectly well understood the meaning of these proposals, and was fully apprized of the advantages he might reap from them: in vain did ambition and avarice hold out their allurements; he was deaf to all their temptations, nor could ever the old fellow be persuaded to be made a cuckold. It is not always an aversion to, or a dread of this distinction, which preserves us from it: of this her husband was very sensible; therefore, under the pretence of a pilgrimage to St. Winifred the virgin and martyr, who was said to cure women of barrenness, he did not rest, until the highest mountains in Wales were between his wife and the person who had designed to perform this miracle in London, after his departure.

The Duke was for some time entirely taken up with the pleasures of the chase, and only now and then engaged in those of love; but his taste having undergone a change in this particular, and the remembrance of Lady Robarts wearing off by degrees, his eyes and wishes were turned towards Miss Brook; and it was in the height of this pursuit, that Lady Chesterfield threw herself into his arms, as we shall see, by resuming the sequel of her adventures.

The Earl of Bristol, ever restless and ambitious, had put in practice every art to possess himself of the King's favour. As this is the same Digby whom Count Bussy mentions in his Annals, it will be sufficient to say, that he was not at all changed: he

knew that love and pleasure had possession of a master, whom he himself governed in defiance of the chancellor; thus, he was continually giving entertainments at his house; and luxury and elegance seemed to rival each other in those nocturnal feasts, which always lead to other enjoyments. The two Miss Brooks, his relations, were always of those parties: they were both formed by nature to excite love in others, as well as to be susceptible of it themselves; they were just what the King wanted: the Earl, from this commencement, was beginning to entertain a good opinion of his project, when Lady Castlemaine, who had lately gained entire possession of the King's heart, was not in a humour, at that time, to share it with another, as she did very indiscreetly afterwards, despising Miss Stewart. As soon, therefore, as she received intimation of these secret practices, under pretence of attending the King in his parties, she entirely disconcerted them; so that the Earl was obliged to lay aside his projects, and Miss Brook to discontinue her advances. The King did not even dare to think any more on this subject; but his brother was pleased to look after what he neglected; and Miss Brook accepted the offer of his heart, until it pleased heaven to dispose of her otherwise, which happened soon after in the following manner.

Sir John Denham, loaded with wealth as well as years, had passed his youth in the midst of those pleasures which people at that age indulge in without restraint: he was one of the brightest geniuses England ever produced for wit and humour, and

for brilliancy of composition: satirical and free in his poems, he spared neither frigid writers, nor jealous husbands, nor even their wives: every part abounded with the most poignant wit, and the most entertaining stories; but his most delicate and spirited raillery turned generally against matrimony; and, as if he wished to confirm, by his own example, the truth of what he had written in his youth, he married, at the age of seventy-nine, this Miss Brook of whom we are speaking, who was only eighteen.

The Duke of York had rather neglected her for some time before; but the circumstance of so unequal a match rekindled his ardour; and she, on her part, suffered him to entertain hopes of an approaching bliss, which a thousand considerations had opposed before her marriage; she wished to belong to the court; and for the promise of being made lady of the bed-chamber to the Duchess, she was upon the point of making him another promise, or of immediately performing it, if required, when, in the middle of this treaty, Lady Chesterfield was tempted by her evil genius to rob her of her conquest, in order to disturb all the world.

However, as Lady Chesterfield could not see the Duke of York, except in public assemblies, she was under the necessity of making the most extravagant advances, in order to seduce him from his former connection; and as he was the most unguarded ogler of his time, the whole court was informed of the intrigue before it was well begun.

Those who appeared the most attentive to their

conduct, were not the least interested in it; Hamilton and Lord Chesterfield watched them narrowly; but Lady Denham, vexed that Lady Chesterfield should have stepped in before her, took the liberty of railing against her rival with the greatest bitterness. Hamilton had hitherto flattered himself, that vanity alone had engaged Lady Chesterfield in this adventure; but he was soon undeceived, whatever her indifference might have been when she first commenced this intrigue. We often proceed farther than we at first intended, when we indulge ourselves in trifling liberties, which we think of no consequence; for though perhaps the heart takes no part at the beginning, it seldom fails to be engaged in the end.

The court, as we have mentioned before, was an entire scene of gallantry and amusements, with all the politeness and magnificence, which the inclinations of a prince, naturally addicted to tenderness and pleasure, could suggest; the beauties were desirous of charming, and the men endeavoured to please; all studied to set themselves off to the best advantage; some distinguished themselves by dancing; others by show and magnificence; some by their wit, many by their amours, but few by their constancy. There was a certain Italian at court, famous for the guitar; he had a genius for music, and he was the only man who could make any thing of the guitar: his style of play was so full of grace and tenderness, that he would have given harmony to the most discordant instruments. The truth is, nothing was so difficult as to play like this

foreigner. The King's relish for his compositions had brought the instrument so much into vogue, that every person played upon it, well or ill; and you were as sure to see a guitar on a lady's toilette, as rouge or patches. The Duke of York played upon it tolerably well, and the Earl of Arran like Francisco himself. This Francisco had composed a saraband, which either charmed or infatuated every person; for the whole guitarery at court were trying at it, and God knows what an universal strumming there was. The Duke of York, pretending not to be perfect in it, desired Lord Arran to play it to him. Lady Chesterfield had the best guitar in England. The Earl of Arran, who was desirous of playing his best, conducted his Royal Highness to his sister's apartments; she was lodged at court, at her father's, the Duke of Ormond's, and this wonderful guitar was lodged there too. Whether this visit had been preconcerted or not, I do not pretend to say; but it is certain that they found both the lady and the guitar at home; they likewise found there Lord Chesterfield, so much surprised at this unexpected visit, that it was a considerable time before he thought of rising from his seat, to receive them with due respect.

Jealousy, like a malignant vapour, now seized upon his brain; a thousand suspicions, blacker than ink, took possession of his imagination, and were continually increasing; for whilst the brother played upon the guitar to the Duke, the sister ogled and accompanied him with her eyes, as if the coast had been clear, and no enemy to observe them.

This saraband was at least repeated twenty times; the Duke declared it was played to perfection. Lady Chesterfield found fault with the composition; but her husband, who clearly perceived that he was the person played upon, thought it a most detestable piece. However, though he was in the last agony, at being obliged to curb his passion, while others gave a free scope to theirs, he was resolved to find out the drift of the visit; but it was not in his power; for having the honour to be chamberlain to the Queen, a messenger came to require his immediate attendance on her Majesty. His first thought was to pretend sickness; the second to suspect that the Queen, who sent for him at such an unseasonable time, was in the plot; but at last, after all the extravagant ideas of a suspicious man, and all the irresolutions of a jealous husband, he was obliged to go.

We may easily imagine what his state of mind was when he arrived at the palace. Alarms are to the jealous, what disasters are to the unfortunate: they seldom come alone, but form a series of persecution. He was informed that he was sent for to attend the Queen at an audience she gave to seven or eight Muscovite ambassadors: he had scarce begun to curse the Muscovites, when his brother-in-law appeared, and drew upon himself all the imprecations he bestowed upon the embassy: he no longer doubted his being in the plot with the two persons he had left together; and in his heart sincerely wished him such recompense for his good offices as such good offices deserved. It was with

great difficulty that he restrained himself from immediately acquainting him what was his opinion of such conduct: he thought that what he had already seen was a sufficient proof of his wife's infidelity; but before the end of the very same day, some circumstances occurred, which increased his suspicions, and persuaded him, that they had taken advantage of his absence, and of the honourable officiousness of his brother-in-law. He passed, however, that night with tranquillity; but the next morning, being reduced to the necessity either of bursting or giving vent to his sorrows and conjectures, he did nothing but think and walk about the room until Park-time. He went to court, seemed very busy, as if seeking for some person or other, imagining that people guessed at the subject of his uneasiness: he avoided every body; but at length meeting with Hamilton, he thought he was the very man that he wanted; and having desired him to take an airing with him in Hyde Park, he took him up in his coach, and they arrived at the Ring, without a word having passed between them.

Hamilton, who saw him as yellow as jealousy itself, and particularly thoughtful, imagined that he had just discovered what all the world had perceived long before; when Chesterfield, after a broken insignificant preamble, asked him how he succeeded with Lady Castlemaine. Hamilton, who very well saw that he meant nothing by this question, nevertheless thanked him; and as he was thinking of an answer: "Your cousin," said the Earl, "is extremely coquettish, and I have some

reason to suppose she is not so prudent as she ought to be." Hamilton thought the last charge a little too severe; and as he was endeavouring to refute it: "Good God," said my lord, "you see, as well as the whole court, what airs she gives herself: husbands are always the last people that are spoken to about those affairs that concern them the most; but they are not always the last to perceive it themselves: though you have made me your confidant in other matters, yet I am not at all surprised you have concealed this from me; but as I flatter myself with having some share in your esteem, I should be sorry you should think me such a fool as to be incapable of seeing, though I am so complaisant as not to express my sentiments: nevertheless, I find that affairs are now carried on with such barefaced boldness, that at length I find I shall be forced to take some course or other. God forbid that I should act the ridiculous part of a jealous husband: the character is odious; but then I do not intend, through an excess of patience, to be made the jest of the town. Judge, therefore, from what I am going to tell you, whether I ought to sit down unconcerned, or whether I ought to take measures for the preservation of my honour.

"His Royal Highness honoured me yesterday by a visit to my wife." Hamilton started at this beginning. "Yes," continued the other, "he did give himself that trouble, and Lord Arran took upon himself that of bringing him: do not you wonder that a man of his birth should act such a part? What advancement can he expect from one who

employs him in such base services? But we have long known him to be one of the silliest creatures in England, with his guitar, and his other whims and follies." Chesterfield, after this short sketch of his brother-in-law's merit, began to relate the observations he had made during the visit, and asked Hamilton what he thought of his cousin Arran, who had so obligingly left them together. "This may appear surprising to you," continued he, "but hear me out, and judge whether I have reason to think that the close of this pretty visit passed in perfect innocence. Lady Chesterfield is amiable, it must be acknowledged; but she is far from being such a miracle of beauty as she supposes herself: you know she has ugly feet; but perhaps you are not acquainted that she has still worse legs." "Pardon me," said Hamilton, within himself: and the other continuing the description: "Her legs," said his lordship, "are short and thick; and, to remedy these defects as much as possible, she seldom wears any other than green stockings."

Hamilton could not for his life imagine the drift of all this discourse, and Chesterfield guessing his thoughts: "Have a little patience," said he: "I went yesterday to Miss Stewart's, after the audience of those damned Muscovites: the King arrived there just before me; and as if the Duke had sworn to pursue me wherever I went that day, he came in just after me. The conversation turned upon the extraordinary appearance of the ambassadors. I know not where that fool Crofts had heard that all these Muscovites had handsome wives; and that

all their wives had handsome legs. Upon this the King maintained, that no woman ever had such handsome legs as Miss Stewart ; and she, to prove the truth of his Majesty's assertion, with the greatest imaginable ease, immediately shewed her leg above the knee. Some were ready to prostrate themselves, in order to adore its beauty ; for indeed none can be handsomer ; but the Duke alone began to criticize upon it. He contended that it was too slender, and that as for himself he would give nothing for a leg that was not thicker and shorter, and concluded by saying, that no leg was worth any thing without green stockings : now this, in my opinion, was a sufficient demonstration that he had just seen green stockings, and had them fresh in his remembrance."

Hamilton was at a loss what countenance to put on, during a narrative which raised in him nearly the same conjectures : he shrugged up his shoulders, and faintly said that appearances were often deceitful ; that Lady Chesterfield had the foible of all beauties, who place their merit on the number of their admirers ; and whatever airs she might imprudently have given herself, in order not to discourage his Royal Highness, there was no ground to suppose that she would indulge him in any greater liberties to engage him : but in vain was it that he endeavoured to give that consolation to his friend which he did not feel himself. Chesterfield plainly perceived he did not think of what he was saying ; however, he thought himself much obliged to him for the interest he seemed to take in his concerns.

Hamilton was in haste to go home to vent his spleen and resentment in a letter to his cousin : the style of this billet was very different from those which he formerly was accustomed to write to her : reproaches, bitter expostulations, tenderness, menaces, and all the effusions of a lover, who thinks he has reason to complain, composed this epistle ; which, for fear of accidents, he went to deliver himself.

Never did she before appear so lovely, and never did her eyes speak so kindly to him as at this moment : his heart quite relented ; but he was determined not to lose all the fine things he had said in his letter. In receiving it, she squeezed his hand : this action completely disarmed him, and he would have given his life to have had his letter again. It appeared to him at this instant, that all the grievances he complained of were visionary and groundless : he looked upon her husband as a madman and an impostor, and quite the reverse of what he supposed him to be a few minutes before ; but this remorse came a little too late : he had delivered his billet ; and Lady Chesterfield had shewn such impatience and eagerness to read it as soon as she had got it, that all circumstances seemed to conspire to justify her, and to confound him. She managed to get quit some way or other of some troublesome visitors, to slip into her closet ; he thought himself so culpable, that he had not the assurance to wait her return : he withdrew with the rest of the company ; but he did not dare to appear before her the next day, to have an answer to his

letter: however, he met her at court; and this was the first time, since the commencement of their amour, that he did not seek for her. He stood at a distance, with downcast looks, and appeared in such terrible embarrassment, that his condition was sufficient to raise laughter or to cause pity, when Lady Chesterfield approaching, thus accosted him: "Confess," said she, "that you are in as foolish a situation as any man of sense can be: you wish you had not written to me: you are desirous of an answer: you hope for none: yet, you equally wish for and dread it: I have, however, written you one." She had not time to say more; but the few words she had spoken were accompanied with such an air, and such a look, as to make him believe that it was Venus with all her Graces who had addressed him: he was near her when she sat down to cards, and as he was puzzling himself to devise by what means he should get this answer, she desired him to lay her gloves and fan down somewhere: he took them, and with them the billet in question, and as he had perceived nothing severe or angry in the conversation he had with her, he hastened to open her letter, and read as follows:—

"Your transports are so ridiculous, that it is doing you a favour to attribute them to an excess of tenderness, which turns your head: a man, without doubt, must have a great inclination to be jealous, to entertain such an idea of the person you mention. Good God! what a lover to have caused uneasiness to a man of genius, and what a genius, to have got the better of mine! Are not you

ashamed to give any credit to the visions of a jealous fellow, who brought nothing else with him from Italy? Is it possible, that the story of the green stockings, upon which he has founded his suspicions, should have imposed upon you, accompanied as it is with such pitiful circumstances? Since he has made you his confidant, why did not he boast of breaking in pieces my poor harmless guitar? This exploit, perhaps, might have convinced you more than all the rest: recollect yourself, and if you are really in love with me, thank fortune for a groundless jealousy, which diverts to another quarter the attention he might pay to my attachment for the most amiable and the most dangerous man of the court."

Hamilton was ready to weep for joy at these endearing marks of kindness, of which he thought himself so unworthy: he was not satisfied with kissing, in raptures, every part of this billet; he also kissed several times her gloves and her fan. Play being over, Lady Chesterfield received them from his hands, and read in his eyes the joy that her billet had raised in his heart. Nor was he satisfied with expressing his raptures only by looks: he hastened home, and writ to her at least four times as much. How different was this letter from the other! Though perhaps not so well written; for one does not shew so much wit in suing for pardon as in venting reproaches, and it seldom happens that the soft, languishing style of a love-letter is so penetrating as that of invective.

Be that as it may, his peace was made: their

past quarrel gave new life to their correspondence ; and Lady Chesterfield, to make him as easy as he had before been distrustful, expressed on every occasion a feigned contempt for his rival, and a sincere aversion for her husband.

So great was his confidence in her, that he consented she should shew in public some marks of attention to the Duke, in order to conceal as much as possible their private intelligence. Thus, at this time nothing disturbed his peace of mind, but his impatience of finding a favourable opportunity for the completion of his desires : he thought it was in her power to command it ; but she excused herself on account of several difficulties which she enumerated to him, and which she was desirous he should remove by his industry and attentions.

This silenced his complaints ; but whilst he was endeavouring to surmount these obstacles, still wondering how it was possible that two persons who were so well disposed to each other, and who were agreed to make each other happy, could not put their designs in execution, accident discovered an unexpected adventure, which left him no room to doubt, either of the happiness of his rival, or of the perfidy of his mistress.

Misfortunes often fall light when most feared ; and frequently prove heaviest when merited, and when least suspected. Hamilton was in the middle of the most tender and passionate letter he had ever written to Lady Chesterfield, when her husband came to announce to him the particulars of this last discovery : he came so suddenly upon him,

that he had only just time to conceal his amorous epistle among his other papers. His heart and mind were still so full of what he was writing to his cousin, that her husband's complaints against her, at first, were scarce attended to; besides, in his opinion, he had come in the most unfortunate moments on all accounts.

He was, however, obliged to listen to him, and he soon entertained quite different sentiments: he appeared almost petrified with astonishment, while the Earl was relating to him circumstances of such an extravagant indiscretion, as seemed to him quite incredible, notwithstanding the particulars of the fact. "You have reason to be surprised at it," said my lord, concluding his story; "but if you doubt the truth of what I tell you, it will be easy for you to find evidence that will convince you; for the scene of their tender familiarities was no less public than the room where the Queen plays at cards, which, while her Majesty was at play, was, God knows, pretty well crowded. Lady Denham was the first who discovered what they thought would pass unperceived in the crowd; and you may very well judge how secret she would keep such a circumstance. The truth is, she addressed herself to me first of all, as I entered the room, to tell me that I should give my wife a little advice, as other people might take notice of what I might see myself, if I pleased.

"Your cousin was at play, as I before told you; the Duke was sitting next to her: I know not what was become of his hand; but I am sure that no

one could see his arm below the elbow: I was standing behind them, just in the place that Lady Denham had quitted: the Duke turning round perceived me, and was so much disturbed at my presence, that he almost undressed my lady in pulling away his hand. I know not whether they perceived that they were discovered; but of this I am convinced, that Lady Denham will take care that every body shall know it. I must confess to you, that my embarrassment is so great, that I cannot find words to express what I now feel: I should not hesitate one moment what course to take, if I might be allowed to shew my resentment against the person who has wronged me. As for her, I could manage her well enough, if, unworthy as she is of any consideration, I had not still some regard for an illustrious family, that would be distracted were I to resent such an injury as it deserves. In this particular you are interested yourself: you are my friend, and I make you my confidant in an affair of the greatest imaginable delicacy: let us then consult together what is proper to be done in so perplexing and disagreeable a situation."

Hamilton, if possible, more astonished, and more confounded than himself, was far from being in a proper state to afford him advice on the present occasion: he listened to nothing but jealousy, and breathed nothing but revenge; but these emotions being somewhat abated, in hopes that there might be calumny, or at least exaggeration in the charges against Lady Chesterfield, he desired her husband to suspend his resolutions, until he was more fully

*Lady Denham.*

informed of the fact ; assuring him, however, that if he found the circumstances such as he had related, he should regard and consult no other interest than his.

Upon this they parted ; and Hamilton found, on the first inquiry, that almost the whole court was informed of the adventure, to which every one added something in relating it. Vexation and resentment inflamed his heart, and by degrees extinguished every remnant of his former passion.

He might easily have seen her, and have made her such reproaches as a man is generally inclined to do on such occasions; but he was too much enraged to enter into any detail which might have led to an explanation : he considered himself as the only person essentially injured in this affair ; for he could never bring his mind to think that the injuries of the husband could be placed in competition with those of the lover.

He hastened to Lord Chesterfield, in the transport of his passion, and told him that he had heard enough to induce him to give such advice, as he should follow himself in the same situation, and that, if he wished to save a woman so strongly prepossessed, and who, perhaps, had not yet lost all her innocence, though she had totally lost her reason, he ought not to delay one single instant, but immediately to carry her into the country, with the greatest possible expedition, without allowing her the least time to recover her surprise.

Lord Chesterfield readily agreed to follow this advice, which he had already considered as the only

counsel a friend could give him ; but his lady, who did not suspect he had made this last discovery of her conduct, thought he was joking with her when he told her to prepare for going into the country in two days : she was the more induced to think so, as it was in the very middle of an extremely severe winter ; but she soon perceived that he was in earnest : she knew, from the air and manner of her husband, that he thought he had sufficient reason to treat her in this imperious style ; and, finding all her relations serious and cold to her complaint, she had no hope left in this universally-abandoned situation, but in the tenderness of Hamilton. She imagined she should hear from him the cause of her misfortunes, of which she was still totally ignorant, and that his love would invent some means or other to prevent a journey, which she flattered herself would be even more affecting to him than to herself ; but she was expecting pity from a crocodile.

At last, when she saw the eve of her departure was come ; that every preparation was made for a long journey ; that she was receiving farewell visits in form, and that still she heard nothing from Hamilton, both her hopes and her patience forsook her in this wretched situation. A few tears, perhaps, might have afforded her some relief, but she chose rather to deny herself that comfort, than to give her husband so much satisfaction. Hamilton's conduct, on this occasion, appeared to her unaccountable ; and, as he still never came near her, she found means to convey to him the following billet.

"Is it possible that you should be one of those, who, without vouchsafing to tell me for what crime I am treated like a slave, suffer me to be dragged from society? What means your silence and indolence, in a juncture wherein your tenderness ought most particularly to appear, and actively exert itself? I am upon the point of departing, and am ashamed to think that you are the cause of my looking upon it with horror, as I have reason to believe that you are less concerned at it than any other person: do at least, let me know to what place I am to be dragged; what is to be done with me within a wilderness; and on what account you, like all the rest of the world, appear changed in your behaviour towards a person, whom all the world could not oblige to change with regard to you, if your weakness or your ingratitude did not render you unworthy of her tenderness."

This billet did but harden his heart, and make him more proud of his vengeance: he swallowed down full draughts of pleasure, in beholding her reduced to despair, being persuaded that her grief and regret for her departure were on account of another person: he felt uncommon satisfaction in having a share in tormenting her, and was particularly pleased with the scheme he had contrived to separate her from a rival, upon the very point, perhaps, of being made happy. Thus fortified as he was against his natural tenderness, with all the severity of jealous resentment, he saw her depart with an indifference which he did not even endeavour to conceal from her; this unexpected treatment,

joined to the complication of her other misfortunes, had almost in reality plunged her into despair.

The court was filled with the story of this adventure ; nobody was ignorant of the occasion of this sudden departure, but very few approved of Lord Chesterfield's conduct. In England they looked with astonishment upon a man who could be so uncivil as to be jealous of his wife ; and in the city of London it was a prodigy, till that time unknown, to see a husband have recourse to violent means to prevent what jealousy fears, and what it always deserves. They endeavoured, however, to excuse poor Lord Chesterfield, as far as they could safely do it, without incurring the public odium, by laying all the blame on his bad education. This made all the mothers vow to God, that none of their sons should ever set a foot in Italy, lest they should bring back with them that infamous custom of laying restraint upon their wives.

As this story for a long time took up the attention of the court, the Chevalier de Grammont, who was not thoroughly acquainted with all the particulars, inveighed more bitterly than all the citizens of London put together against this tryanny ; and it was upon this occasion that he produced new words to that fatal saraband which had unfortunately so great a share in the adventure. The Chevalier passed for the author ; but if Saint Evremond had any part in the composition, it certainly was greatly inferior to his other performances, as the reader will see in the following chapter.

# NOTES

## EPISTLE TO THE COUNT DE GRAMMONT

p. xxxii. *In his own and his brother's name.*

Scott's note is erroneous. Anthony Hamilton is alluding to his brother, Richard Hamilton, with whom he was then living. The château of Séméac is not on the banks of the Garonne; it is situated on the Adour, in the Hautes Pyrénées.

p. xxxii. *Corisanda . . . Menaudaure.*

The beautiful Corisanda was the Count de Grammont's grandmother. Menaud d'Aure was one of the founders of the Grammont family.

p. xxxv. *The celebrated Boileau.*

Hamilton having sent a copy of the present Epistle to Boileau, he received a very complimentary reply on Feb. 8, 1705 (for which see *Œuvres de Boileau*, ed. Gidel, iv., 242).

p. xxxv. *The office opes its fruitful cell.*

The office of the *Mercure Galant*, established by Jean Donneau de Vizé in 1671, it being the second newspaper founded in France. In 1714 the title was changed to that of the *Mercure de France*.

p. xxxvii. *La Fare.*

Charles Auguste, Marquis de La Fare, the well-known Epicurean poet, was born in 1644 at Valgorge in Vivarais,

and died at Paris in 1712. His verses—graceful, uninspired trifles—are usually found with those of his friend, the Abbé de Chaulieu.

p. xxxvii. *Chaulieu.*

Guillaume Amfrye, Abbé de Chaulieu, was born in 1639 at the château de Beauregard in Fontenay, Eure, and died June 27, 1720. His verses, which have been frequently reprinted, combine the sensualism of Anacreon with the good-humoured philosophy of Horace. He replied to the above allusion by some verses in which he remarked, "that he felt the less resentment at this little pin-prick, knowing as he did the sanguinary nature of the British Muse."

p. xxxix. *Lovely Mazarin.*

Hortense Mancini, daughter of Hyeronima Mazarini, sister of Cardinal Mazarin, and of Lorenzo Mancini, a gentleman of Rome, was born in that city in 1646. During his exile Charles II. wished to marry her, but the cardinal refused his assent. After the Restoration, however, Mazarin offered her in marriage to Charles, along with a dowry of five millions of livres (£200,000), but it was now Charles's turn to decline. She was subsequently given in marriage to the eccentric son of the Marshal de Meilleraye, who received the title of Duke Mazarin and a dowry of twenty-eight millions of livres. In January 1676, the Duchess Mazarin came to reside in England, and was installed as one of Charles's mistresses. Her pet vices were gambling and (latterly) drink. She survived Charles fourteen years, dying at Chelsea July 2, 1699.

p. xlii. *The goddess-born.*

Achilles.

p. xliv. *There is a place near the Marais.*

Apparently the Hôtel de Rambouillet, in the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, where the *précieuses*, among whom the more famous were Voiture and Mlle. de Scudéry (styled indifferently "the tenth Muse," or the "Sappho

of the seventeenth century"), assembled under the presidency of the Marquise de Rambouillet, and affected to determine the public taste in belles-lettres. Or the allusion may be to Mlle. de Scudéry's own house in the Rue de Beauce. The precioso school was laughed out of existence by Molière's famous comedy *Les Précieuses Ridicules*.

p. xlvi. *Dan Benserade.*

Isaac de Benserade was born in Normandy in 1612, and was patronized by Richelieu, Mazarin, and King Louis XIV. His madrigals, sonnets, and ballets, as well as his wit and conversational powers, rendered him a great favourite, and he was called, by way of distinction, "le poète de la cour." He was elected a member of the French Academy in 1674 and died in 1691.

p. xlvi. *Doughty Chapelle.*

Claud Emmanuel Lhuillier, called Chapelle, a well-known wit and poet, was born about 1621 and died in 1686. He was the friend and adviser of Racine. For a short time he assisted Molière, with whom he had been educated, in the composition of some of his comedies. Unlike most of his craft, he was rich and moved in the best society.

p. xlvi. *Sarrazin.*

Jean François Sarrazin, or Sarasin, born in Normandy in 1604. He was more celebrated for his wit and drollery than for any remarkable poetic gift. In 1648 he became secretary to the Prince de Conti, and unfortunately for himself promoted the prince's marriage with Cardinal Mazarin's niece, Anna Maria Martinozzi. The bridal dowry not coming up to the prince's expectation, he proceeded to belabour Sarrazin with a pair of tongs, and dealt him a severe blow on the temple, from which he died in 1654.

p. xlvi. *Voiture.*

Vincent Voiture, born at Amiens in 1598, was at first in the service of Gaston, Duke of Orleans. He subsequently became a favourite of Richelieu and Anne of

Austria, and was appointed *maître d'hôtel* to the King and afterwards the "interpreter of the ambassadors." His income from these and other offices exceeded 18,000 livres a year, most of which he lost at play. In 1634 Voiture was elected a member of the French Academy and became the high priest of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, where the *précieuse* coterie had its head-quarters. He died in 1648. His poems are unreadable.

p. xlvi. *Chapelain.*

Jean Chapelain, born in Paris in 1595, became a member of the French Academy in 1629. His chief poem, *La Pucelle*, at which he toiled for twenty years, was at first read, but falling under the lash of the omnipotent Boileau, it sank into oblivion. Richelieu, however, pensioned him, and Colbert employed him to draw up a list of savants and men of letters worthy of the protection of Louis XIV., a duty which he acquitted himself of with commendable impartiality. He, moreover, procured a pension for Racine. He died of a chill in 1674, as he preferred to ford a stream, being then seventy-nine years of age, rather than pay a halfpenny to cross it on a plank.

p. xlvi. . . . *he who ballad never made*
*Nor rhymed without a flask of wine.*

The allusion is apparently to François Villon, who was born in Paris in 1431. His real name was François de Montcorbier. He was probably the first of the long series of literary Bohemians of Paris, always living at other people's expense, and very often carrying his love for the goods of others, or his boisterous debauches, to such a length as to land him in prison. Some exploit of this sort led to his removing in 1456 from Paris to Angers, and before leaving Paris he composed a burlesque will in verse, known as his *Petit Testament.* Next year, however, he was again in Paris, where he was shortly afterwards imprisoned in the Châtelet, and would probably have been executed but for the intervention of Charles d'Orleans. In 1461 we find him

again in prison, this time at Meung-sur-Loire, probably for a burglary at Montpipeau. This time he owed his life to Louis XI., who passed through Meung October 2, 1461, and ordered a gaol-delivery in honour of his accession. Soon after his release he wrote his *Grand Testament*, but what became of him is not known. His popularity may be judged from the fact that between 1489 and 1542 twenty-six editions of his poems were published in Paris and three in Lyon.

p. xlvi. *Alone De Grammont can return.*

Hamilton also corresponded on the subject of the foregoing Epistle with the Marquis de Dangeau. La Chapelle addressed him a long missive, in which he approved of the idea of Grammont's life being written; but was much perplexed which of the most celebrated ancients to compare the count to. Mæcenas, he wrote, had first occurred to him, and the comparison was to his mind a happy one, since it enabled him to point out a certain similitude between Horace and Hamilton. Petronius next was mentioned, as offering some resemblance to the count—a man of pleasure, giving up the day to sleep and the night to entertainment; but then, added La Chapelle, it would be suggested that Grammont, with his perpetually active mind, slept neither by night nor day, and, moreover, whereas Petronius died, the count—then about eighty-five years of age—seemed determined never to die at all. Hamilton, in acknowledging La Chapelle's letter, stated that Grammont felt greatly flattered at being compared to Mæcenas, "the more especially as Mæcenas had been the minister of Augustus Cæsar, and he, the count, loved and reverenced all ministers." The comparison with Petronius was not so much to Grammont's liking, for he considered this poet to have been a "worthless fellow, and not a true man of pleasure, since he lacked two essential requisites for amusement, namely, cards and dice."

p. 3. *Bussi.*

Roger de Rabutin, comte de Bussy, French wit and satirist, was born in 1618 at Epiry in the Nivernais. He was the son of Léonor de Rabutin, Baron d'Epiry, and the cousin of Madame de Sévigné, several of whose letters are addressed to him. He entered the army at the age of twelve, under his father, and would probably have obtained a high rank but for the offence he gave to persons in power by his lampoons. In 1665 he was sent to the Bastille for writing his licentious and scandalous book entitled *Histoire amoureuse des Gaules;* and on his release he was banished to his estate, where he remained till 1681, when he returned to court. Bussy died at Autun in 1693. According to Voltaire the true reason of Bussy's disgrace was a song ascribed to him, in which Louis XIV. and his mistress, Marie Mancini, one of the nieces of Cardinal Mazarin, were spoken of with much freedom, especially the large size of the lady's mouth.

p. 3. *St. Evremond.*

Charles de Marguetel de Saint Denis de Saint Evremond, born April 1, 1613, at Saint-Denis-le-Guast in Normandy, came of a good family. He achieved fame as a soldier, poet, essayist, and gastronome, and mixed with the most brilliant society, but by reason of a bitter attack on Mazarin's policy, he was obliged towards the end of 1661 to take refuge in Holland, bidding what proved to be a final farewell to France. In London, whither he soon migrated, he became such a favourite, although he never troubled to learn English, that after making a prolonged stay in Holland for change of air, he

received, in April 1670, an intimation from Charles that his reappearance at court would be welcomed. On his acceding to this request Charles gave him a pension of £300, which he enjoyed until the King's death. His relations with James II. and with William III. were no less cordial. He died on September 20, 1703, aged ninety years, five months, and twenty days, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

According to his physician, Silvestre—"M. de Saint-Everemond was well made. As he had in youth taken part in all manly exercises, he retained, even to a very advanced age, a natural and easy carriage. His eyes were blue, keen, and full of fire, his face bright and intelligent, his smile somewhat satirical. In youth he had had fine black hair, but though it had become quite white, and even very sparse, he never would wear a wig, and contented himself with wearing a skull-cap. More than twenty years before his death a wen developed at the root of his nose, and grew to a good size, but this did not disfigure him very much, at least in the eyes of those who saw him habitually. His conversation was gay and easy, his repartees lively and incisive, his manners good and polite; in a word, one can say of him that in all things he showed himself to be a man of quality."

His biographer, Des Maizeaux, has left the following curious portrait of him:—"M. de St. Evremond had blue, lively, and sparkling eyes, a large forehead, thick eyebrows, a handsome mouth, and a sneering physiognomy. Twenty years before his death, a wen grew between his eyebrows, which in time increased to a considerable bigness. He once designed to have it cut off, but as it was in no wise troublesome to him, and he little regarded that kind of deformity, Dr. Le Fevre advised him to let it alone, lest such an operation should be attended with dangerous symptoms in a man of his age. He would often make merry with himself on account of his wen, his great leather cap, and his grey hair, which he chose to wear rather than a periwig."

Less flattering characteristics, however, are hinted at by Christopher Pitt, in a 'Dialogue between a Poet and his Servant':

"Old Evremond, renowned for wit and dirt,
Would change his living oftener than his shirt;
Roar with the rakes of state a month; and come
To starve another in his hole at home."

p. 5. *Louis XIII.*

Surnamed the Just. He was born September 27, 1601; succeeded his father Henry IV., under the regency of his mother, Marie de' Medici, May 14, 1610; and died May 14, 1643.

p. 5. *The Cardinal de Richelieu.*

Armand Jean du Plessis, Cardinal, Duc de Richelieu, first minister of France under Louis XIII. He was born September 5, 1585, and died December 4, 1642.

p. 5. *The siege of Trino.*

Trino is a small town of North Italy, in the province of Novara, eleven miles south-west from Vercelli. It was taken May 4, 1639, and again, September 24, 1643; it was at the latter siege that Grammont was present. Hamilton is slyly alluding to the fact that the chevalier was originally intended for the church.

p. 6. *Prince Thomas.*

Of Savoy, uncle of the reigning duke. He was also Prince of Carignano and grand-maître of the king's household. In 1624 he married Marie de Bourbon-Soissons, and died in 1656 during the siege of Cremona, where he commanded a French force.

p. 6. *As the post of lieutenant-general was not then known.*

A slight mistake, though the rank of lieutenant-general was not known in France until 1638. From the *Mémoires de Turenne* it appears that during the siege of Brisac in that year, Richelieu despatched thither two reinforcements, under the respective leadership of Turenne and the Comte de Guébriant, styling them "lieutenant-generals."

p. 6. *Du Plessis Praslin.*

César Du Plessis Praslin, afterwards (1645) marshal of

France and duc de Choiseul. He was born February 12, 1598, entered the army in 1612, and died December 23, 1675. On his retirement from active service in 1672, Henault in his *Histoire de France* says—

"Le Maréchal du Plessis ne fit pas cette campagne à cause de son grand âge ; il dit au roi, qu'il portoit envie à ses enfans, qui avoient l'honneur de servir sa majesté, que pour lui il souhaitoit la mort, puisqu'il n'étoit plus bon à rien ; le roi l'embrassa, et lui dit : *M. le Maréchal, on ne travaille que pour approcher de la réputation que vous avez acquise ; il est agreable de se reposer après tant de victoires.*"

p. 6. *The famous Viscount Turenne.*

Henri de la Tour-D'Auvergne, vicomte de Turenne, born at Sedan, September 16, 1611, died July 27, 1675, a distinguished French soldier, created marshal of France in 1644. After a brilliant career, which extended over more than forty years, he was struck by a chance cannon-ball while reconnoitring at Salzbach, and was killed on the spot. It appears that Count Hamilton was himself present at his death. Turenne left *Mémoires* of his life which illustrate in an interesting way not only his personal character, but likewise the art of war, of which he was an acknowledged master.

p. 7. *Of this number was Matta.*

Charles de Bourdeille, comte de Matta or de Martas (as the name is variously written) in Saintonge, born in 1614, was the fifth of the eight children of Claude de Bourdeille, baron de Martas d'Aumaigne and d'Beaulieu, by his wife Marguerite de Breuil. He succeeded his brother, Barthelemi, who was killed at the siege of Turin in 1640, in the command of a company in the regiment of guards, and had previously served some years in the army, as a volunteer or otherwise, when Grammont joined the forces at the siege of Trino. They were distantly connected by intermarriages with the family of Lauzun. He eagerly embraced the party of the Fronde in 1649, but according to Cardinal de Retz, who thought him a man of limited capacity, did little else than make

himself notorious by his debauchery and riotous conduct. On the conclusion of the war he appears, like many other Frondeurs, to have deemed it prudent to retire to his country seat. Little is known of his subsequent life, though his stories and repartees doubtless made him acceptable in the salons of Madame Scarron and Ninon Lenclos. Some of his witticisms have been preserved, but the spirit is said to "evaporate in translation." When madame la maréchale d'Albret, a very worthy and pious woman, but rather too fond of wine, exclaimed "Where could I have got this nose?" as she observed in a mirror a slight approach to a flush in that feature, Matta answered "At the sideboard, madame." The same lady in her grief at the death of her father or brother refused all nourishment. "Have you really resolved, madame," said Matta, "never to touch food again? If you have, so much the better for you; but if you intend to eat upon some future occasion, you may just as well start now." This blunt advice brought la maréchale to reason, and she at once sent to the butcher's for a leg of mutton. During a very cold winter some one observed that Matta was very thinly clad. "Comment faites-vous, lui dit-il, pour être si légèrement vêtu?" "Comment je fais? Je gèle." Madame de Caylus, in whose entertaining *Souvenirs* these bon mots are to be found, speaks of the simple and natural humour of Matta as making him the best company in the world. Mademoiselle de Montpensier in her *Mémoires* alludes to his pleasantry in conversation and passion for gaming. Matta resigned his commission in the guards in 1673, and died at Paris July 14, 1674.

pp. 10, 11. *The Mendores and the Corisandes.*

The Grammonts in the male line are descended from Sancho Garcia d'Aure, viscount de l'Arboust. Menaud d'Aure, his lineal representative, married Claire de Grammont, sister and heiress of Jean, seigneur de Grammont, and daughter of François, seigneur de Grammont, and Catherine d'Andoins his wife. Menaud d'Aure is the ancestor who is disguised in the *Memoirs* as "Menaudaure," "Menodore," or "Mendore."

The grandmother of the chevalier was Diane d'Andoins

(known as "La belle Corisande"), only daughter of Paul, vicomte de Louvigny, and widow of Philibert de Grammont, comte de Guiche, killed, in Aug. 1580, at the siege of La Fère. The connection between the fair Corisande and Henry IV. was subsequent to the count's death; she was probably several years older than her royal lover.

In the *Amours du grande Alcandre* (1652) it is stated by one of the old commentators that "Alcandre [Henry IV.] avoit donné promesse de mariage à Corisande, escrite et signée de son sang. Cette dame avoit fait la guerre pour Alcandre à ses despens, et lui envoyoit des levées de vingt-trois à vingt-quatre mille Gascons; mais elle devint grasse et grosse et si rouge de visage qu' Alcandre s'en dégouta. Il offrit pourtant à son fils de l'avouer pour sien, lequel repartit qu'il aimoit mieux estre gentilhomme que bastard d'un roy."

p. 11. *The Cæsars de Vendôme.*

César, duc de Vendôme, was the eldest illegitimate son of Henry IV., by his mistress Gabrielle d'Estrées. He was born in 1594 and died in 1665.

p. 11. *The college of Pau.*

Pau was the capital of the old principality of Béarn, and lies on the right bank of the Gave-de-Pau. In its ancient royal castle was born Henry IV.; it is also the birthplace of Gaston de Foix, and of General Bernadotte, afterwards King of Sweden.

p. 11. *The niece of a minister.*

Mlle. du Plessis-Chivré, Richelieu's niece.

p. 12. *The Cardinal.*

Richelieu.

p. 13. *Bidache.*

A château belonging to the Grammont family, on the Bidouze, seventeen miles east of Bayonne.

p. 29. *The Baron de Batteville.*

He was afterwards Spanish ambassador in England,

where, in the summer of 1660, he offended the French court by claiming precedence of their ambassador, Comte D'Estrades, on the public entry of the Swedish ambassador into London. An account of this dispute was drawn up by Evelyn (see *Biographia Britannica*, article John Evelyn), from which it appears that the court of France compelled its rival of Spain to acknowledge the French claim to precedency. Louis XIV., in commemoration of this brilliant triumph, had a medal struck, on which the then Spanish ambassador, Marquis de Fuente, was represented as declaring to that monarch, "Non concurrer con los ambassadores de Francia," with this inscription, "Jus præcedendi assertum," and under it, "Hispanorum excusatio coram xxx legatis principum, 1662." According to Clarendon, Baron de Batteville "was born in Burgundy, in the Spanish quarters, and bred a soldier, in which profession he was an officer of note, and at that time was governor of St. Sebastian's and of that province. He seemed a rough man, and to have more of the camp, but in truth, knew the intrigues of a court better than most Spaniards; and, except when his passion surprised him, was wary and cunning in his negotiation. He lived with less reservation and more jollity than the ministers of that crown used to do, and drew such of the court to his table and conversation, who he observed were loud talkers, and confident enough in the King's presence."

p. 31. *Madame Royale.*

Christina, second daughter of Henry IV., and wife of Victor Amadeus, Prince of Piedmont, afterwards Duke of Savoy. Her code of morals has been mildly described as "peu sévère." Her sumptuous residence near Turin, known as "La Vigne de Madame Royale," has been thus noticed by the German traveller, Johann Georg Keysler, who toured through part of Europe in the seventeenth century :—

"During the minority under the regent Christina, both the house and garden were often the scenes of riot and debauchery. On this account, in the king's advanced age, when he was, as it were, inflamed with an external flame

of religion, and with which possibly the admonitions of his father-confessor might concur, this place became so odious to him, that, upon the death of Madame Royale [in 1663], he bestowed it on the hospital."—*Travels*, vol. i., p. 239.

In the *Historiettes* of Tallemant des Réaux the following anecdote is related of her :—

"Le duc de Savoie, le bossu, amoureux de sa belle-fille, Madame Royale, lui donna une collation où toute la vaisselle d'argent était en forme de guitare à cause qu'elle en jouait. Elle le contrefaisait avec Chazy qu'il chassa et tous les autres."

p. 35. *La Vénerie.*

This famous place is well illustrated in *Theatrum statuum Sabaudiæ ducis*, 2 vols., folio, Amsterdam, 1682 (French translation, La Haye, 1700). It is thus described by Keysler (*Travels*, vol. i., p. 235) :—

"The palace most frequented by the royal family is La Vénerie, the court generally continuing there from the spring to December. It is about a league from Turin : the road that leads to it is well paved, and the greatest part of it planted with trees on each side : it is not always in a direct line, but runs a little winding between fine meadows, fields and vineyards." After describing the palace as it then was, he adds :—"The palace garden at present consists only of hedges and walks, whereas formerly it had fine water-works and grottos, besides the fountain of Hercules and the temple of Diana, of which a description may be seen in the Nouveau Théâtre de Piedmont. But now nothing of these remains, being gone to ruin, partly by the ravages of the French, and partly by the king's order that they should be demolished, to make room for something else ; but those vacuities have not yet, and probably will not very soon be filled up."

p. 56. *The Grammonts came originally from Spain.*

In corroboration of this fact it is related that on the occasion of the Marshal de Grammont's (the chevalier's brother) demanding the hand of the Infanta Maria Theresa for Louis XIV., the people cried, "Viva el Marescal de Agramont, que es de nuestro sangue !" And

the King of Spain said to the Marshal, after the presentation of his sons, the Counts de Guiche and De Louvigny, "Teneis Muy Buenos y lindos hijos y bien se hecha de ver que los Agramonteses salen de la sangue de España."

p. 64. *The Prince de Condé.*

Louis II. de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien, afterwards, by the death of his father in 1646, Prince of Condé, generally known as "the Great Condé." He was born at Paris, September 8, 1621, retired from active service in 1679, and died December 11, 1686. His last years were spent at Chantilly, where he enjoyed the friendship of Boileau, Molière, and Racine. His funeral oration was delivered by Bossuet.

The following characteristic of the great soldier is related by Pepys (*Diary*, June 4, 1664):—

"He [Mr., afterwards Sir, William Coventry] told me also, as a great instance of some men, that the Prince of Condé's excellence is, that there not being a more furious man in the world, danger in fight never disturbs him more than just to make him civil, and to command in words of great obligation to his officers and men; but without any the least disturbance in his judgment or spirit."

p. 64. *The celebrated battles of Lens, Norlinguen [Nordlingen] and Fribourg.*

These were fought August 20, 1648, August 3, 1645, and August 3–5, 1644.

p. 65. *The Queen.*

Anne of Austria, daughter of Philip III. of Spain, widow of Louis XIII., to whom she was married in 1615, and mother of Louis XIV. She died in 1666.

p. 65. *The policy of the minister.*

Cardinal Mazarin, who during the latter years of his life practically ruled France. Jules Mazarin, or Giulio Mazzarino, was born at Rome, July 14, 1602, and became naturalized in France in April 1639. He was appointed first minister to Louis XIII., December 4, 1642, and to Louis XIV. in May 1643. He died at Vincennes,

March 9, 1661. At his death the King and the court appeared in mourning, a very unusual honour. During his career he is said to have amassed a fortune of eight millions sterling. Soon after his death appeared a curious little volume called *Testament du défunt cardinal Jules Mazarin, duc de Nivernois* (Paris, 1663 : reprinted at Cologne the same year), in which are given many details of his avarice. His will, which has been justly styled "un monument extraordinaire de l'orgueil au lit de mort," may be found in its entirety in the appendix to *Les Œuvres de Louis XIV.*, t. vi., p. 292. His heir was the Marquis de la Meilleraye, the husband of his niece, Hortense Mancini, who took the title of duc de Mazarin. Voltaire, who thought the cardinal's ability much overrated, has given a brilliant sketch of his career in his *Siècle de Louis XIV.*

p. 67. *The Archduke.*

Leopold, brother of the Emperor Ferdinand III.

p. 67. *Péronne.*

A small but well-fortified town of France, twenty-one miles south-west of Cambrai.

p. 67. *Arras.*

A strongly fortified city of France, 35 miles from Amiens and 100 miles from Paris, the birthplace of Lebon, Robespierre, and Damiens.

p. 67. *The battle of Rocroy.*

This famous battle was fought and won May 19, 1643, five days after the death of Louis XIII.

p. 67. *The siege of Arras.*

"It was the fortune of Turenne and Condé," observes Voltaire, "to be always victorious when they fought at the head of the French, and to be vanquished when they commanded the Spaniards." Such was Condé's fate when he, along with the Archduke Leopold, lay siege to Arras, August 25, 1654, only to be routed by Turenne. But

while the archduke was flying, Condé with only two regiments of French and Lorrainers managed to effect a masterly retreat and saved the beaten army of the Spaniards.

p. 69. *The Marquis d'Humières.*

Louis de Crévant, marquis d'Humières, was governor of Compiègne in June 1646. He rose to be lieutenant-general of armies of the King Oct. 18, 1656, and in 1668 became governor of Flanders and marshal of France. In 1685 he was sent to compliment James II. on his accession; and in that year he was appointed grand master of artillery. He was given the command in Flanders in 1689, but was defeated by Prince de Waldeck at Walcourt in August of that year. He died Aug. 30, 1694, aged 66. Voltaire relates of him that he was the first who "at the siege of Arras, in 1658, was served in silver in the trenches, and had ragouts and entremets served up to his table."

Saint-Simon describes him as "un homme aimable au dernier point, jusque dans ses colères; qui avait toujours été du plus grand monde et du plus choisi, et qui, avec beaucoup de valeur et d'aisance dans les manières, mais avec un esprit médiocre et des talents bornés pour la guerre, en avait un infini pour la cour, dont il rassemblait chez lui tout l'illustre et l'agréable avec une grande magnificence."

A ballad, written in 1689, charges him with having lost the battle of Walcourt because his mind was occupied with an actress of the Opéra named Barbareau.

"Où trouver assez de lauriers
Pour ce grand maréchal d'Humières?
Il efface tous nos guerriers,
Car, dans un vaste cimetière
Qu'il a fait semer de héros
Il ne songeait qu' à Barbareau.

---

"Sans échelles, sans canonniers,
Voulant que Walcourt on surprenne,
Il fait partir six cents courriers
Pour savoir l'avis de Turenne;

Son ombre a répondu tout haut :
Qu'il s'en retourne à Barbareau."

In another ballad, composed in 1691, the marshal, who was then 63 years of age, is made to say :—

"Pourvu que ma Sylvie
Soit sensible à mes feux,
Ceux de l'artillerie
M' épouvantent fort peu."

p. 74. *Montmorency.*

Henry II., Duke of Montmorency, born at Chantilly, April 30, 1595 ; made grand admiral of France in 1612, but deprived of the office in Oct. 1625 ; gazetted marshal of France Dec. 11, 1630 ; joined Gaston, Duke of Orleans, and after being defeated and taken prisoner by Marshal Schomberg, Sept. 1, 1632, he was executed at Toulouse on Oct. 30 following. He was Grammont's uncle on his mother's side.

p. 77. *Bapaume.*

A fortified town, fourteen miles from Arras. In 1641 the French took it from the Spaniards.

p. 78. *Troopers.*

In the French original (1713, p. 93) the word used is "Cravattes," that is Croats. The regiment of Croats—light, undisciplined cavalry—especially distinguished itself at times of pillage and massacre. Even in the eighteenth century a regiment called the "Royal Cravats" was still maintained by France.

p. 81. *Without doubt he would have given him some severe reply.*

It occasionally suited the chevalier to treat the cardinal very differently. On the King's entry into Paris the same year (1660) with his queen, Madame de Maintenon wrote :—"The chevalier de Grammont, Rouville, Bellefont, and some other courtiers, attended in the suite of Cardinal Mazarin, which astonished every body ; it was said it was out of flattery. The chevalier wore a flame-coloured suit, and was very brilliant."

p. 82. *Peter Mazarine.*

Father of the cardinal. He was a native of Palermo in Sicily, but ultimately settled at Rome, where he died in 1654. In the fact of his lowly birth and slender means lay the sting of the chevalier's remark.

p. 84. *The peace of the Pyrenees.*

This treaty was signed Nov. 7, 1659.

p. 84. *The King's marriage.*

Louis XIV. with Maria Theresa of Austria. She was born Sept. 20, 1638, was married June 1, 1660, and entered Paris Aug. 26 following. She died at Versailles July 30, 1683, and was buried at St. Denis.

p. 84. *The return of the Prince de Condé.*

On April 11, 1660.

p. 87. *La Motte Houdancourt.*

Anne Lucie de la Motte or la Mothe Houdancourt, niece of the marshal of that name. She has often been confused with mademoiselle de la Mothe Argencourt, a mistress of the marquis de Richelieu; she was honoured with a couplet in the famous *Cantique* ascribed to Bussy, and became a nun. Both these ladies were the object of Louis XIV.'s desire in his youthful days. The one for whom Grammont sighed was, in 1662, regarded as a dangerous rival of La Vallière; but while she resisted the royal advances, her rival yielded, and "vanquit par sa faiblesse," to use the expression of madame de Motteville. Afterwards, mademoiselle de la Mothe-Houdancourt married the marquis de la Vieuville.

Mademoiselle de Montpensier in her *Mémoires* relates the following anecdote of her: "Le bruit courut qui le roi alloit toujours à ses fenêtres pour parler à la Mothe, et qu'il lui avoit porté un jour des pendants d'oreille de diamant, qu'elle les lui avoit jetés au nez et lui avoit dit: 'Je ne me soucie ni de vous ni de vos pendants, pusque vous ne voulez pas quitter La Vallière.'"

In another contemporary narrative we are told that: "Elle avoit été parfaitement belle, et le roi étant devenu

amoureux d'elle, pendant qu'elle étoit fille d'honneur de la reine, ce fut à son occasion que la duchesse de Navailles, alors dame d'honneur, fut chassée pour s'être opposée aux desseins du roi. Longtemps après, M. le duc de la Feuillade fit le mariage de mademoiselle de la Motte avec le marquis de la Vieuville, fils du duc qui étoit chevalier d'honneur de la reine et gouverneur de Poitou, et, par ce mariage, le fils eut les survivances de ces deux charges." (*Mémoires du Marquis de Sourches*, edit. 1836, t. i., p. 233.)

p. 87. *The celebrated Meneville.*

Mademoiselle Catherine de Méneville was maid of honour to the queen-mother. She is celebrated in the *Mémoires* of mademoiselle de Montpensier and of madame de Motteville for her beauty and for her extraordinary love affair with François Christophe de Levis, comte de Brion, afterwards duc de Damville, who had been a widower for many years. "Il y avait entre eux une promesse de mariage [en date février 8, 1657]; la demoiselle qui était intrigante et sans fortune, se flattait de devenir duchesse; son père et sa mère, circonstance assez étrange, avaient signé la promesse réciproque conclue entre leur fille et son amant; mais, celui-ci, âgé de cinquante ans, avait à vaincre l'opposition de sa mère, la duchesse de Ventadour; il avait affaire à une beauté peu farouche qui avait écouté les doux propos du surintendant Fouquet (jamais surintendant ne trouva de cruelles), et qui avait reçu de lui cinquante mille écus—en promesses. Le duc, qui se doutait de quelque chose, cherchait à se dégager; il offrait de satisfaire à ses obligations par de l'argent; il avait fait prier la reine-mère de leur défendre à tous deux de se voir. Un brusque trépas vint à point nommé (au mois de septembre 1661) le sauver de cette position ridicule, mais presque en même temps arriva la chute de Fouquet, et la pauvre Méneville, privée de l'espoir d'être duchesse, vit aussi les promesses de Fouquet s'en aller en fumée; elle resta la fable d'une cour peu charitable. Madame de Motteville, qui a l'esprit bien fait, pretend qu'il arriva, pour son bonheur, que l'on

trouva de ses lettres dans les cassettes du prisonnier qui justifièrent sa vertu."

One of the couplets in the objectionable *Cantique* improvised by Bussy, Vivonne, and other debauchees, runs as follows:—

"De Méneville et de Brion,
S'il sort jamais un avorton
Fils de son père il ne sera
Alleluia."

p. 89. *Curiosity . . . had once before induced the Chevalier de Grammont to visit England.*

Grammont's first visit to England may have been in November 1655, when Bordeaux, the French ambassador, concluded a treaty with Cromwell, whereby France agreed totally to abandon the interests of Charles II.; and Cromwell, on his part, declared war against Spain, by which we gained Jamaica. Another opportunity occurred in 1657, when Cromwell's son-in-law, Lord Fauconberg, was sent to compliment Louis XIV. and Cardinal Mazarin, who were near Dunkirk. The exact date of the chevalier's second and more famous visit is determined by a letter addressed to his government by Cominges, the French ambassador in London, dated 5—15 Jan., 1662–3, in which he says that Grammont arrived yesterday, "is invited to all the king's card parties, and already commands at Lady Castlemaine's."

p. 90. *The same people . . . exhausted themselves in festivals and rejoicings for his return.*

"With the restoration of the King," says Burnet, "a spirit of extravagant joy spread over the nation, that brought on with it the throwing off the very professions of virtue and piety. All ended in entertainments and drunkenness, which overrun the three kingdoms to such a degree, that it very much corrupted all their morals. Under the colour of drinking the king's health, there were great disorders, and much riot everywhere; and the pretences of religion, both in those of the hypocritical sort, and of the more honest, but no less pernicious

enthusiasts, gave great advantages, as well as they furnished much matter to the profane mockers of true piety." Voltaire in his *Siècle de Louis* XIV. (ch. v.) writes: King Charles "was received at Dover by twenty thousand of his subjects, who fell upon their knees before him; and I have been told by some old men who were of this number, that hardly any of those who were present could refrain from tears."

p. 91. *At his coronation.*

Pepys's chronicle of the coronation ceremonies is at once so quaint and picturesque that we cite it in full:—

"April 22nd, 1661. King's going from the Tower to White Hall. Up early and made myself as fine as I could, and put on my velvet coat, the first day that I put it on, though made half a year ago. And being ready, Sir W. Batten, my Lady, and his two daughters and his son and wife, and Sir W. Pen and his son and I, went to Mr. Young's, the flag-maker, in Cornhill; and there we had a good room to ourselves, with wine and good cake, and saw the show very well. In which it is impossible to relate the glory of this day, expressed in the clothes of them that rid, and their horses and horses-clothes, among others, my Lord Sandwich's. Embroidery and diamonds were ordinary among them. The Knights of the Bath was a brave sight of itself; and their Esquires, among which Mr. Armiger was an Esquire to one of the Knights. Remarkable were the two men that represent the two Dukes of Normandy and Aquitaine. The Bishops come next after Barons, which is the higher place; which makes me think that the next Parliament they will be called to the House of Lords. My Lord Monk rode bare after the King, and led in his hand a spare horse, as being Master of the Horse. The King, in a most rich embroidered suit and cloak, looked most noble. Wadlow the vintner, at the Devil, in Fleet-street, did lead a fine company of soldiers, all young comely men, in white doublets. There followed the Vice-Chamberlain, Sir G. Carteret, a company of men all like Turks; but I know not yet what they are for. The streets all gravelled, and the houses hung with carpets before them, made brave

show, and the ladies out of the windows, one of which over against us I took much notice of, and spoke of her, which made good sport among us. So glorious was the show with gold and silver, that we were not able to look at it, our eyes at last being so much overcome with it. Both the King and the Duke of York took notice of us, as he saw us at the window. . . . In the evening, by water to White Hall to my Lord's, and there I spoke with my Lord. He talked with me about his suit, which was made in France, and cost him 200*l.*, and very rich it is with embroidery.

## "CORONATION DAY.

"23rd. About 4 I rose and got to the Abbey, where I followed Sir J. Denham, the Surveyor, with some company that he was leading in. And with much ado, by the favour of Mr. Cooper, his man, did get up into a great scaffold across the North end of the Abbey, where with a great deal of patience I sat from past 4 till 11 before the King came in. And a great pleasure it was to see the Abbey raised in the middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is a chair) and footstool on the top of it; and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fiddlers, in red vests. At last comes in the Dean and Prebends of Westminster, with the Bishops (many of them in cloth of gold copes), and after them the Nobility, all in their Parliament robes, which was a most magnificent sight. Then the Duke, and the King with a sceptre (carried by my Lord Sandwich) and sword and mond before him, and the crown too. The King in his robes, bare-headed, which was very fine. And after all had placed themselves, there was a sermon and the service; and then in the Quire at the high altar, the King passed through all the ceremonies of the Coronation, which to my great grief I and most in the Abbey could not see. The crown being put upon his head, a great shout begun, and he came forth to the throne, and there passed more ceremonies: as taking the oath, and having things read to him by the Bishop: and his lords (who put on their caps as soon as the King put on his crown) and bishops come, and kneeled before him. And three

times the King at Arms went to the three open places on the scaffold, and proclaimed, that if any one could show any reason why Charles Stewart should not be King of England, that now he should come and speak. And a General Pardon also was read by the Lord Chancellor, and medals flung up and down by my Lord Cornwallis, of silver, but I could not come by any. But so great a noise that I could make but little of the music; and indeed, it was lost to everybody. . . . I went out a little while before the King had done all his ceremonies, and went round the Abbey to Westminster Hall, all the way within rails, and 10,000 people with the ground covered with blue cloth; and scaffolds all the way. Into the Hall I got, where it was very fine with hangings and scaffolds one upon another full of brave ladies; and my wife in one little one, on the right hand. Here I staid walking up and down, and at last upon one of the side stalls I stood and saw the King come in with all the persons (but the soldiers) that were yesterday in the cavalcade; and a most pleasant sight it was to see them in their several robes. And the King came in with his crown on, and his sceptre in his hand, under a canopy borne up by six silver staves, carried by Barons of the Cinque Ports, and little bells at every end. And after a long time he got up to the farther end, and all set themselves down at their several tables; and that was also a brave sight: and the King's first course carried up by the Knights of the Bath. And many fine ceremonies there was of the Heralds leading up people before him, and bowing; and my Lord of Albemarle's going to the kitchen and eat a bit of the first dish that was to go to the King's table. But, above all, was these three Lords, Northumberland, and Suffolk, and the Duke of Ormond, coming before the courses on horseback, and staying so all dinner-time, and at last to bring up [Dymock] the King's Champion, all in armour on horseback, with his spear and target carried before him. And a Herald proclaims 'That if any dare deny Charles Stewart to be lawful King of England, here was a Champion that would fight with him': and with these words the Champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times in his

going up towards the King's table. At last when he is come, the King drinks to him, and then sends him the cup which is of gold, and he drinks it off, and then rides back again with the cup in his hand. I went from table to table to see the Bishops and all others at their dinner, and was infinitely pleased with it. And at the Lords' table I met with William Howe, and he spoke to my Lord for me, and he did give me four rabbits and a pullet, and so I got it, and Mr. Creed and I got Mr. Michell to give us some bread, and so we at a stall eat it, as every body else did what they could get. I took a great deal of pleasure to go up and down, and look upon the ladies, and to hear the music of all sorts, but above all, the 24 violins. About six at night they had dined, and I went up to my wife, and there met with a pretty lady (Mrs. Frankleyn, a Doctor's wife, a friend of Mr. Bowyer's), and kissed them both, and by and by took them down to Mr. Bowyer's. And strange it is to think, that these two days have held up fair till now that all is done, and the King gone out of the Hall; and then it fell a-raining and thundering and lightening as I have not seen it do for some years: which people did take great notice of; God's blessing of the work of these two days, which is a foolery to take too much notice of such things. I observed little disorder in all this, but only the King's footmen had got hold of the canopy, and would keep it from the Barons of the Cinque Ports, which they endeavoured to force from them again, but could not do it till my Lord Duke of Albemarle caused it to be put into Sir R. Pye's hand till to-morrow to be decided. At Mr. Bowyer's; a great deal of company, some I knew, others I did not. Here we staid upon the leads and below till it was late, expecting to see the fireworks, but they were not performed to-night: only the city had a light like a glory round about it with bonfires. At last I went to King-street, and there sent Crockford to my father's and my house, to tell them I could not come home to-night, because of the dirt, and a coach could not be had. And so after drinking a pot of ale alone at Mrs. Harper's, I returned to Mr. Bowyer's, and after a little stay more I took my wife and Mrs. Frankleyn (who I proffered the

civility of lying with my wife at Mrs. Hunt's to-night) to Axe-yard, in which at the further end there were three great bonfires, and a great many great gallants, men and women; and they laid hold of us, and would have us drink the King's health upon our knees, kneeling upon a faggot, which we all did, they drinking to us one after another. Which we thought a strange frolic; but these gallants continued thus a great while, and I wondered to see how the ladies did tipple. At last I sent my wife and her bedfellow to bed, and Mr. Hunt and I went in with Mr. Thornbury (who did give the company all their wine, he being yeoman of the wine-cellar to the King) to his house, and there, with his wife and two of his sisters, and some gallant sparks that were there, we drank the King's health, and nothing else, till one of the gentlemen fell down stark drunk, and there lay spewing; and I went to my Lord's pretty well. . . . Thus did the day end with joy every where: and blessed be God, I have not heard of any mischance to any body through it all, but only to Serjeant Glynne, whose horse fell upon him yesterday, and is like to kill him, which people do please themselves to see how just God is to punish the rogue at such a time as this: he being now one of the King's Serjeants, and rode in the cavalcade with Maynard, to whom people wish the same fortune. There was also this night in King-street [a woman] had her eye put out by a boy's flinging a firebrand into the coach. Now, after all this, I can say, that, besides the pleasure of the sight of these glorious things, I may now shut my eyes against any other objects, nor for the future trouble myself to see things of state and show, as being sure never to see the like again in this world.

"24th. At night, set myself to write down these three days' diary, and while I am about it, I hear the noise of the chambers, and other things of the fireworks, which are now playing upon the Thames before the King; and I wish myself with them, being sorry not to see them."

p. 91. *The death of the Duke of Gloucester.*

Henry, duke of Gloucester, born July 8, 1640, died Sept. 13, 1660, at the age of twenty. He succumbed to

small-pox—Pepys says "by the great negligence of the doctors." As we entirely agree with the observation of Mr. Macpherson that "mankind are apt to exaggerate the virtues of princes who happen to die in early youth," we refrain from quoting either his or other historians' ridiculous eulogies.

p. 91. *The Princess Royal.*

Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I., born Nov. 4, 1631. By her marriage on May 2, 1641, to the Prince of Orange she became the mother of William III. She was left a widow Oct. 27, 1650. Evelyn says in his *Diary* (March 17, 1660): "In a coach we went to see a house of the Princess Dowager's, in a park about a mile from the Hague, where there is one of the most beautiful rooms for pictures in the whole world. She had here one picture upon the top, with these words, dedicating it to the memory of her husband, 'Incomparabili marito, inconsolabilis vidua.'" She arrived in England Sept. 23, 1660, but died of small-pox Dec. 24 following. Burnet, after remarking that her death was "not much lamented," says "she had lived in her widowhood for some years with great reputation, kept a decent court, and supported her brothers very liberally, and lived within bounds. But her mother, who had the art of making herself believe any thing she had a mind to, upon a conversation with the queen-mother of France, fancied the King of France might be inclined to marry her. So she writ to her to come to Paris. In order to that, she made an equipage far above what she could support. So she ran herself into debt, sold all her jewels, and some estates that were in her power as her son's guardian; and was not only disappointed of that vain expectation, but fell into some misfortunes that lessened the reputation she had formerly lived in."

p. 92. *The reception of the Infanta of Portugal.*

Viscount Cornbury, who, by the way, was the eldest son of Lord Clarendon, accompanied Charles to meet his luckless bride at Portsmouth, in May 1662, and wrote thus to the Marchioness of Worcester:—"The King

likes her very well; is much taken with her wit and conversation; says he will out-do all that pretend to be good husbands, and that it is his own fault if he be not happy, for he is as happy in his wife as any man can be. He is extreme fond, and spends all his time with her, which I think is an argument that he is well pleased. . . . The Queen is much concerned that the English ladies spend so much time in dressing themselves. She fears they bestow but little on God Almighty, and in housewifery."

But outspoken Sir John Reresby, who was also there, and had no particular interests to serve, gives a very different account:—"The Queen arrived the 14th, and after his Majesty's arrival and the consummation of the marriage, performed by the Bishop of London, the rest of their stay was passed in feasting, balls, and all sorts of diversions. All this time it was very discernible that the King was not much enamoured of his bride. She was very little, not handsome (though her face was indifferent), and her education so different from his, being most of her time brought up in a monastery, that she had nothing visible about her capable to make the King forget his inclination to the Countess of Castlemaine. . . . It was suspected that my Lord Chancellor Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon, the great minister of state at that time, that made the match, was no stranger to the Queen's defects, and to one more, which was that she had a complaint upon her that made her unlikely (if not incapable) to have issue; and that he did it rather for this, that so in probability the crown might descend to the Duke of York, who was contracted, if not then married, to his daughter."

Among the Lansdowne manuscripts in the British Museum is a letter from Charles to Lord Clarendon, giving his opinion of his bride; it is more curious than printable.

p. 92. *The King was inferior to none.*

Charles II. was born May 29, 1630, and died Feb. 6, 1684–5. His character and that of his court have been eloquently sketched by Bishop Samuel Wilberforce in his

introduction to Evelyn's *Life of Mrs. Godolphin*:—"In the reign of Charles the Second, that revulsion of feeling which affects nations just as it does individuals had plunged into dissipation all ranks on their escape from the narrow austerities and gloomy sourness of puritanism. The court, as was natural, shared to the full in these new excesses of an unrestrained indulgence; whilst many other influences led to its wider corruption. The foreign habits contracted in their banishment by the returning courtiers were ill suited to the natural gravity of English manners, and introduced at once a wide-spread licentiousness. The personal character, moreover, of the King helped on the general corruption. Gay, popular, and witty, with a temper nothing could cross, and an affability nothing could repress, he was thoroughly sensual, selfish, and depraved—vice in him was made so attractive by the wit and gaiety with which it was tricked out, that its utmost grossness seemed for the time rather to win than to repulse beholders. Around the King clustered a band of congenial spirits, a galaxy of corruption, who spread the pollution upon every side. The names of Buckingham and Rochester, of Etheredge, Killigrew, and Sedley, still maintain a bad pre-eminence in the annals of English vice. As far as the common eye could reach there was little to resist the evil. The Duke of York, the next heir to the throne, a cold-hearted libertine, shared the vices of the King, without the poor gloss of his social attractions. It was the day of England's deepest degradation, when in private life morality was a reproach, truth departed, and religion a jest; when in affairs of state French gold and foreign influence had corrupted and subdued the throned monarch, and England's King was daily losing what had been gained by the Protector of the Commonwealth.

"It was a day of heartless merriment, upon which fell suddenly a night of blackness, which swallowed up its crew of godless revellers. A picture more deeply tragical than that thus simply sketched by Mr. Evelyn at the end, of Charles himself, can scarcely be conceived. 'I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and prophaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forget-

fulness of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'nnight I was witness of, the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine, etc., a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about 20 of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at Basset round a large table, a bank of at least 2000 in gold before them; upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after was all in the dust.'" —(Evelyn's *Diary*, Feb. 1684–5.)

Charles was eminently the King to live in exile. "We pass our time," he says, "as well as people can do that have no more money, for we dance and play as if we had taken the Plate Fleet" (Letter to Henry Bennet, afterwards Lord Arlington, dated from Cologne, Aug. 17, 1655, printed in *Miscellanea Aulica*, p. 117). The King was wont to spend much of his leisure abroad in dancing, as the following extracts from his letters will show: "I shall only tell your Maty that we are now thinking how to passe our time; and in the first place, of dancing, in which we find to [two] difficultyes, the one for want of the fidelers, the other, for somebody both to teach and assist at the danceing the new dances: and I have gott my sister to send for Silvius, as one that is able to performe both; for the fideldedies my Ld Taafe does promise to be their convoy, and, in the meanetime, we must contente our selves with those that make no difference betweene a himme and a coranto. To the Queen of Bohemia, Cologne, Aug. 6, 1655" (printed in *Miscellanea Aulica*, p. 155).

"Pray get me pricked down as many new corrants, and sarrabands, and other little dances as you can, and bring them with you, for I have got a small fiddler, that does not play ill on the fiddle. To Henry Bennet, Bruges, Aug. 18, 1655" (printed in Ellis's *Original Letters*, 2nd series, vol. iii., p. 376).

### p. 92. *The Duke of York.*

James Duke of York was born at St. James's Palace Oct. 15, 1633; succeeded his brother as James II. Feb. 6,

1684-5; abdicated the crown in 1688, and died in exile at St. Germains, in France, Sept. 16, 1701.

"He was," says Burnet "very brave in his youth; and so much magnified by Monsieur Turenne, that till his marriage lessened him, he really clouded the king, and passed for the superior genius. He was naturally candid and sincere, and a firm friend, till affairs and his religion wore out all his first principles and inclinations. He had a great desire to understand affairs: and in order to that he kept a constant journal of all that passed, of which he shewed me a great deal. The Duke of Buckingham gave me once a short but severe character of the two brothers. It was the more severe, because it was true: the king, (he said,) could see things if he would: and the duke would see things if he could. He had no true judgment, and was soon determined by those whom he trusted: but he was obstinate against all other advices. He was bred with high notions of kingly authority, and laid it down for a maxim, that all who opposed the king, were rebels in their hearts. He was perpetually in one amour or other, without being very nice in his choice: upon which the king once said, he believed his brother had his mistresses given him by his priests for penance. He was naturally eager and revengeful: and was against the taking off any, that set up in an opposition to the measures of the court, and who by that means grew popular in the house of commons. He was for rougher methods. He continued many years dissembling his religion, and seemed zealous for the church of England. But it was chiefly on design to hinder all propositions, that tended to unite us among ourselves. He was a frugal prince, and brought his court into method and magnificence, for he had 100,000*l.* a year allowed him. He was made high admiral, and he came to understand all the concerns of the sea very particularly."

p. 92. *Miss Hyde.*

Anne Hyde, eldest daughter of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, born March 12, 1637. She was contracted to the Duke of York at Breda, Nov. 24, 1659, and married at Worcester House, London, Sept. 3, 1660, in the night,

between eleven and two, by Dr. Joseph Crowther, the duke's chaplain, Lord Ossory giving her away. She died March 31, 1671, of cancer in the breast, having previously acknowledged herself to be a Roman Catholic.

Pepys (Oct. 7, 1660) says: "To my lord's [Sandwich], and dined with him; he all dinner-time talking French to me, and telling me the story how the Duke of York hath got my Lord Chancellor's daughter with child, and that she do lay it to him, and that for certain he did promise her marriage, and had signed it with his blood, but that he by stealth had got the paper out of her cabinet. And that the King would have him to marry her, but that he will not. So that the thing is very bad for the duke, and them all; but my lord do make light of it, as a thing that he believes is not a new thing for the duke to do abroad." (Feb. 23, 1660–1) "Mr Hartlib . . . told me how my Lord Chancellor had lately got the Duke of York and Duchess, and her woman, my Lord Ossory, and a doctor, to make oath before most of the judges of the kingdom, concerning all the circumstances of their marriage. And in fine, it is confessed that they were not fully married till about a month or two before she was brought to bed; but that they were contracted long before, and time enough for the child to be legitimate. But I do not hear that it was put to the judges to determine whether it was so or no." This artless gossip contrasts strangely with the exceedingly proper account of the affair given by James himself (Macpherson's *State Papers*, vol. i.), in which he poses as quite a hero.

p. 92. *Her father.*

Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, born Feb. 18, 1608–9; lord high chancellor from Dec. 1657 to Aug. 1667; died in exile at Rouen, in France, Dec. 19, 1674, and was buried Jan. 5 following in Westminster Abbey. The marriage of his daughter Anne with James Duke of York, the heir-presumptive to the crown, probably contributed to his unpopularity. The freedom with which he administered advice to the King, the hatred of the King's then favourite (the Duchess of Cleveland), of the

Duke of Buckingham, Lord Arlington, and of all the Roman Catholic and Presbyterian party, together with the King's unfortunate marriage, which he is said to have promoted, were the chief causes of his fall; while the part he took in furthering the match between "la belle Stewart" and the Duke of Richmond, drew on him Charles's lasting displeasure. On Aug. 30, 1667, having refused to resign, the Great Seal was taken from him. Pepys says (Feb. 20, 1664–5) that the "common people have already called [his house in Piccadilly, the site of which had been granted to him by the King] *Dunkirke* House, from their opinion of his having a good bribe for the selling of that towne," and again, June 14, 1667, that there was "a gibbet either set up before or painted upon his gate, and these three words writ :—

"'Three sights to be seen,
Dunkirke, Tangier, and a barren Queene.'"

To avoid persecution he quitted England finally, Nov. 29, 1667, and completed in France his well-known *History of the Rebellion*. Horace Walpole happily says of him, "in his double capacity of Statesman and Historian, that he *acted* for liberty, but *wrote* for prerogative."

p. 93. *The Duke of Ormond.*

James Butler, Duke of Ormonde, born Oct. 19, 1610; died July 21, 1688. Lord Clarendon observes that "he frankly engaged his person and his fortune in the King's service, from the first hour of the troubles, and pursued it with that courage and constancy, that when the King was murdered, and he deserted by the Irish, contrary to the articles of peace which they had made with him, and when he could make no longer defence, he refused all the conditions which Cromwell offered, who would have given him all his vast estate if he would have been contented to live quietly in some of his own houses, without further concerning himself in the quarrel; and transported himself, without so much as accepting a pass from his authority, in a little weak vessel into France, where he found the King, from whom he never parted till he

returned with him into England. Having thus merited as much as a subject can do from a prince, he had much more credit and esteem with the King than any other man." Burnet confirms what Grammont says of his *noblesse des manières:* "He was a man every way fitted for a court; of a graceful appearance, a lively wit, and a cheerful temper; a man of great expense; decent even in his vices, for he always kept up the form of religion. He had gone through many transactions in Ireland with more fidelity than success. He had made a treaty with the Irish, which was broken by the great body of them, though some few of them adhered still to him. But the whole Irish nation did still pretend, that though they had broke the agreement first, yet he, or rather the King, in whose name he had treated with them, was bound to perform all the articles of the treaty. He had miscarried so in the siege of Dublin, that it very much lessened the opinion of his military conduct. Yet his constant attendance on his master, his easiness to him, and his great suffering for him, raised him to be lord-steward of the household, and lord-lieutenant of Ireland. He was firm to the Protestant religion, and so far firm to the laws, that he always gave good advices; but when bad ones were followed, he was not for complaining too much of them."

Dryden pays a glowing tribute to his virtues under the name of "Barzillai crowned with honour and with years."

p. 93. *The Marshal de Grammont.*

Elder half-brother of the chevalier. Antoine III., duc de Grammont (1663), marshal of France (1641), born in 1604, was the eldest son of Antoine, duc de Grammont, by his first wife, Louise, eldest daughter of the marshal de Roquelaure. The marshal was one of the most celebrated men of the court of Louis XIV.: he was a favourite both of Richelieu and Mazarin, and married a niece of the former; while, as a wit, he was not inferior to his brother the chevalier. He sided with the court during the wars of the Fronde; whilst the chevalier in the first instance joined the Prince of Condé; probably from their mutual connection with the Montmorency

family. The marshal died at Bayonne, July 12, 1678, aged seventy-four, leaving four children, of whom the comte de Guiche and the princess de Monaco became well known. Madame de Motteville describes him as, "un gascon éloquent, spirituel et hardy à trop louer"; while Tallemant des Réaux has devoted a chapter to him (see *Historiettes*, édit. de 1854, t. iii., p. 175: also the notes of M. Paulin Paris thereon).

p. 93. *The Duke of Buckingham.*

George Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham, was born Jan. 30, 1627–8. Though he filled several great offices his career was chiefly remarkable for wild extravagance and probably unique profligacy. "The Duke of Buckingham is again one hundred and forty thousand pounds in debt," writes Andrew Marvell, "and by this prorogation his creditors have time to tear all his lands to pieces." He died of a chill caught after hunting, April 16, 1687, at the house of a tenant at Kirkby Moorside, Yorkshire, aged 61 years, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. At the time of his death he was utterly ruined in reputation, and probably very considerably in means, though not to the extent attributed in the effective lines on his death-bed in Pope's *Moral Essays*:—

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw;
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies:—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit, to flatter, left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends."

Samuel Butler, who had no reason to love him, has drawn the duke's portrait with the hand of a master :— "The Duke of Bucks is one that has studied the whole body of vice. His parts are disproportionate to the whole, and, like a monster, he has more of some, and less of others, than he should have. He has pulled down all that nature raised in him, and built himself up again after a model of his own. He has dammed up all those lights that nature made into the noblest prospects of the world, and opened other little blind loop-holes backward, by turning day into night, and night into day. His appetite to his pleasures is diseased and crazy, like the pica in a woman, that longs to eat that which was never made for food, or a girl in the green sickness, that eats chalk and mortar. Perpetual surfeits of pleasure have filled his mind with bad and vicious humours (as well as his body with a nursery of diseases), which make him affect new and extravagant ways, as being sick and tired with the old. Continual wine, women, and music put false values upon things, which, by custom, become habitual, and debauch his understanding so, that he retains no right notion nor sense of things. And as the same dose of the same physic has no operation on those that are much used to it, so his pleasures require a larger proportion of excess and variety, to render him sensible of them. He rises, eats, and goes to bed by the Julian account, long after all others that go by the new style, and keeps the same hours with owls and the antipodes. He is a great observer of the Tartar customs, and never eats till the great Cham, having dined, makes proclamation that all the world may go to dinner. He does not dwell in his house, but haunts it like an evil spirit, that walks all night, to disturb the family, and never appears by day. He lives perpetually benighted, runs out of his life, and loses his time as men do their ways in the dark : and as blind men are led by their dogs, so is he governed by some mean servant or other, that relates to his pleasures. He is as inconstant as the moon which he lives under ; and although he does nothing but advise with his pillow all day, he is as great a stranger to himself as he is to the rest of the world. His mind entertains

all things very freely that come and go, but, like guests and strangers, they are not welcome if they stay long. This lays him open to all cheats, quacks, and impostors, who apply to every particular humour while it lasts, and afterwards vanish. Thus, with St. Paul, though in a different sense, he dies daily, and only lives in the night. He deforms nature, while he intends to adorn her, like Indians that hang jewels in their lips and noses. His ears are perpetually drilled with a fiddlestick. He endures pleasures with less patience than other men do their pains."

Dryden's portrait of him in *Absalom and Achitophel* is perhaps his very finest:—

"In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long,
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to shew his judgment, in extremes;
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was god or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate:
He laugh'd himself from court, then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel:
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left."

Bishop Burnet wrote of him: "The duke was a man of noble presence. He had a great liveliness of wit, and

a peculiar faculty of turning all things into ridicule, with bold figures, and natural descriptions. He had no sort of literature, only he was drawn into chymistry; and for some years he thought he was very near the finding the philosopher's stone, which had the effect that attends on all such men as he was, when they are drawn in, to lay out for it. He had no principles of religion, virtue, or friendship; pleasure, frolic, or extravagant diversion was all that he laid to heart. He was true to nothing; for he was not true to himself. He had no steadiness nor conduct; he could keep no secret, nor execute any design without spoiling it. He could never fix his thoughts, nor govern his estate, though then the greatest in England. He was bred about the King, and for many years he had a great ascendant over him; but he spake of him to all persons with that contempt, that at last he drew a lasting disgrace upon himself. And he at length ruined both body and mind, fortune and reputation equally. The madness of vice appeared in his person in very eminent instances; since at last he became contemptible and poor, sickly, and sunk in his parts, as well as in all other respects; so that his conversation was as much avoided as ever it had been courted."

We may fitly close this already long note with two *morceaux* from Pepys's ever welcome *Diary*. In speaking of the release of the duke after his imprisonment in the Tower for high treason, Pepys says (July 17, 1667): "The Duke of Buckingham is, it seems, set at liberty without any further charge against him or other clearing of him, but let to go out; which is one of the strangest instances of the fool's play with which all publick things are done in this age, that is to be apprehended. And it is said that when he was charged with making himself popular (as indeed he is, for many of the discontented Parliament, Sir Robert Howard, and Sir Thomas Meres, and others, did attend at the council-chamber when he was examined), he should answer, that whoever was committed to prison by my Lord Chancellor or my Lord Arlington, could not want being popular. But it is worth considering the ill state a minister of state is in, under such a prince as ours is; for, undoubtedly, neither

of those two great men would have been so fierce against the Duke of Buckingham at the council-table the other day, had they [not] been assured of the king's good liking, and supporting them therein; whereas, perhaps at the desire of my Lady Castlemaine (who, I suppose, hath at last overcome the King), the Duke of Buckingham is well received again, and now these men delivered up to the interest he can make for his revenge."

Pepys also relates the following anecdote of him (July 22, 1667):—"Creed tells me of the fray between the Duke of Buckingham at the duke's playhouse the last Saturday . . . and Henry Killigrew, whom the Duke of Buckingham did soundly beat and take away his sword, and make a fool of, till the fellow prayed him to spare his life; and I am glad of it, for it seems in this business the Duke of Buckingham did carry himself very innocently and well, and I wish he had paid this fellow's coat well."

p. 93. *The Earl of St. Albans.*

Henry Jermyn, afterwards Earl of St. Albans, third but second surviving son of Sir Thomas Jermyn, K.B., of Rushbroke, Suffolk, by his first wife, Catherine, daughter of Sir William Killigrew, was born about 1604. He became vice-chamberlain and master of the horse to Queen Henrietta Maria in 1639, and for his great zeal to the Royal cause was created Sept. 8, 1643, Baron Jermyn of St. Edmundsbury. In 1645 he was appointed chamberlain to the queen, whom he accompanied to France, presiding over her household many years. It has indeed been asserted that he was privately married to Henrietta Maria, but the only proof offered in support of this assertion is that the queen often looked pale and seemed alarmed when he entered the room where she was. Sir John Reresby indeed says:—"The abbess of an English college in Paris, whither the queen used to retire, would tell me that Lord Jermyn, since St. Albans, had the queen greatly in awe of him; and indeed it was obvious that he had great interest with her concerns; but he was married to her, or had children by her, as some have reported, I did not then believe, though the thing was certainly so."

Pepys (Feb. 22, 1664) writes to much the same effect. The duchesse d'Orléans (mother of the Regent) in her *Correspondance* confirms Reresby's assertion :—"Charles the First's widow made a clandestine marriage with her *chevalier d'honneur*, Lord St. Albans, who treated her extremely ill, so that, whilst she had not a faggot to warm herself, he had in his apartment a good fire and a sumptuous table. He never gave the queen a kind word, and when she spoke to him he used to say, 'Que me veut cette femme?'" At the Restoration Lord Jermyn was created Earl of St. Albans (April 27, 1660), and from 1671 until 1674 he acted as lord chamberlain of the king's household. He died Jan. 2, 1683–4.

### p. 93. *Sir George Berkley.*

The French original (1713), p. 111, mentions him as "Le Chevalier de Barklay," while the English edition of 1760, p. 85, improperly calls him Sir George Berkley. He was Charles Berkeley, second son of Sir Charles Berkeley of Bruton, Somersetshire, by Penelope, daughter of Sir William Godolphin, knt., of Godolphin, Cornwall, and was born before 1636. In 1656 he was made groom of the bedchamber to the Duke of York, and having faithfully served the royal family during their exile, he was knighted at Whitehall May 30, 1660, made keeper of the privy purse in 1662, and afterwards created Baron Berkeley of Rathdown and Viscount Fitzhardinge in the Irish peerage, and March 17, 1664–5, a peer of England as Baron Botetourt of Langport, Somersetshire, and Earl of Falmouth. He was killed in the naval engagement with the Dutch in Southwold Bay June 3, 1665, and was buried on the 22nd in Westminster Abbey. "He was," says Lord Clarendon, "lamented by the king with floods of tears, to the amazement of all who had seen how unshaken he stood on other assaults of fortune." Elsewhere, Clarendon, who had every reason to despise him, calls Falmouth "a fellow of great wickedness," and charges him with having originally sought to injure him by promoting the match between the Duke of York and Anne Hyde. He also says : "He was one in whom few other men (except the king) had ever observed any virtue or

quality, which they did not wish their best friends without. He was young and of an insatiable ambition; and a little more experience might have taught him all things which his weak parts were capable of." Pepys (Oct. 17, 1662) is equally emphatic: "Sir Charles Barkeley is made Privy Purse; a most vicious person, and one whom Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, did tell me that he offered his wife £300 per annum to be his mistress. He also told me that none in court hath more the king's eare now than Sir Charles Barkeley." Burnet is milder: "Berkley was generous in his expense, and it was thought if he had outlived the lewdness of that time, and come to a more sedate course of life, he would have put the king on great and noble designs." Andrew Marvell made merry over his death in his *Advice to a Painter*.

p. 94. *The Earl of Arran.*

Lord Richard Butler, fifth son of James, first Duke of Ormonde, by Elizabeth, *suo jure* Baroness Dingwall, was born June 15, 1639, and was created May 13, 1662, Baron Butler of Cloughgrenan, Viscount Tullogh and Earl of Arran, with special remainder to his younger brother John Butler. In 1673 he distinguished himself in the sea fight with the Dutch, for which he was created Aug. 27, 1673, a peer of England as Baron Butler of Weston, Huntingdon. On May 2, 1682, he was made deputy to his father, then lord lieutenant of Ireland, during his absence, and on Sept. 10, 1684, being colonel of a regiment of guards, was made Field Marshal. He died Jan. 25, 1685–6, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

p. 94. *The Earl of Ossory.*

Thomas Butler, styled Earl of Ossory, "the gallant Ossory," eldest surviving son of the first Duke of Ormonde, was born at Kilkenny July 8, 1634. He distinguished himself in the battle with the Dutch off the Suffolk coast in 1665, and acted as deputy governor of Ireland for his father, 1668–69. He again greatly distinguished himself in a naval fight, May 28, 1672, against the Dutch off Southwold, and was made K.G. in Sept.

of that year. In June 1673 he fought valiantly in a third naval action, being then rear admiral. In 1676 he was lord chamberlain to Queen Catherine. In July 1677 he joined the Prince of Orange at the siege of Charleroy, and in Feb. 1678 was general of the English forces in Holland, and fought gallantly at Mons. In July 1680 he was nominated, but never went, as governor of Tangier. He died of a violent fever, after four days' illness, July 30, 1680, aged 44, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He married Nov. 17, 1659, in Holland, Amelia, first daughter of Henry de Beverweet, otherwise de Nassau, Lord of Auverquerque, by Elizabeth, daughter of Count de Horn. This lady, who was one of the beauties of the court of Charles II., was buried in Westminster Abbey Dec. 12, 1688. Sir Robert Southwell speaks of him when about twenty as having a very handsome face; a good head of hair; well set; very good-natured; rides the great horse very well; is a very good tennis-player, fencer, and dancer; understands music, and plays on the guitar and lute; speaks French elegantly; reads Italian fluently; is a good historian; and so well versed in romances, that if a gallery be full of pictures and hangings, he will tell the stories of all that are there described. He shuts up his door at eight o'clock in the evening, and studies till midnight: he is temperate, courteous, and excellent in all his behaviour." Evelyn in his diary (May 7 and 12, 1650) writes pleasantly of an adventure that befell him, the earl, and others near Paris:—"I went with Sir Richard Browne's lady and my wife, together with the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Ossory, and his brother, to Vambre, a place near the city famous for butter; when coming homewards, being on foot, a quarrel arose between Lord Ossory and a man in a garden, who thrust Lord Ossory from the gate with uncivil language, on which our young gallants struck the fellow on the pate, and bid him ask pardon, which he did with much submission, and so we parted; but we were not gone far before we heard a noise behind us, and saw people coming with guns, swords, staves, and forks, and who followed, flinging stones; on which we turned and were forced to engage, and with our swords,

stones, and the help of our servants (one of whom had a pistol) made our retreat for near a quarter of a mile, when we took shelter in a house, where we were besieged, and at length forced to submit to be prisoners. Lord Hatton with some others were taken prisoners in the fight, and his lordship was confined under three locks, and as many doors, in this rude fellow's master's house, who pretended to be steward to Monsieur St. Germain, one of the Presidents of the Grand Chambre du Parlement, and a Canon of Notre Dame. Several of us were much hurt. One of our lacquies escaping to Paris, caused the bailiff of St. Germain to come with his guard and rescue us. Immediately afterwards came Monsieur St. Germain himself in great wrath on hearing that his housekeeper was assaulted; but when he saw the king's officers, the gentlemen and noblemen, with his Majesty's Resident, and understood the occasion, he was ashamed of the accident, requesting the fellow's pardon, and desiring the ladies to accept their submission and a supper at his house. . . . I have often heard that gallant gentleman, my Lord Ossory, affirm solemnly that in all the conflicts he ever was in, at sea or on land (in the most desperate of which he had often been), he believed he was never in so much danger as when these people rose against us. He used to call it the *battaile de Vambre*, and remember it with a great deal of mirth as an adventure *en cavalier*."

p. 94. *The elder of the Hamiltons.*

This was James Hamilton, eldest son of Sir George Hamilton (fourth son of James, first Earl of Abercorn), baronet of Ireland, by Mary Butler, third daughter of Walter, Viscount Thurles, and sister of the first Duke of Ormonde. He was colonel of a regiment of foot, and was appointed groom of the bedchamber to Charles II. about Nov. 1664. He was made ranger of Hyde Park Nov. 29, 1671, and Hamilton Place, Piccadilly, is said to have thus derived its name. He died of wounds received in a naval engagement with the Dutch, June 6, 1673, and was buried the next day in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory by the Duke of

Ormonde. His wife was daughter of John, first Lord Colepeper, and by her he was father of James, sixth Earl of Abercorn. She survived him until 1709. Charnock, in his *Biographia Navalis* (i. 310–11), confounds him with Capt. Thomas Hamilton (probably a younger brother), who was in the same battle.

### p. 95. *The beau Sidney.*

The Hon. Henry Sydney, fourth and youngest son of Robert Sydney, second Earl of Leicester, by Dorothy, daughter of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, was born about 1641, and became in succession groom of the bedchamber to the Duke of York, and master of the horse to the Duchess of York (1675), envoy to France (1672), and envoy to the Hague (1679–81). Having taken an active part in promoting the Revolution of 1688, he was made by William III., in 1689, gentleman of the bedchamber, colonel of the first Foot Guards, and raised to the peerage as Viscount Sydney. He was Viceroy of Ireland, 1692–95, and master general of the ordnance, 1693–1702, being created in 1694 Earl of Romney. He died unmarried of the small-pox April 8, 1704, in his sixty-third year.

He was "the handsomest youth of his age," writes Reresby, and Burnet says: "He was a graceful man, and had lived long in the court, where he had some adventures that became very public. He was a man of a sweet and caressing temper, had no malice in his heart, but too great a love of pleasure. He had been sent envoy to Holland in the year 1679, where he entered into such particular confidences with the prince, that he had the highest measure of his trust and favour that any Englishman ever had." In 1704 he was "a tall, handsome man," according to Macky (*Characters*), who adds that he "promised everybody, but did for no one, which makes him the less pitied [*i. e.* for having been stripped of all his appointments but the Foot Guards, on Queen Anne's accession]; constantly, for many years, drunk once a day." He is wrongly supposed to be the "little Sid" so filthily referred to by Dryden and Mulgrave (*Essay upon Satire*), but the reference is to Sir Charles

Sedley, whose name was originally spelled Sidley. (Cf. *The Ladies' March* in *Harleian MS.*, 7319, f. 141, where Catherine Sedley is coarsely attacked, and her father alluded to as "little Sid.") As one of the seven who in June 1688 invited the Prince of Orange to England, Bishop Burnet remarks, "he was the great wheel on which the Revolution rolled," to which Swift adds, "he had not a wheel to turn a mouse." "He was," writes Burnet, "of great honour and honesty, with a moderate capacity;" "with none at all," writes Swift. His diary and correspondence were first published in 1843 (2 vols. 8vo).

p. 95. *It is well known what a table the good man kept at Paris, etc.*

The straits to which the royal family were frequently reduced during their exile abroad have been graphically told by De Retz and Clarendon. The cardinal writes: "Four or five days before the King removed from Paris, I went to visit the Queen of England, whom I found in her daughter's chamber, who hath been since Duchess of Orleans. At my coming in she said, 'You see I am come to keep Henrietta company. The poor child could not rise to-day for want of a fire.' The truth is, that the cardinal for six months together had not ordered her any money towards her pension; that no tradespeople would trust her for anything; and that there was not at her lodgings in the Louvre one single billet. You will do me the justice to suppose, that the Princess of England did not keep her bed the next day for want of a faggot; but it was not this which the Princess of Condé meant in her letter. What she spoke about was, that some days after my visiting the Queen of England, I remembered the condition I had found her in, and had strongly represented the shame of abandoning her in that manner, which caused the parliament to send 40,000 livres to her majesty. Posterity will hardly believe that a Princess of England, grand-daughter of Henry the Great, had wanted a faggot, in the month of January, to get out of bed in the Louvre, and in the eyes of a French court. We read

in histories, with horror, of baseness less monstrous than this; and the little concern I have met with about it in most people's minds, has obliged me to make, I believe, a thousand times, this reflection——that examples of times past move men beyond comparison more than those of their own times. We accustom ourselves to what we see; and I have sometimes told you, that I doubted whether Caligula's horse being made a consul would have surprised us so much as we imagine." Lord Clarendon says, that the "Marquis of Ormonde was compelled to put himself in prison, with other gentlemen, at a pistole a-week for his diet, and to walk the streets a-foot, which was no honourable custom in Paris, whilst the Lord Jermyn kept an excellent table for those who courted him, and had a coach of his own, and all other accommodations incident to the most full fortune: and if the King had the most urgent occasion for the use but of twenty pistoles, as sometimes he had, he could not find credit to borrow it, which he often had experiment of."

p. 95. *Jermyn.*

Henry Jermyn, younger son of Thomas Jermyn of Rushbroke, Suffolk, elder brother of the first Earl of St. Albans, by his wife, Rebecca Rodway, was born about 1636. He was master of the horse to the Duke of York, 1660–75; was created, May 13, 1685, Baron Dover; colonel of the 4th Horse Guards, 1686–88, and lieut.-general of the royal bodyguard; one of the Lords of the Treasury, 1687–88, and gentleman of the bedchamber to James II., whom he accompanied to France and Ireland, and by whom, when in exile, he was created, July 9, 1689, Earl of Dover, which title was of course not recognized by the English Government, to which after the battle of the Boyne he submitted. He succeeded to the Barony of Jermyn April 1, 1703. He married Judith, daughter of Sir Edmond Poley, of Badley, Suffolk, by Hester, daughter of Sir Henry Crofts, of Little Saxham. He died without issue April 6, 1708, at his house at Cheveley, Cambridge, when all his honours became extinct. At his request he was

buried in the church of the Carmelites at Bruges, in Flanders. His widow survived until 1726.

p. 95. *The Princess Royal was the first who was taken with him.*

Pepys (Dec. 21, 1660) refers to a report that the Princess Royal "hath married herself to young Jermyn, which is worse than the Duke of York's marrying the Chancellor's daughter, which is now publicly owned."

p. 96. *The Countess of Castlemaine.*

This notorious lady was daughter of a "brave and virtuous" soldier, William Villiers, second Viscount Grandison (slain at the siege of Bristol in 1643), by Mary, daughter of Paul Bayning, first Viscount Bayning. She was born about 1641, and when about eighteen married, April 14, 1659, Roger Palmer, afterwards, Dec. 11, 1661, created Earl of Castlemaine. He does not appear, however, to have been the father of any of her numerous progeny, unless perhaps of her eldest daughter (Anne, Countess of Sussex), to the paternity of which one of her earliest lovers, Lord Chesterfield, could, however, lay equal claim.

At the Hague, in 1659, she first met with Charles II., whom she accompanied to England the next year (the King spending the first night of his return in her society), and over whom she exercised a pernicious and almost uncontrolled influence for ten years. Truly does Burnet write of her: "She was a woman of great beauty, but most enormously vicious and ravenous; foolish, but imperious; very uneasy to the King, and always carrying on intrigues with other men, while yet she pretended she was jealous of him. His passion for her, and her strange behaviour towards him, did so disorder him, that often he was not master of himself, nor capable of minding business, which in so critical a time required great application." "The solemn Clarendon, the dignified Ormonde, and the virtuous Southampton were alike objects of her ridicule and malevolence." "They have signed and sealed £10,000 a year more to the Duchess

of Cleveland, who has likewise near £10,000 a year more out of the new farm of the County excise of beer and ale; £5000 a year out of the Post Office, and, they say, the reversion of all the King's leases, the reversion of all places in the Custom House, the Green Wax, and, indeed, what not! All promotions, spiritual and temporal, pass under her cognizance" (Andrew Marvell's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 75).

The King gave her all his rich presents at Christmas one year; on another he paid her debts of £30,000, etc. Berkshire House (formerly the property of the Howards, Earls of Berkshire) was purchased for her by the King in 1668; its name was altered to Cleveland House. Her immense fortune was principally squandered at the gaming table, where she is said by Pepys in 1668 to have played £1000 and £1500 at a cast, to have won £15,000 in one night, and to have lost £25,000 in another.

To the King's lasting disgrace he forced his wife in August 1662 (but three months after her marriage) to receive this woman, his acknowledged (and of a large and miscellaneous assortment of his subjects the unacknowledged) mistress, as a lady of the bedchamber. She was accordingly "removed as to her bed, from her own home to a chamber in Whitehall next to the King's own, which," says Pepys, "I am sorry to hear." In 1668, however, her residence there came to an end, and in 1670 she was propitiated for her loss of the royal favour, and even induced to settle for a time in France by being created Duchess of Cleveland, and by various grants of lands, and pensions for herself and her bastards. "If she were as beautiful as Helen, she had as many lovers as Messalina," says Jesse in his *Court of the Stuarts*, vol. iv. She carried on intrigues (at the same time as with the King) with Hart and Goodman, the actors, with Jacob Hall, the rope-dancer, with "the invincible" Henry Jermyn, with Churchill (afterwards the great Duke of Marlborough), with Wycherley, the dramatist, and latterly with John Ellis, under-secretary of state, who for having boasted of her favours was reduced by her minions to the condition of Atys.

In 1670, in France, the Chevalier de Chatillon, and Ralph Montagu (afterwards Duke of Montagu), the English ambassador, were among the recipients of her favours.

On Nov. 25, 1705, in her sixty-fourth year, four months after the death of her lawful husband, she married Major-General Robert Fielding, better known as "Beau Fielding," who, though ruined in fortune and in character, was "as handsome as any of the early lovers." From him she was fortunate enough to obtain a divorce for bigamy May 23, 1707, his second wife, Mary Wadsworth, being alive. She died of dropsy at her house at Chiswick, Middlesex, Oct. 9, 1709.

Although our note is already unduly long, we trust that the following highly illustrative extracts from Pepys may not be considered *de trop*:—

"May 21, 1662.—My wife and I . . . to my lord's [Sandwich] lodgings; where she and I stayed walking in White Hall garden. And in the Privy garden saw the finest smocks and linen petticoats of my Lady Castlemaine's, laced with rich lace at the bottom, that ever I saw; and did me good to look at them. Sarah [Lord Sandwich's housekeeper] told me how the King dined at my Lady Castlemaine's, and supped every day and night the last week; and that the night the bonfires were made for joy of the Queen's arrival, the King was there; but there was no fire at her door, though at all the rest of the doors almost in the street; which was much observed; and that the King and she did send for a pair of scales and weighed one another; and she, being with child, was said to be heaviest. But she is now a most disconsolate creature, and comes not out of doors, since the King's going."

"July 22, 1663.—In discourse of the ladies at Court, Captain Ferrers tells me that my Lady Castlemaine is now as great as ever she was; and that her going away was only a fit of her own upon some slighting words of the King, so that she called for her coach at a quarter of an hour's warning, and went to Richmond; and the King, the next morning, under pretence of going a hunting, went to see her and make friends, and never was a hunt-

ing at all. After which she came back to Court, and commands the King as much as ever, and hath and doth what she will. No longer ago than last night, there was a private entertainment made for the King and Queen at the Duke of Buckingham's, and she was not invited: but being at my Lady Suffolk's, her aunt's (where my Lady Jemimah and Lord Sandwich dined), yesterday, she was heard to say, 'Well, much good may it do them, and for all that I will be as merry as they:' and so she went home and caused a great supper to be prepared. And after the King had been with the Queen at Wallingford House, he came to my Lady Castlemaine's, and was there all night, and my Lord Sandwich with him. . . . He tells me he believes that, as soon as the King can get a husband for Mrs. Stewart, however, my Lady Castlemaine's nose will be out of joynt; for that she comes to be in great esteem, and is more handsome than she."

"June 10, 1666.—The Queene, in ordinary talke before the ladies in her drawing-room, did say to my Lady Castlemaine that she feared the King did take cold, by staying so late abroad at her house. She answered before them all, that he did not stay so late abroad with her, for he went betimes thence (though he do not before one, two, or three in the morning), but must stay somewhere else. The King then coming in and overhearing, did whisper in the eare aside, and told her she was a bold impertinent woman, and bid her to be gone out of the Court, and not come again till he sent for her; which she did presently, and went to a lodging in the Pell Mell, and kept there two or three days, and then sent to the King to know whether she might send for her things away out of her house. The King sent to her, she must first come and view them: and so she come, and the King went to her, and all friends again. He tells me she did, in her anger, say she would be even with the King, and print his letters to her."

"Aug. 7, 1667.—This afternoon Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, comes to me about business, and tells me that though the King and my Lady Castlemaine are friends again, she is not at White Hall, but at Sir D. Harvey's,

whither the King goes to her; and he says she made him ask her forgiveness upon his knees, and promised to offend her no more so; that, indeed, she did threaten to bring all his bastards to his closet-door, and hath nearly hectored him out of his wits."

p. 96. *Lady Shrewsbury.*

This abandoned woman was Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Robert Brudenel, second Earl of Cardigan; she married as his second wife, Jan. 10, 1658–9, Francis, Earl of Shrewsbury. He died March 16, 1667–8, at Arundel House, of wounds received in a duel with the Duke of Buckingham, the paramour of his infamous wife.

Spence (*Anecdotes*, p. 124) says that the duel "was concerted" between Buckingham and Lady Shrewsbury, "who all that morning was trembling for her gallant and wishing the death of her husband, and after his fall, 'tis said, the duke slept with her in his bloody shirt." She is even said, disguised as a page, to have held the duke's horse during the encounter. This shameful affair is chronicled at length by many contemporary diarists and letter-writers.

Pepys, when attending the council at Whitehall, Jan. 17, 1667–8, heard much "discourse of the duel yesterday between the Duke of Buckingham, Holmes, and one Jenkins, on one side, and my Lord of Shrewsbury, Sir John Talbot, and one Bernard Howard, on the other side; and all about my Lady Shrewsbury, who is a whore, and is at this time, and hath for a great while been, a whore to the Duke of Buckingham. And so her husband challenged him, and they met yesterday in a close near Barne-Elmes, and there fought: and my Lord Shrewsbury is run through the body, from the right breast through the shoulder; and Sir John Talbot all along up one of his arms; and Jenkins killed upon the place, and the rest all in a little measure wounded. This will make the world think that the King hath good counsellors about him, when the Duke of Buckingham, the greatest man about him, is a fellow of no more sobriety than to fight about a whore. And this may prove a very bad accident to the Duke of Buckingham, but

that my Lady Castlemaine do rule all at this time as much as ever she did, and she will, it is believed, keep all matters well with the Duke of Buckingham: though this is a time that the King will be very backward, I suppose, to appear in such a business. And it is pretty to hear how the King had some notice of this challenge a week or two ago, and did give it to my Lord General to confine the duke, or take security that he should not do any such thing as fight: and the general trusted to the King that he, sending for him, would do it; and the King trusted to the general. . . . And it is said that my Lord Shrewsbury's case is to be feared, that he may die too; and that may make it much worse for the Duke of Buckingham: and I shall not be much sorry for it, that we may have some sober man come in his room to assist in the Government."

And again, "May 15, 1668.—I am told that the Countess of Shrewsbury is brought home by the Duke of Buckingham to his house; where his duchess saying that it was not for her and the other to live together in a house, he answered, 'Why, madam, I did think so, and therefore have ordered your coach to be ready to carry you to your father's;' which was a devilish speech, but, they say, true: and my Lady Shrewsbury is there, it seems."

The countess took for her second husband George Rodney Bridges, second son of Sir Thomas Bridges of Keynsham, Somerset, and died April 20, 1702.

p. 96. *The new queen gave but little additional brilliancy to the court.*

Lord Clarendon's description of the queen's *entourage* does not differ much from that given by Hamilton: "There was a numerous family of men and women, that were sent from Portugal, the most improper to promote that conformity in the queen that was necessary for her condition and future happiness that could be chosen; the women, for the most part, old, and ugly, and proud, incapable of any conversation with persons of quality and a liberal education: and they desired, and indeed had conspired so far to possess the queen themselves,

that she should neither learn the English language, nor use their habit, nor depart from the manners and fashions of her own country in any particulars; which resolution, they told, would be for the dignity of Portugal, and would quickly induce the English ladies to conform to her majesty's practice. And this imagination had made that impression, that the tailor who had been sent into Portugal to make her clothes could never be admitted to see her, or receive any employment. Nor when she came to Portsmouth, and found there several ladies of honour and prime quality to attend her in the places to which they were assigned by the King, did she receive any of them till the King himself came; nor then with any grace, or the liberty that belonged to their places and offices. She could not be persuaded to be dressed out of the wardrobe that the King had sent to her, but would wear the clothes which she had brought, until she found that the King was displeased, and would be obeyed; whereupon she conformed, against the advice of her women, who continued their opiniatrety, without any one of them receding from their own mode, which exposed them the more to reproach." The King lost little time in sending them back to their native country.

p. 96. *The Mrs. Roberts.*

One of these ladies, Jane, the daughter of a clergyman, was a mistress of Charles II. When dying in the autumn of 1679, she sent for Burnet, and expressed penitence for her past life with such evident sincerity that he asked her to describe her contrition in a letter to the King. As her strength proved unequal to the effort, Burnet wrote himself, and thereby incurred the displeasure of the despicable monarch.

p. 97. *Katherine of Braganza was far from appearing with splendour in the charming court where she came to reign; however, in the end she was pretty successful.*

Evelyn says (May 30, 1662), "The queen arrived with a train of Portuguese ladies in their monstrous fardingals or guard-infantas, their complexions olivader, and sufficiently unagreeable. Her Majesty in the same habit, her

foretop long and turned aside very strangely. She was yet of the handsomest countenance of all the rest, and, though low of stature, prettily shaped, languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth wronging her mouth by sticking a little too far out; for the rest lovely enough."

Lord Clarendon says, "The queen had beauty and wit enough to make herself agreeable to him [the King]; and it is very certain, that, at their first meeting, and for some time after, the King had very good satisfaction in her."—"Though she was of years enough to have had more experience of the world, and of as much wit as could be wished, and of a humour very agreeable at some seasons, yet, as she had been bred, according to the mode and discipline of her country, in a monastery, where she had only seen the women who attended her, and conversed with the religious who resided there; and, without doubt, in her inclinations, was enough disposed to have been one of that number: and from this restraint she was called out to be a great queen, and to a free conversation in a court that was to be upon the matter new formed, and reduced from the manners of a licentious age to the old rules and limits which had been observed in better times; to which regular and decent conformity the present disposition of men or women was not enough inclined to submit, nor the King enough disposed to exact." In time Katherine became used to the profligate courses of her husband, and even enjoyed herself after an innocent fashion. After his death she usually resided at Somerset House, but in March 1692 she retired to Lisbon, where she died December 31, 1705, aged 67.

p. 98. *This princess.*

"The Duchess of York," says Bishop Burnet, "was a very extraordinary woman. She had great knowledge, and a lively sense of things. She soon understood what belonged to a princess, and took state on her rather too much. She writ well, and had begun the duke's life, of which she shewed me a volume. It was all drawn from his journal; and he intended to have employed me in carrying it on. She was bred in great strictness in religion, and practised secret confession. [Bishop] Morley

told me he was her confessor. She began at twelve years old, and continued under his direction till, upon her father's disgrace, he was put from the court. She was generous and friendly, but was too severe an enemy."

p. 98. *The Queen Dowager returned after the marriage of the Princess Royal.*

Queen Henrietta Maria landed at Greenwich, July 28, 1662, after marrying her daughter, the Princess Henrietta Anne, to the Duke of Orleans, and kept her court in England until July 1665, when she finally embarked for France. She died at Colombe, near Paris, in August 1669, aged 60.

p. 103. *D'Olonne.*

Catherine Henriette d'Angennes, daughter of Charles d'Angennes, lord of La Loupe. She was born in 1633 and died in 1714. In 1652 Guy Joly mentions her as being one of the most beautiful women in France, and the Cardinal de Retz paid his addresses to her in vain. It was also in 1652 that she married Louis de la Trémouille, comte d'Olonne, and she soon made herself conspicuous by the looseness of her conduct. The list of her lovers is a lengthy one: it included the marquis de Beuvron, the duc de Candale, Villarceaux, Saint-Evremond, the comte de Guiche, and a host of others. In fact, as Madame de Sévigné, writing in 1685, puts it: "Le nom d'Olonne est trop difficile à purifier." She figures as the heroine of an obscene booklet, entitled "Comédie galante de monsieur D.B." (Cologne, Pierre Marteau (Hollande), without date: first dated edition 1667), ascribed, but without reason, to Bussy-Rabutin. Her face has been painted by Petitot.

The countess's sister, Magdalen, married to the Marshal de la Ferté-Sonneterre, led an even more dissolute life. In their old age these decayed beauties appear to have quarrelled for the possession of the young Marquis de Fervaques, who was very wealthy and very simple. Madame D'Olonne was the first to ensnare him, but as she acquired a habit of beating him with the fire-irons he left her for her sister.

Saint-Simon writes: "The Maréchale de la Ferté died

at Paris . . . more than eighty years old. She was sister of the Comtesse d'Olonne, very rich, and a widow. The beauty of the two sisters, and the excesses of their lives, made a great stir. No women, not even those most stigmatized for their gallantry, dared to see them, or to be seen anywhere with them. That was the way then; the fashion has changed since. When they were old and nobody cared for them, they tried to become devout. They lodged together, and one Ash Wednesday went and heard a sermon. This sermon, which was upon fasting and penitence, terrified them. 'My sister,' they said to each other on their return, 'it was all true; there was no joke about it; we must do penance, or we are lost. But, my sister, what shall we do?' After having well turned it over: 'My sister,' said Madame D'Olonne, 'this is what we must do; we must make our servants fast.' Madame D'Olonne thought she had very well met the difficulty. However, at last, she set herself to work in earnest, at piety and penitence, and died three months after her sister, the Maréchale de la Ferté."

p. 103. *The Countess de Fiesque.*

This lady, Gilonne d'Harcourt, married, in 1653, as her second husband, Charles Louis, comte de Fiesque; she was previously the widow of the marquis de Pienne, who was killed at Arras in 1650. She died in 1699. She played a part in the wars of the Fronde; there is frequent mention made of her in the *Mémoires* of Mademoiselle (with whom she was evidently no favourite); and in the letters of Madame de Sévigné (especially in that of Dec. 17, 1688) some sayings of the countess are cited as "assez spirituels." She was certainly very talkative, for it was in reference to her that Madame Cornuel coined the well-known term, *moulin à paroles* (word-mill). It was probably about 1643 that Grammont sighed for the countess (about whom he and his nephew, the comte de Guiche, quarrelled). She was so persecuted by their rivalry that she eventually dismissed them both. Imagining that he owed his dismissal to the advice of one of the lady's relatives, M. de Chabot, afterwards Duc de Rohan, Grammont challenged the latter

to fight (Jan. 1643). "Chabot," says Tallemant des Réaux (*Historiettes*, t. iii, p. 454), "went to the appointed spot, but as it was freezing, the abbé (*i. e.* Grammont) told him that he felt very cold and would not fight. Marshal de Grammont, his brother, in a rage on hearing of this, declared that he would have him sent to his father by the carrier in a valise, so that he might be made a monk." Mademoiselle in her *Mémoires* relates that in 1656 on her interview with Christina, Queen of Sweden, she presented to her, amongst others, the Countess de Fiesque, who was then one of her ladies of honour. The Queen observed (let us hope in an aside): "The Countess de Fiesque is not so beautiful as to have made so much noise; is the chevalier de Grammont still in love with her?"

Saint-Simon writes of her: "The Comtesse de Fiesque died very aged, while the court was at Fontainebleau this year. She had passed her life with the most frivolous of the great world. Two incidents amongst a thousand will characterize her. She was very straitened in means, because she had frittered away all her substance, or allowed herself to be pillaged by her business people. When those beautiful mirrors were first introduced she obtained one, although they were then very dear and very rare. 'Ah, Countess!' said her friends, 'where did you find that?' 'Oh,' replied she, 'I had a miserable piece of land, which only yielded me corn; I have sold it, and I have this mirror instead. Is not this excellent? Who would hesitate between corn and this beautiful mirror?'

"On another occasion she harangued with her son, who was as poor as a rat, for the purpose of persuading him to make a good match, and thus enrich himself. Her son, who had no desire to marry, allowed her to talk on, and pretended to listen to her reasons. She was delighted—entered into a description of the wife she destined for him, painting her as young, rich, an only child, beautiful, well educated, and with parents who would be delighted to agree to the marriage. When she had finished, he pressed her for the name of this charming and desirable person. The countess said she was the

daughter of Jacquier, a man well known to everybody, and who had been a contractor of provisions to the army of M. de Turenne. Upon this, her son burst out into a hearty laugh, and she in anger demanded why he did so, and what he found so ridiculous in the match. The truth was, Jacquier had no children, as the comtesse soon remembered. At which she said it was a great pity, since no marriage would have better suited all parties. She was full of such oddities, which she persisted in for some time with anger, but at which she was the first to laugh. People said of her that she had never been more than eighteen years old. The *Mémoires* of Mademoiselle paint her well. She lived with Mademoiselle, and passed all her life in quarrels about trifles."

### p. 104. *Mrs. Middleton.*

Jane Middleton, or Myddelton, so justly styled by Evelyn—to judge from her portrait—"that famous and, indeed, incomparable beauty," was the daughter of Sir Robert Needham by his second wife, Jane, daughter of William Cockayne, of Clapham, and was born at Lambeth in 1645. She was married at Lambeth Church, on June 18, 1660, to Charles Myddelton of Ruabon, third surviving son of Sir Thomas Myddelton, of Chirk. Her lovers included the King, Duke of York, and Archbishop Sheldon. Grammont appears to have been first in the field, but the lady requested him to "keep quiet and look elsewhere." According to Cominges, the chevalier, in this particular affair, succeeded in making himself supremely ridiculous: "He has just managed to have a very absurd affair with Madame Myddelton, whose maid he bribed, but the maid kept to herself both the money and the love declarations of the chevalier." Unlike most court beauties her literary attainments were more than respectable, and Evelyn told Pepys that "in painting the beautiful Mrs. Myddelton is rare." She died in 1692, and was buried beside her husband (who had died insolvent the previous year) in Lambeth Church.

p. 104. *Mr. Jones, afterwards Earl of Ranelagh.*

Richard Jones, born about 1641, was the only son of Arthur, second Viscount Ranelagh, by Lady Katharine Boyle, daughter of Richard, first Earl of Cork. He succeeded as third viscount Jan. 7, 1669-70, and was created Earl of Ranelagh, Dec. 11, 1674. From 1668 to 1674 he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the latter year becoming vice-treasurer of Ireland and governor of the Castle of Athlone. By William III. he was made a privy councillor (1692), and Paymaster-General of the Army in 1689, which lucrative post he had to resign in Dec. 1702, being convicted of defalcations to the amount of £72,000 in Feb. following, and expelled from the House of Commons. He died Jan. 5 and was buried Jan. 10, 1711–12, in Westminster Abbey, in his 71st year, when, as he left no male issue, the earldom of Ranelagh became extinct.

Macky in his *Characters* says of him when "very fat, blacked and turned of 60," that he was "of a great deal of wit; had originally no great estate, yet hath spent more money, built more fine houses and laid out more on household furniture and gardening than any other nobleman. He is a great epicure and prodigious expensive, was Paymaster-Gen. all the last war, and is above £100,000 in arrear, which several Parls. have been calling him to an account for, yet he escapes with the punishment only of losing his place which the Queen [Anne] took from him. He is a bold man and very happy in jests and repartees, and hath often turned the humour of the House of Commons when they have designed to have been very severe." To which character Dean Swift adds, "The vainest old fool I ever saw." According to Carte he was "a man of good parts, great wit and very little religion; had a head turned for projects, and was framed for intrigue; artful, insinuating, and designing, craving and greedy of money, yet, at the same time, profuse and lavish." Bishop Burnet calls him "a young man of great parts and as great vices, having a pleasantness in conversation and a great dexterity in business." The Earl of Ailesbury in his

*Memoirs* says that "he was a person that loved his ease and belly, and all sorts of pleasures, and most profuse therein . . . he died, as one may say, a beggar. If his beautiful widow, sister to an Earl of Salisbury, had wherewithal to live comfortably after, that was the most." Dean Swift in a letter, Dec. 8, 1711, writes that "he was very poor and needy, and could hardly support himself for want of a pension, which used to be paid him. He died *hard*, as the term of art is here, to express the woeful state of men who discover no religion at their death."

p. 105. *Among the Queen's maids of honour, there was one called Warmestre.*

In the French original (Cologne, 1713), chap. ix., p. 264 et seq., this lady is called "Warmestré," but in the later editions of Boyer's translation (*e. g.* that of London, 1760, p. 202) she appears as "Warminster." That Warmestry (Frenchified into "Warmestré") was her right name is proved by Viscount Cornbury's letter of June 10, 1662, to the Marchioness of Worcester (cited in Warburton's *Memoirs of Prince Rupert*, iii., 461–464). It seems most probable that Dr. Thomas Warmestry (1610–1665), master of the Savoy and dean of Worcester, was her father, and he is known to have been an ardent royalist. There is, however, no mention of any children in his memoir in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and his will, as it is not at Somerset House, must be sought for at Worcester. As she has been absurdly identified with Miss Mary Kirk, sister of the notorious Countess of Oxford, a portrait of that lady is given in Edwards's edition of the "Mémoires" (1793) in illustration of the text; while in Carpenter and Miller's edition (1811) there is a different portrait which is actually called "Mary Kirk, otherwise Miss Warmestre." Miss Kirk's handsome face has no rightful place in the "Memoirs" at all.

p. 106. *Miss Stewart's beauty began at this time to be celebrated.*

Frances Teresa, eldest daughter of the Hon. Walter Stewart, second son of Walter, first Lord Blantyre. Her

marriage to the Duke of Richmond is referred to hereafter. Of her beauty there can be no doubt. Pepys (July 13, 1663) describes her as "the greatest beauty" he ever saw in his life, "with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille;" and adds: "If ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress; nor do I wonder if the King changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine." Three years later our diarist writes no less rapturously: (Nov. 25, 1666) "I saw Mrs. Stewart this afternoon, methought the beautifullest creature that ever I saw in my life, more than ever I thought her so, often as I have seen her; and I begin to think do exceed my Lady Castlemayne, at least now." Roettier, the celebrated medallist, engraved her head as the "Britannia" on the new coinage, and her profile on a medal, which last, says Horace Walpole, "displays the most perfect face ever seen." She was buried in Westminster Abbey. In a codicil to her will, dated Oct. 7, 1702, occurs the following passage: "It is my will to have my Effigie as well done in wax as can bee, and sett up neare the old Duke Lodowicke and Duchesse Frances of Richmond and Lenox, but in a presse by itselfe distinct from the other, with cleare crowne glasse before it, and dressed in my Coronation Robes and Coronett." Visitors to the Abbey could, by special favour, still see (in 1876) the "effigy" produced in wax under these instructions; the artist was a Mrs. Goldsmith.

p. 106. *She often kept her to sleep.*

This familiarity, which does not seem to have interfered at all with the attentions of the husband or lover, prevailed even at the more refined court of France. Madame de Maintenon slept with Ninon de Lenclos. The daughter of Madame Lecocq shared the bed of Madame de Langey (for which see the *Historiettes* of Tallemant des Réaux, edit. 1840, t. x., p. 197). The daughter of M. de Montbazon had married the handsome Constable de Luynes: "leur ménage ne manque pas d'originalité; Louis xiii. couchait de temps en temps

avec eux, je ne sais en quelle place du lit," observes an old commentator on Bussy-Rabutin's *Histoire amoureuse des Gaules*, ed. Paul Boiteau. The result of the familiarity between the vulgar Castlemaine and the vacuous Stewart is thus chronicled by Pepys: Feb. 8, 1662–3. "My Lady Castlemaine, a few days since, had Mrs. Stewart to an entertainment, and at night began a frolique that they two must be married, and married they were, with ring and all other ceremonies of church service, and ribbands and a sack posset in bed, and flinging the stocking; but in the close, it is said that my Lady Castlemaine, who was the bridegroom, rose, and the King came and took her place" (so also, Feb. 17 following).

p. 107. *Mrs. Hyde.*

Theodosia, third daughter of Arthur Capell, first Baron Capell of Tewkesbury, by Dorothy, daughter of Richard Bennet. She was baptized Jan. 3, 1639–40, at Little Hadham, Herts; was married, as his first wife, to Henry Hyde, Viscount Cornbury, afterwards second Earl of Clarendon, in Jan. 1661, and was buried at Little Hadham, March 22, 1661–2.

p. 108. *Jacob Hall, the famous rope-dancer.*

By the influence of the "open-hearted" Lady Castlemaine, who is said to have been in love with him and Goodman the player at the same time, Hall received much encouragement from the court, so that by 1668 he could style himself "sworn servant to his Majestie." His earliest entertainment was given in a booth at Smithfield, in connection with Bartholomew Fair. Pepys saw him perform there on August 28, 1668, and described his "dancing of the ropes" as "a thing worth seeing, and mightily followed." On Sept. 21, 1668, Pepys saw him again, and relates how he afterwards supped with Hall at a tavern. Hall told Pepys that "he had often fallen, but had never broken a limb." "He seems," Pepys adds, "a mighty strong man." In 1679 he gave performances at Paris, his wife, a Frenchwoman named Suzanne Roy, being there with him. In 1682 he is described as "still delighting London with his jumping."

p. 109. *Thomas Howard, brother to the Earl of Carlisle.*

Col. Thomas Howard, fourth son of Sir William Howard, was lieutenant of the yeomen of the guard and made himself notorious by his gallantry and his duels. He married before Nov. 26, 1664 (as her third husband), Mary Duchess of Richmond, daughter of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham. "Northern Tom Howard is married to the Duchess of Richmond, and they say they are the fondest couple that can be" (*Hatton Correspondence*, Camd. Soc.). He was buried July 21, 1678, in Westminster Abbey. The duchess, who was celebrated for her beauty, died in her sixty-third year, and was buried in Westminster Abbey Nov. 28, 1685.

p. 109. *Spring Garden.*

Spring Garden, between St. James's Park and Charing Cross and Whitehall, "a garden dating at latest from the reign of James I., with butts, bathing-ponds, pheasant-yard, and bowling-green, attached to the King's Palace at Whitehall, and so called from a jet or spring of water, which sprung with the pressure of the foot, and wetted whoever was foolish or ignorant enough to tread upon it" (Wheatley's *London Past and Present*, iii., 293). Some idea of the entertainments usually to be met with in this favourite place of intrigue may be gathered from a little volume published in 1659, called *A Character of England*, attributed to John Evelyn. "The manner is, as the company returns [from Hyde Park], to alight at Spring Garden, so called in order to the Parke, as our Thuilleries is to the Course: the inclosure not disagreeable, for the solemnness of the grove, the warbling of the birds, and as it opens into the spacious walks at St. James's; but the company walk in it at such a rate, you would think that all the ladies were so many Atalantas contending with their wooers; and, my lord, there was no appearance that I should prove Hippomenes who could with much ado keep pace with them: but as fast as they run, they stay there so long as if they wanted not

time to finish the race ; for it is usual here to find some of the young company till midnight ; and the thickets of the garden seem to be contrived to all advantages of gallantry, after they have been refreshed with the collation, which is here seldom omitted, at a certain cabaret, in the middle of this paradise, where the forbidden fruits are certain trifling tarts, neats' tongues, salacious meats, and bad Rhenish, for which the gallants pay sauce, as indeed they do at all such houses throughout England ; for they think it a piece of frugality beneath them to bargain or account for what they eat in any place, however unreasonably imposed upon."

After the Restoration the Spring Garden at Charing Cross was called the Old Spring Garden, "the ground built upon, and the entertainments removed to the New Spring Garden at Lambeth, since called Vauxhall." Pepys preferred the New Spring Garden to the old one : "May 29, 1662.—To the old Spring Garden, and there walked long, and the wenches [his wife's two maids] gathered pinks. Here we staid and seeing that we could not have anything to eate, but very dear and with long stay, we went forth again without any notice taken of us, and so we might have done if we had had anything. Thence to the new one, where I never was before, which much exceeds the other" (cited in Wheatley's *London*, ut supra).

p. 110. *He was waked next morning by a challenge.*

This affair of honour is duly chronicled by Pepys (Aug. 19, 1662) : "Mr. Coventry did tell us of the duel between Mr. Jermyn, nephew to my Lord St. Albans, and Colonel Giles Rawlins, the latter of whom is killed, and the first mortally wounded, as it is thought. They fought against Captain Thomas Howard, my Lord Carlisle's brother, and another unknown [Colonel Cary Dillon, afterwards fifth Earl of Roscommon] ; who, they say, had armour on that they could not be hurt, so that one of their swords went up to the hilt against it. They had horses ready and are fled. But what is most strange, Howard sent one challenge, but they could not meet, and then another, and did meet yesterday [at 11 a.m.] at the old

Pall Mall at St. James's, and he would not to the last tell Jermyn what the quarrel was; nor do anybody know. The Court is much concerned in this fray, and I am glad of it; hoping that it will cause some good laws against it." (See also Letter to Lord Conway in *Cal. State Papers*, Dom., 1661–62, p. 463.) The Giles Rawlins, who was slain, was gentleman of the privy purse to the Duke of York, with the snug salary of £400 a year. In Rugge's *Diurnal* (Aug. 18, 1662) it is stated that "Mr. Rawlings was much lamented; he lived in a very handsome state, six horses in his coach, three footmen, &c." According to the same authority (Oct.) Howard and Dillon fled; "but after a quarter of a year they came into England, and were acquitted by law."

p. 111. *This was Montagu.*

Ralph Montagu, second but first surviving son of Edward, Baron Montagu of Boughton, by Anne, daughter of Sir Ralph Winwood, secretary of state, baptized Dec. 29, 1638, was master of the horse to the queen consort, 1665–83, and ambassador to Paris, where he "affected the greatest splendour," 1666, 1669, 1676, and 1677–78. He succeeded to the peerage Jan. 10, 1683, and having taken a very active part in the House of Lords in promoting the Revolution, was created by William III., in April 1689, Viscount Monthermer and Earl of Montagu. In 1695 he entertained King William in princely style at his Northamptonshire seat, Boughton House. By Queen Anne he was created Duke of Montagu in April 1705. He died suddenly at Montagu House, Bloomsbury, March 9, 1708–9. Macky in his *Characters* says of him: "He is a great supporter of the French and other Protestants who are drove into England by the tyranny of their Princes; an admirer of learning and learned men, especially the *Beaux Esprits* and the *Belles Lettres;* a good judge of architecture and painting, as his fine pictures at his houses in Northamptonshire and London do show; he hath one of the best estates in England, which he knows very well how to improve; is of a middle stature, inclining to fat, of a coarse, dark complexion."

p. 111. *Miss Hamilton.*

Elizabeth, sister of the author of these Memoirs, and eldest daughter of Sir George Hamilton (*d.* 1679), fourth son of James, first Earl of Abercorn, by Mary, third daughter of Walter, Viscount Thurles, eldest son of Walter, eleventh Earl of Ormonde, was born in 1641. The account of her beauty and intelligence, as given by her brother, would seem to be in no wise exaggerated. Her first suitor appears to have been Sir John Reresby, who says in his *Memoirs* (Aug. 1659): "I had probably married her, had not my friends strongly opposed it, she being a papist, and her fortune not being great at present." After refusing, among others, the Duke of Richmond, Henry Jermyn (nephew of the Earl of St. Albans), Henry Howard (brother of the Earl of Arundel, and afterwards Duke of Norfolk), and Richard Talbot (afterwards Earl of Tyrconnel), she married Philibert, Comte de Grammont, the hero of these Memoirs, apparently near the end of 1663.

p. 116. *Lady Muskerry.*

Lady Margaret, only child and heiress of Ulick de Burgh, Marquis of Clanricarde and second Earl of St. Albans, by his marriage, in Dec. 1622, to Anne, daughter of William, first Earl of Northampton. She was three times married: (1) to Charles, Viscount Muskerry; (2) in 1676 to Robert Villiers *alias* Danvers, styling himself Viscount Purbeck, who died in 1684, aged twenty-eight; (3) to Robert Feilding, M.P., who died May 12, 1712. She herself died in great distress in August 1698. Her absurdities are also chronicled by Evelyn and Pepys. The masquerade alluded to appears to have been given on Candlemas Day, Feb. 2, 1664–5.

p. 116. *A maid of honour to the Duchess, called Blague.*

Henrietta Maria Blagge, eldest daughter of Colonel Thomas Blagge (1613–1660) of Horningsherth, Suffolk, by Mary (*d.* 1671), daughter of Sir Roger North, knt., of Mildenhall in the same county. She was married, not

later than March 1662–3, to Sir Thomas Yarburgh, knt., by whom she had a family of sixteen children, and died before her husband (between Sept. 1710 and April 1716). Her portrait, by Sir Peter Lely, is at Heslington.

Lady Yarburgh's character has been most unjustly aspersed by Hamilton. The worst that he says of her is no more than this—that her eyes were small, her eyelashes long and white, and her complexion sallow; that she did not understand French, and was coquettish and ridiculous. Her husband, however, had sufficient confidence in her discretion to make her sole executrix of his will. And it is interesting to know that a quarto book of ninety-eight pages is preserved at Heslington, entitled "My Lady Yarburgh's Book of Meditations, made by herself when she lived at Snaith Hall." There are many choice passages from George Herbert, Sir William Temple, Bishop Gunning (spiritual adviser of her sister, Mrs. Godolphin), transcribed at great length; and the selection shows a deep religious feeling. One sentence is almost prophetic: "My best actions and endeavours have had no other effect than to make me ill thought of, even by those I most designed to oblige." (Rev. C. B. Robinson's, afterwards Norcliffe, *Priory and Peculiar of Snaith*, pp. 55–81.)

Her husband, at whom Hamilton sneers simply because he happened to have flaxen hair, was born in 1637, and died in 1716. He was the eldest son of Sir Nicholas Yarburgh, knt., of Snaith Hall, Yorkshire, by Faith, daughter of John Dawnay, esq., of Womersley in the same county. He was high sheriff of Yorkshire in 1673, and M.P. for Pontefract in 1685 and 1688. His will is dated Aug. 29, 1709, and was proved at York April 12, 1716. He is described as of the parish of St. James, Middlesex, and in that parish he died. There is a portrait of him at Heslington.

Lady Yarburgh's third sister, Mary Blagge, born in 1651, was also maid of honour to the Duchess of York. By licence dated Dec. 9, 1678, she became the wife of Adam Colclough, of Gray's Inn, second son of Mr. Colclough of Ballysax, co. Wexford. Her monument is in the church of St. Dunstan in the West, London, but is

without date (Chester's *London Marriage Licences*, ed. Foster, p. 306; *Register of Gray's Inn*, ed. Foster, p. 319; *Collectanea Topog. et Genealog.*, ed. Nichols, iv., 114).

Her youngest sister, Margaret Blagge, born Aug. 2, 1652, was maid of honour to Queen Catherine, and is the subject of a charming biography by John Evelyn, first published under the editorship of Bishop Samuel Wilberforce in 1847. She frequently took a part in the plays performed at court. Evelyn in his *Diary*, under date Dec. 15, 1674, praises her graceful acting as "Diana, goddess of Chastity," in Crowne's comedy of *Calisto, or the Chaste Nymph*. After a nine years' courtship she was married, May 16, 1675, to Sidney Godolphin (subsequently to become famous as Earl of Godolphin, K.G., Lord High Treasurer and Prime Minister); but she did not live to share his honours, dying in childbed Sept. 9, 1678.

### p. 118. *Lord Muskerry.*

Charles Maccarty, son and heir of Donough, Viscount Muskerry (created Earl of Clancarty in 1658), by Eleanor, sister of James, first Duke of Ormonde. In 1662 he was summoned to the House of Lords in his father's viscountcy as Viscount Muskerry. He was slain June 3, 1665, on board the *Royal Charles*, in a sea-fight against the Dutch, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. "A young man," says Lord Clarendon, "of extraordinary courage and expectation, who had been colonel of a regiment of foot in Flanders, under the Duke [of York], and had the general estimation of an excellent officer. He was of the Duke's bedchamber; and the Earl [of Falmouth] and he were at that time so near the Duke, that his Highness was all covered with their blood. There fell, likewise, in the same ship, and at the same instant, Mr. Richard Boyle, a younger son of the Earl of Burlington, a youth of great hope."

### p. 120. *Prince Rupert.*

A son of Frederick V., Elector Palatine, by Elizabeth, eldest daughter of James I. of England. He was born

Dec. 19, 1619. The prominent part he took in the civil wars of England under his uncle, Charles I., and the impetuous courage he displayed, are matters of history. In the reign of Charles II. he served in the fleet with no less bravery, and was afterwards appointed governor of Windsor. He died at his house in Spring Gardens Nov. 22, 1682, and was buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster. In his last years he amused himself with scientific pursuits, allusion to which will be found in the *Memoirs* (vol. ii., p. 101, on which see note). Lord Clarendon says of him that "he was rough and passionate, and loved not debate; liked what was proposed, as he liked the persons who proposed it; and was so great an enemy to Digby and Colepepper, who were only present in the debates of the war with the officers, that he crossed all they proposed."

Pepys, in his Diary, February 4, 1664–5, says: "My Lord Bellasses told us another odd passage; how the King having newly put out Prince Rupert of his generalship, upon some miscarriage at Bristol, and Sir Richard Willis, of his governorship of Newark, at the entreaty of the gentry of the county, and put in my Lord Bellasses, the great officers of the King's army mutinied, and come in that manner with swords drawn, into the market-place of the town where the King was; which the King hearing, says: 'I must to horse.' And there himself personally, when everybody expected they should have been opposed, the King come, and cried to the head of the mutineers, which was Prince Rupert, 'Nephew, I command you to be gone.' So the prince, in all his fury and discontent, withdrew, and his company scattered, which they say was the greatest piece of mutiny in the world."

### p. 120. *Lord Thanet.*

John Tufton, second Earl of Thanet, was born about 1607, and succeeded to the peerage in 1632. He was, in 1648, of uncertain politics and served as sheriff for Kent in 1653, but was "a compounder" as a delinquent, in 1654, for £9000. He died May 6, 1664, aged about fifty-seven.

It is possible, however, that our author is referring to his son, Nicholas Tufton, third earl, who was born August 7, 1631. During the period of the Civil War he resided in France. He was imprisoned in the Tower of London Dec. 16, 1655, to Sept. 20, 1656, and again Sept. 11, 1657, to June 25, 1658, on suspicion of being in a plot against Cromwell. He died Nov. 24, 1679, aged forty-eight.

p. 121. *Martial gloves.*

The French text has: "Les gans de Martial étoient fort à la mode dans ce tems-là."

Martial was the fashionable Paris glove-maker of the time. "Does Martial make epigrams as well as he makes gloves?" asks Molière's Countess d'Escarbagnas, in allusion to the glove-maker's Latin namesake.

p. 121. *Young wild boar's eyes.*

That is, "little, though roguish," eyes. In the French original (1713, p. 146) the words are "la proie de vos yeux marcassins." Marcassin signifies a young wild boar, and, as is well known, the eyes of this creature are remarkably small and lively.

p. 123. *Miss Price, one of the maids of honour to the duchess.*

The Miss Price who held this position figures in Pepys' *Diary* (June 10, 1666) as one of the many mistresses of the Duke of York. Another Miss Price was appointed maid of honour to the Queen on her marriage in May 1662. She was Henrietta Maria Price, daughter of Colonel Sir Herbert Price, bart., of the Priory, Brecon, master of the household to Queen Henrietta Maria, and afterwards to Charles II., by Goditha, second daughter of Sir Henry Arden, knt., of Park Hall, Warwickshire, lady of the privy chamber to the Queen Mother. She appears to have been a maid of honour from 1662 until her marriage, which took place at St. Andrew's, Holborn, Dec. 4, 1673. Her husband was Alexander

Stanhope, F.R.S., of the Inner Temple, a younger son of Sir John Stanhope, knt., of Elvaston, Derbyshire, and was then a widower; he was gentleman-usher of the privy chamber to the Queen Consort. She died (probably in childbed) in Oct. 1674, aged about twenty-six, and was buried on the 23rd in Westminster Abbey (*Registers*, ed. Chester, p. 184). A singularly unsavoury epistle from this lady to Lord Chesterfield, who was a nephew of her future husband, is printed in that nobleman's *Letters* (ed. 1829, p. 136).

p. 124. Vol. II., p. 39. *Duncan—Dongan.*

Both in chapter vii., pp. 149, 150, and chapter ix., p. 278, of the French original this hitherto mysterious person is called "Dongan." The gentleman on whom Miss Price bestowed her valuable affections was Robert (familiarly "Robin") Dungan, who came of a family conspicuous for their attachment to the house of Stewart. He was the third son of Sir John Dungan, second baronet, of Castletown, co. Kildare, by Mary, daughter of Sir William Talbot, first baronet, of Carton, and was born between 1630 and 1634. During Charles's enforced residence on the Continent Dungan and his brothers joined the band of general utility men. His mode of life was none too scrupulous. With Colonel Richard Talbot and the brothers Edward and James Halsey he was concerned in the plot to assassinate Cromwell (Nov. 1665), which was betrayed, according to Colonel John Steephens, by the "too lavish discourse of Dongan." But in a letter from Dungan to Ormonde, in Carte MS. 213 (fol. 25), he mentions the "strange reports" of his uncle's [Colonel Gilbert Talbot] having betrayed Halsey and himself, and adds that he will neither accuse nor justify him; but in another letter (fol. 38) he says that there is nothing more sure than that one White (who is with Barrière, the Prince of Condé's agent in England) betrayed them (*Cal. of Clarendon State Papers*, vol. iii.). He was imprisoned in London, but by Feb. 1656 had contrived to escape to Flanders. At the Restoration he was provided for by the Duke of York, as mentioned

in the text. He must have died in the summer of 1662, for his estate was administered to in July of that year (P.C.C. Calendar for 1662 ; the Act Book is unfortunately lost). The date shows that he could not have been the "Duncan" or "Dongan" who introduced Nell Gwyn to the stage. His elder brother, William (1630?–1698) was created Earl of Limerick by James II., in whose cause he lost his all.

### p. 126. *The Duke of Guise.*

Henry de Lorraine, Duc de Guise, Comte d'Eu, Prince de Joinville, peer and high chamberlain of France, died at Paris, June 2, 1664, aged fifty. Tallemant des Réaux gives a long account of him, and says that he was "un des hommes du monde le plus enclin à l'amour." (*Historiettes*, t. vii., 111, édit. de 1840 ; t. v., p. 111, édit. de 1856.)

### p. 128. *The Duchess of Newcastle.*

This lady—whom Charles Lamb calls "a dear favourite of mine, the thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous, but again somewhat fantastical and original-brained, generous Margaret Newcastle"—was daughter of Sir Thomas Lucas of Colchester, by Elizabeth, daughter of John Leighton, and youngest sister of John, first Lord Lucas of Shenfield. For two years (1643–5) she was maid of honour to Queen Henrietta Maria, whom she accompanied to Paris. Here, in April 1645, she first met her future husband, William Cavendish, Marquis and subsequently first Duke of Newcastle. She died at Welbeck Dec. 15, 1673, in her fifty-seventh year, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Horace Walpole says "there is a whole-length of this duchess at Welbeck, in a theatrical dress, which, tradition says, she generally wore." She composed many folio volumes of poems, plays, philosophical and physical opinions, orations, and letters, but her life of the duke (published in 1667 in his lifetime) is worth all the rest. "No casket is rich enough," declared Lamb, "no casing sufficiently durable, to honour and keep safe such a jewel."

Equally charming is her autobiographical sketch. Pepys gives an amusing account of the performance of her "silly play," *The Humourous Lovers* (March 30, 1667); describes her (April 12, 1667) making "her respects to the players from her box," dwells upon her "footmen in velvet coats and herself in an antique dress," and adds: "The whole story of this lady is a romance, and all she does is romantic." On May 30, 1667, he describes her visit to the Royal Society, where she was received with much state and shown several experiments. Evelyn, who knew her well, thought her a "mighty pretender to learning, poetrie and philosophie."

In her last years she is said to have "kept a great many young ladies about her person, who occasionally wrote what she dictated. Some of them slept in a room contiguous to that in which her Grace lay, and were ready, at the call of her bell, to rise any hour of the night to write down her conceptions lest they should escape her memory" (Cibber's *Lives of the Poets*, ii., 165).

p. 131. *The two Russells, uncle and nephew.*

The uncle was John Russell, third son of Francis, fourth Earl of Bedford; he was colonel of the first regiment of foot guards. Another of his nephews was the celebrated Lord William Russell. He died unmarried in November 1681. With the amiable object of casting ridicule on the colonel's love suit to Miss Hamilton, our author has represented him as being "full seventy," whereas, in 1664, he was barely fifty, or not more than six years the senior of Grammont himself.

The nephew referred to was William, eldest son of Edward Russell, younger brother of the above Colonel John Russell. He was standard-bearer in his uncle's regiment, and was one of the many lovers of the fair Mrs. Myddelton. He died a bachelor in 1674.

p. 134. *Henry Howard.*

Henry Howard, born July 12, 1628, was brother of Thomas, Earl of Arundel, who, by Acts of Parliament in 1660 and 1661, was restored to the Dukedom of

Norfolk, forfeited by the attainder of his ancestor, Duke Thomas, in 1572. On the death of his brother, in 1677, he became Duke of Norfolk, and died January 11, 1683–4, at his house in Arundel Street, Strand, aged fifty-five. He was a munificent patron of the fine arts; his benefactions to the University of Oxford, the College of Arms, and the Royal Society are well known.

p. 135. *Toulongeon will die, without my assistance.*

Henri, Comte de Toulongeon, who died unmarried on Sept. 1, 1679, was elder brother to the chevalier, and left him a large fortune.

p. 135. *Seameat.*

A château belonging to the De Grammont family. See p. 191, first note.

p. 137. *Lord Arlington.*

Sir Henry Bennet of Euston, Suffolk, second son of Sir John Bennet of Dawley, Middlesex, by Dorothy, daughter of Sir John Crofts of Saxham, Suffolk, was born about 1618, became secretary of state in 1668, and in March 1664 was created Baron Arlington. In 1670 he was one of the five who formed the council for foreign affairs (known as the "Cabal"), to whom alone the King revealed his policy. Of these, says Hume, "Arlington was the least dangerous either by his vices or his talents. His judgment was sound, though his capacity was but moderate, and his intentions were good, though he wanted courage and integrity to persevere in them." He was secretly a Roman Catholic. Clarendon gives a somewhat contemptible character of him as being "unversed in any business"; one "who had not the faculties to get himself beloved." In 1672 he was made Earl of Arlington, K.G., and lord chamberlain of the household. He died July 28, 1685, aged sixty-seven.

p. 139. *He sent to Holland for a wife.*

Isabella, daughter of Henry de Nassau, Lord of Auverquerque in Holland, by Elizabeth, daughter of the

Count de Horn. In 1683 she was appointed groom of the stole to Queen Catherine of Braganza. She died Jan. 18, 1717–18, in her eighty-seventh year. By her Lord Arlington had an only daughter, Isabella, in her own right Countess of Arlington, wife of Henry (Fitzroy), first Duke of Grafton, to whom (when he was aged nine and she about four years) she was married August 1, 1672—"a sweete child if ever there was any," says Evelyn. It was Lady Arlington who got up in October 1671 the mock marriage at Euston between Charles II. and Louise de Kéroualle, afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth.

p. 139. *Hamilton was, of all the courtiers, the best qualified, etc.*

The reference is to James Hamilton, the eldest brother, already mentioned at p. 94.

p. 140. *The Countess of Chesterfield . . . daughter to the Duke of Ormond.*

And second wife (in 1659) to Philip, Earl of Chesterfield. She was Elizabeth, daughter of James Butler, first Duke of Ormonde, by Elizabeth, *suo jure* Baroness Dingwall; was born June 29, 1640, at Kilkenny; and died at Wellingborough in July 1665. Her husband, who had every reason to be jealous of her, is said to have had her poisoned in the wine administered for the sacrament; but he himself asserts that she died of the "spotted feaver."

p. 141. *The Queen was given over by her physicians.*

The Queen's illness (the "spotted fever") was first noticed in the *Intelligencer* on Oct. 13, but even that indefatigable gossip, Pepys, did not hear of it till the 17th. The bulletins of her Majesty's health continued till November 15. Lord Arlington, writing to the Duke of Buckingham from Whitehall on Oct. 17, 1663, says: "The condition of the Queen is much worse, and the physicians give us but little hopes of her recovery; by

the next you will hear that she is either on a fair way to it or dead. To-morrow is a very critical day with her—God's will be done. The King coming to see her the [this] morning, she told him she willingly left all the world but him, which has very much afflicted his Majesty and all the court with him." (Cited in Brown's *Miscellanea Aulica*, p. 306.) He recovered sufficiently, however, to be able to sup the same night with Lady Castlemaine, and have his usual talk with Miss Stewart, who was already spoken of as Catherine's successor.

The "grief" of Charles at the Queen's dangerous condition was noticed by Waller in the following delightfully absurd lines:

> "when no healing art prevail'd,
> When cordials and elixirs fail'd,
> On your pale cheek he dropt the shower,
> Reviv'd you like a dying flower."

p. 142. *The Thames washes the sides of a large though not a magnificent palace of the Kings of Great Britain.*

This was Whitehall, which was burnt down, except the Banqueting House, on Tuesday, Jan. 4, 1697–8, about four in the afternoon, through the neglect of a Dutchwoman who had left some linen to dry before the fire in Colonel Stanley's lodgings. The fire lasted seventeen hours (Wheatley's *London Past and Present*, iii., 506).

p. 144. *Monsieur de Comminge.*

This gentleman was ambassador in London, from the Court of France, during the years 1662–65. Gaston Jean Baptiste de Cominges (or Comenge), Seigneur of St. Fort, Fléac, and La Réole, born in 1613, was the son of Charles de Cominges, who died at the siege of Pignerol. He died March 25, 1670, at Paris, and was buried in St. Roch's Church, Rue St. Honoré, beside Créqui, Le Nôtre, Mignard, and several other illustrious servants of the Grand Roi. His life is the subject of a fascinating volume by M. J. J. Jusserand; it is entitled *A French Ambassador at the Court of Charles the Second*,

1892. Lord Clarendon describes him as "something capricious in his nature, which made him hard to treat with, and not always vacant at the hours himself assigned; being hypochondriac, and seldom sleeping without opium."

### p. 144. *Hyde Park.*

In Charles I.'s reign Hyde Park became celebrated "for its foot and horse races round the Ring; in Cromwell's time for its musters and coach races; in Charles II.'s reign for its drives and promenades—a reputation which it still retains" (Wheatley's *London Past and Present*, ii., 250). From a contemporary booklet, already cited, entitled *A Character of England* (1659), we extract the following quaint description:

"I did frequently, in the spring, accompany my Lord N—— into a field near the town, which they call Hide Park; the place not unpleasant, and which they use as our Course; but with nothing of that order, equipage, and splendour; being such an assembly of wretched jades, and hackney coaches, as, next a regiment of carrmen, there is nothing approaches the resemblance. This parke was (it seemes) used by the late king and nobility for the freshness of the air, and the goodly prospect; but it is that which now (besides all other excises) they pay for here in England, though it be free in all the world besides; every coach and horse which enters buying his mouthful, and permission of the publicane who has purchased it; for which the entrance is guarded with porters and long staves."

Evelyn, who is said to have written this book, writes in his *Diary* under April 11, 1653: "I went to take the aire in Hide Park, where every coach was made to pay a shilling, and horse 6*d.*, by the sordid fellow who had purchas'd it of the State as they were cal'd."

Delightfully characteristic are the following *morceaux* from Pepys:—

"April 11, 1669.—Thence to the Park, my wife and I; and here Sir W. Coventry did first see me and my wife in a coach of our own; and so did also this night the Duke of York, who did eye my wife mightily."

"April 25, 1669.—Abroad with my wife in the afternoon to the Park, where very much company, and the weather very pleasant. I carried my wife to the Lodge the first time this year, and there in our coach eat a cheese-cake and drank a tankard of milk. I showed her also this day first the Prince of Tuscany, who was in the Park, and many very fine ladies."

### p. 144. *Coaches with glasses.*

The year 1564 first saw the introduction of coaches into England. In an oft-cited passage from the *Works* (folio, 1630, p. 240) of John Taylor, the "water poet," it is stated that, "One William Boonen, a Dutchman, brought first the use of coaches hither; and the said Boonen was Queen Elizabeth's coachman; for, indeed, a coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of them put both horse and man into amazement." That coaches with glasses were a novelty in 1663 is abundantly clear from a passage in *The Ultimum Vale of John Carleton* (p. 23), published in that year, where the writer says: "I could wish her [Mary Carleton's] coach (which she said my lord Taff bought for her in England, and sent it over to her, made of the new fashion, with glasse, very stately; and her pages and lacquies were of the same livery) was come for me."

### p. 148. *The Prince de Condé besieged Lerida.*

Lerida, a fortified town of Spain, and capital of the province of that name, on the Segre, eighty-two miles west of Barcelona, was invested by Condé May 12, 1647, the siege being raised June 17. Voltaire (*Le Siècle de Louis XIV.*) says that Condé "was accused upon this occasion in certain books, of a bravado in having opened the trenches to the music of violins; but these writers were ignorant that this was the custom of Spain." The inhabitants of Lerida celebrate the raising of this siege on St. Cecilia's Day (Nov. 22), possibly by way of allusion to Condé's violins.

p. 151. *Monsieur Poussatin . . . danced . . . as if he was really mad.*

The Basques have at all times been devoted to dancing. In one of the books of Le Pays, a writer of the seventeenth century, there is a passage which goes far to explain Poussatin's unclerical friskings:

"Un enfant y sait danser avant de savoir appeler son papa ny sa nouvice. Les prêtres en ont leur part aussi bien que les autres. J'ai remarqué qu'aux nopces c'est toujours le cure qui mène le braule."

In 1715 the bishop of Pampeluna, Dom Pedro Aguado, issued an edict forbidding the clergy of his diocese to dance, either by day or by night, in public or in private. (Cf. *Le Pays basque*, par M. Francisque Michel, 1857, p. 94.)

p. 156. *Lord Chesterfield.*

Philip Stanhope, second Earl of Chesterfield, grandson of the first Earl, being second but only surviving son of Henry, Lord Stanhope, by Catherine, *suo jure* Countess of Chesterfield, born in 1634, was lord chamberlain to Queen Catherine 1662–65. He died Jan. 28, 1713–14, at his house in Bloomsbury Square, in his eightieth year. He was among "The Nobility in Arms with the Prince of Orange, 1688," but was one who refused to join the association for killing all the Papists in England. Bishop Burnet's character of him, with Dean Swift's commentary thereon in italics, is as follows:—"He is very subtle and cunning, never entered into the measures of King William, nor ever will, in any probability, make any great appearance in any other reign. *If it be old Chesterfield, I have heard that he was the greatest knave in England.*"

p. 160. *The Duke of York's marriage.*

Lord Clarendon, in the *Continuation of his Life* (p. 33), confirms the main facts in this narrative, the one redeeming feature of which is the admirable fooling of Killigrew.

p. 162. *Talbot.*

Richard Talbot, afterwards Earl (and titular Duke) of Tyrconnel. He is again mentioned at p. 23 of Vol. II. (see note thereon).

p. 162. *Killegrew.*

Thomas Killigrew, more particularly referred to in Vol. II., p. 135, *et seq.* (see note thereon).

p. 166. *Lady Carnegy.*

Anne, first daughter of William, second Duke of Hamilton, by Elizabeth, daughter of James Maxwell, Earl of Dirletoun. Her marriage contract with Lord Southesk is dated July 5, 1664. She appears to have been thoroughly profligate. When little more than a girl she had been the friend and confidante of Lady Castlemaine, and is said to have had her own intrigue with Lord Chesterfield at the time when he was Lady Castlemaine's lover. (See her letters to him printed in his *Letters*, ed. 1829, pp. 88, 93.) Pepys speaks (Dec. 3, 1668) of "Lady Kerneguy" as "most devillishly painted." Lady Chaworth, in a letter of June 15, 1670, writes that Lady Southesk, "they say, is drowned, going into Scotland to sue for alimony." But this report is contradicted by the fact that in June 1686, and again in Oct. 1687, a royal bounty of £200 was paid to Anne, Countess of Southesk (*Moneys for Secret Services*, Camd. Soc., pp. 126, 168).

p. 167. *Lord Carnegy.*

Robert Carnegie, third Earl of Southesk, was styled Lord Carnegie, until he succeeded to the earldom in 1669. He died Feb. 19, 1688. Though he is described as "a man of fine natural parts and graceful manners, improved by travelling" (*Correspondence of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield*), he is chiefly known for the contemptible part he played in conniving at the profligacy of his wife.

p. 169. *The traitor Southesk meditated a revenge.*

"A story was set about," writes Burnet, "and generally believed, that the Earl of Southesk, that had married a daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, suspecting some familiarities between the duke and his wife, had taken a sure method to procure a disease to himself, which he communicated to his wife, and was, by that means, sent round till it came to the duchess. Lord Southesk was, for some years, not ill-pleased to have this believed. It looked like a peculiar strain of revenge, with which he seemed much delighted. But I know he has, to some of his friends, denied the whole of the story very solemnly." A similar story is told of Sir John Denham when maddened by his wife's conduct, also with the Duke of York.

p. 170. *Lady Robarts.*

Isabella, daughter of Sir John Smith of Bidborough, Kent, by Isabella, daughter of Robert Rich, first Earl of Warwick. She married as his second wife, before 1649, John, Baron Robartes of Truro (1606–1685), who, although he took the side of the parliament in the Civil War, became at the Restoration a privy councillor, lord deputy of Ireland 1660–61, lord privy seal 1661–73, lord lieutenant of Ireland 1669–70, and lord president of the council 1679–84. He was several times speaker of the House of Lords, and in July 1679 was created Viscount Bodmin and Earl of Radnor. He died at Chelsea July 17, 1685, aged about seventy-nine. Of this nobleman, who was unfashionable enough to balk the Duke of York's desire, Lord Clarendon says:

"Though of a good understanding, he was of so morose a nature, that it was no easy matter to treat with him. He had some pedantic parts of learning, which made his other parts of judgment the worse. He was naturally proud and imperious, which humour was increased by an ill education; for, excepting some years spent in the inns of court, he might very justly be said to have been born and bred in Cornwall. When lord deputy in Ireland, he received the information of the chief persons there so

negligently, and gave his answers so scornfully, that they besought the king that they might not be obliged to attend him any more: but he was not a man that was to be disgraced and thrown off without much inconvenience and hazard. He had parts, which, in council and parliament, were very troublesome; for, of all men alive, who had so few friends, he had the most followers. They who conversed most with him knew him to have many humours which were very intolerable; they who were but little acquainted with him took him to be a man of much knowledge, and called his morosity gravity."

Burnet, too, calls him "a sullen and morose man." He is also spoken of as "a staunch Presbyterian; sour and cynical . . . stiff, obstinate, proud and jealous, and in every way intracticable." Pepys, March 2, 1663–4, describes him (when Lord Privy Seal) as "a destroyer of everybody's business."

His widow, of whom Pepys speaks (April 27, 1668) as "the great beauty and a fine lady indeed," married in 1688 as his second wife, Charles Cheyne, first Viscount Newhaven, and was buried July 15, 1714 (with her second husband) at Chelsea.

### p. 171. *The Earl of Bristol.*

George Digby, second Earl of Bristol. He was born in Oct. 1612, at Madrid, and died at Chelsea March 20, 1676–7. According to Clarendon he was "a man of very extraordinary parts by nature and art, a graceful and beautiful person, equal to a very good part in the greatest affairs, but the unfittest man alive to conduct them, having an ambition and vanity superior to all his other parts, and a confidence in himself which sometimes intoxicated, transported, and exposed him." His constant endeavour to retain the royal favour is also alluded to by the same historian, who says "that he had left no way unattempted to render himself gracious to the king, by saying and doing all that might be acceptable unto him, and contriving such meetings and jollities as he was pleased with." Horace Walpole says of him: "He was a singular person, whose life was one contradiction. He

wrote against popery, and embraced it ; he was a zealous opposer of the court, and a sacrifice to it ; was conscientiously converted in the midst of his prosecution of Lord Strafford, and was most unconscientiously a prosecutor of Lord Clarendon. With great parts, he always hurt himself and his friends ; with romantic bravery, he was always an unsuccessful commander. He spoke for the Test Act, though a Roman Catholic, and addicted himself to astrology on the birthday of true philosophy."

The words of Bussy-Rabutin concerning him are as follows:

"Il le montre fier, brave, plein d'ambition, et l'un nombreux amants de madame de Châtillon" (*Histoire amoureuse des Gaules*). The beautiful Duchesse de Châtillon, it will be remembered, made an unsuccessful attempt to ensnare Charles II. into matrimony during his exile.

p. 172. *The two Miss Brooks, his relations, were always of those parties.*

The French original reads : "De tous ces repas étaient mesdemoiselles Brook, ses parentes." There were in fact three Misses Brook (daughters of Sir William Brook, K.B.) ; the third, Margaret, became the wife of Sir John Denham, and is mentioned hereafter. Their mother, Lady Brook (Penelope, third daughter of Sir Moyses Hill, of Hillsborough Castle, in Ireland), surviving her husband, remarried Edward Russell, youngest son of Francis, fifth Earl of Bedford, whose sister was Countess of Bristol. Hence the connection between the two families.

p. 172. *Sir John Denham.*

Far from being seventy-nine at the time of his marriage to Miss Brook in 1665, Sir John Denham was not more than fifty, having been born in 1615. As in the case of Colonel John Russell (p. 131), Hamilton purposely exaggerates Denham's age to make the match appear ridiculous ; moreover, he suppresses the fact that the knight had been married before. But his biographers

seem to agree that the excesses of Denham's early manhood had prematurely aged him. By 1667 his madness, whether real or feigned, had become very pronounced, as stated in a letter from Lord Lisle to Sir William Temple, dated Sept. 26, 1667: "Poor Sir John Denham is fallen to the ladies also. He is at many of the meetings at dinners, talks more than ever he did, and is extremely pleased with those that seem willing to hear him, and, from that obligation, exceedingly praises the Duchess of Monmouth and my Lady Cavendish. If he had not the name of being mad, I believe, in most companies, he would be thought wittier than ever he was. He seems to have few extravagancies besides that of telling stories of himself, which he is always inclined to. Some of his acquaintance say, that extreme vanity was the cause of his madness, as well as it is an effect" (*Temple's Works*, vol. i., p. 484). In Samuel Butler's *Posthumous Works* (vol. ii., p. 155) is a virulent satire on Denham, entitled "A Panegyric upon his recovery from his madness." Denham died March 19, 1668, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The following anecdotes by Aubrey record some of the more interesting incidents of Denham's history:—"I have heard Mr. Josias Howe say that he was the dreamingest young fellow; he never expected such things from him as he has left the world. When he was there [at Trinity College, Oxford] he would game extremely; when he had played away all his money, he would play away his father's wrought rich gold caps. His father was Sir John Denham, one of the Barons of the Exchequer; he had been one of the Lords Justices in Ireland. From Trinity College he went to Lincoln's Inn, where (as Judge Wadham Wyndham, who was his contemporary, told me) he was as good a student as any in the house. Was not suspected to be a wit. At last, viz. 1640, his play of *The Sophy* came out, which did take extremely. Mr. Edmund Waller said then of him, that he broke out like the Irish Rebellion—threescore thousand strong, when nobody suspected it. He was much rooked by gamesters, and fell acquainted with that unsanctified crew to his ruin. His father had some suspicion of it, and chid him severely;

whereupon his son John (only child) wrote a little essay in 8vo, printed 'Against gaming, and to shew the vanities and inconveniences of it,' which he presented to his father, to let him know his detestation of it; but shortly after his father's death (who left 2000 or 1500 li. in ready money, two houses well furnished, and much plate), the money was played away first, and next the plate was sold. I remember, about 1646, he lost 200 li. one night at New Cut. . . . Anno Domini 166[5] he married his second wife, Brookes, a very beautiful young lady; Sir John was ancient and limping. The Duke of York fell deeply in love with her. . . . This occasioned Sir John's distemper of madness . . . which first appeared when he went from London to see the famous free-stone quarries at Portland, in Dorset, and when he came within a mile of it, turned back to London again, and did not see it. He went to Hounslow, and demanded rents of lands he had sold many years before; went to the king and told him he was the Holy Ghost; but it pleased God that he was cured of this distemper, and writ excellent verses (particularly on the death of Mr. Abraham Cowley) afterwards. . . . He was generally temperate as to drinking; but one time, when he was a student of Lincoln's Inn, having been merry at the tavern with his camerades, late at night, a frolic came into his head, to get a plasterer's brush and a pot of ink, and blot out all the signs between Temple Bar and Charing Cross, which made a strange confusion the next day, and 'twas in Term time. But it happened that they were discovered, and it cost him and them some moneys. This I had from R. Estcott, Esq., that carried the ink-pot. . . . In the time of the civil wars, George Withers, the poet, begged Sir John Denham's estate at Egham of the Parliament, in whose cause he was captain of horse. It [happened] that G. W. was taken prisoner, and was in danger of his life, having written severely against the king, etc. Sir John Denham went to the king, and desired his Majesty not to hang him, for that whilst G. W. lived, he should not be the worst poet in England" (*Brief Lives*, ed. Clark, i., 216). One bequest in his will is worthy of notice. Stating that he was "Surveyor-General for the rebuilding of St.

Paul's Church, London," he gave all his fees, being twenty shillings per day, "towards that noble and pious work," and also £100 "as a further remembrance of affection to the same."

p. 175. *This Francisco.*

This eminent master of the guitar was born at Pavia about 1630, his name being Francesco Corbetti. After travelling in Italy, Spain, and Germany, he settled for a time at the court of the Duke of Mantua, who sent him to Louis XIV. He stayed for a few years in the French court, and then came to England (about 1661), where Charles II. made him a groom of the privy chamber to the queen with a handsome salary, found him a wife, and endured his captiousness for the sake of his music (see *Cal. State Papers*, Domestic, 1661–6). The Revolution of 1688 drove him back to France. He died in Paris about 1700. Both Evelyn and Pepys testify to his extraordinary skill. An inscription under Gascar's engraved portrait of him describes him as that "most famous master of the guitar, who, like Orpheus, expresses everything in his music."

p. 176. *Seven or eight Muscovite ambassadors.*

The Russian embassy arrived in England in Nov. 27, 1662, as we learn from the diaries of Evelyn and Pepys. The audience alluded to was probably that granted on Dec. 29.

p. 179. *Green stockings.*

"Green stockings are modish," writes Courtin, the French ambassador, to Louvois.

p. 179. *That fool Crofts.*

William, Lord Crofts, of Saxham in Suffolk, hereafter alluded to as "that mad fellow Crofts" (Vol. II., p. 149; see note thereon).

p. 180. *Miss Stewart . . . shewed her leg above the knee.*

"She had," said a French diplomatic despatch, "a leg so admirably shaped that an ambassador, on arriving in England and calling on her, begged her as a favour to let him see almost up to her knee, so as to be able to write to his master to confirm what he had heard about the perfection of her calf and ankle." (Forneron's *Louise de Kéroualle*, English translation, 1887, p. 28.)

p. 188. *He told her to prepare for going into the country in two days.*

Lady Chesterfield was twice sent into the country in the winter of 1662-63 (cf. Pepys' *Diary*, Nov. 3, 1662, and Jan. 19, 1663), and was kept there by her jealous husband during the summer of 1663.

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## ADDENDUM

p. 123. *Miss Price, one of the maids of honour to the duchess.*

This lady was sister to Miss Henrietta Maria Price, who acted in a similar capacity to the queen. She bore her mother's name of Goditha, and was buried at St. Margaret's, Westminster, September 7, 1678, a spinster (Steinmann's *Althorp Memoirs*, and *Memoirs of the Duchess of Cleveland*). We are indebted for this note to the kindness of Mr. H. Lavers-Smith.

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